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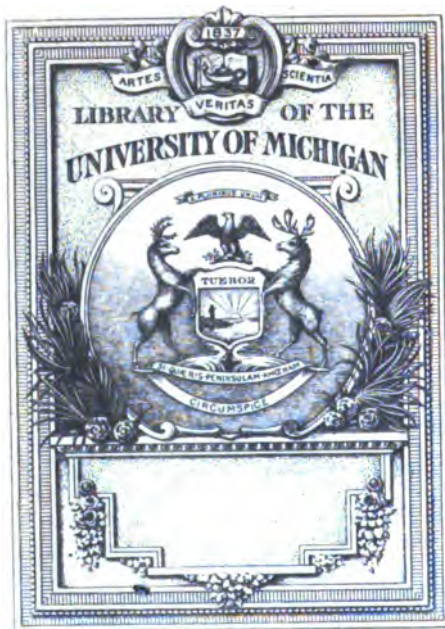
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BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

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Portrait of Isabella of Portugal

Titian, 1545

Isabella of Portugal
From the portrait by Titian in the Prado

BALDASSARE CASTIGI

OF THE SUPREME COURT

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

1859

IN THE SUPREME COURT

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

NEW YORK:
WILEY, ALBANY STREET.



BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

THE PERFECT COURTIER

HIS LIFE AND LETTERS

1478—1529

BY JULIA (CARTWRIGHT)

(MRS. ADY)

AUTHOR OF 'ISABELLA D'ESTE,' 'MADAME,' ETC.

'C' è chi, qual lui
Vedriamo, ha tali i cortegian formati.'

ARIOSTO.

'Lacrime, voce e vite a' bianchi marmi
Castiglion, dar potesti, e vivo esempio
A Duci nostri, anche in te sol contempio
Com' uomo vinca la morte, e la disarmi.'

TORQUATO TASSO.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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THE expulsion of the Duke of Urbino and his unfortunate family marks an important epoch in Castiglione's life. A strange turn in the wheel of Fortune had brought him back to his native city at this moment when Madonna Luigia's prayers were about to be answered, and her beloved son had at length found a wife such as she had always wished for him—of noble birth, well endowed, and both good and beautiful.

In the last book of the 'Cortegiano,' Bembo declares that men who are past their first youth often wed more happily than the young, and that it is necessary for the perfect courtier to love, since thus alone he can attain supreme felicity. As Castiglione had shown himself in a thousand different ways to be the model of a complete courtier, so he was now to fulfil this last condition, and, at a later age than most of his contemporaries, was to find that perfection of wedded happiness which Bembo owned to be the purest and most satisfying bliss that mortals can enjoy on earth. 'I certainly think, and have always thought,' wrote

2 COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

the author of the 'Asolani' to the newly-married Giuliano in March, 1515, 'that the joys of a truly happy marriage are the greatest which one can have in this life. It is true that I also believe them to be very rare.'¹

The troubles which had befallen the ducal family of Urbino, and Castiglione's devoted loyalty to his lord, had hitherto delayed the completion of his marriage; but when once the Marquis of Mantua's agreement with the Pope was signed, and the Duke and Duchesses were settled in the Corte Vecchia, M. Baldassare began to make preparations for his own wedding. Towards the end of August he went to Modena, where his presence was eagerly awaited and warmly welcomed by the youthful bride, who had as yet enjoyed little of her betrothed husband's company. The letters which Ippolita wrote to the Count after his departure, breathe the warmest and most natural affection.

'Although you told me not to write until I heard from you, I feel that I must send you a little note by our Gio. Maria, just to tell you that since you left me I seem to have been deprived of my own soul. Every hour seems a thousand years until I hear from you, and especially until I know you have reached Mantua safely. I commend myself warmly to you and to Madonna my mother.

'Your lordship's most loving wife,

'IPPOLITA TORELLI DA CASTIGLIONE.'²

'September, 1516.'

A few hours later that evening the impulsive girl, having seen a mutual friend who was on his way to Mantua, sat down to write another letter to her absent lord:

¹ 'Lettere,' iii. 48.

² Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

‘Since Count Gianfrancesco is coming to Mantua, I cannot help writing another line to tell you that by God’s grace we are all well, excepting la Signora Madonna, who has a little fever, but will not, I trust, be seriously ill. And I, since you left, have been suffering from a pain that is worse than any fever, feeling myself deprived of your sweet company, which has been so great a comfort to me that I cannot express what I feel, either with my pen or my tongue. So, my dearest, I beg you not to forget me, and to love me with all your heart, as I love you. I wish for nothing but to see you again, and when I think that I have to live for fifteen days without you, I feel as if fifteen swords had pierced my heart. But hope makes everything easy. As the Count wishes to start, I must write no more, and will only commend myself to you, and Madonna our mother, with all my heart.

‘IN MODENA, on the 18th of September, at ten o’clock at night, 1516.’

Four days later Ippolita sent her affianced husband a longer letter. Apparently her betrothal had excited some jealousy among the members of her own family, who taunted her first with making a bad marriage, and then, seeing how little this affected her, altered their tactics and told her that she was unworthy to be Castiglione’s wife.

‘The truth is, my dearest husband, that Gio. Maria made me write that first letter ; but as I felt I had not done what I had promised you, directly afterwards I sent another by Count Gianfrancesco, which I think you have received by this time. Yet I can hardly say that I wrote it with my brain, since you have carried off all my senses with you. I find it very hard to write at all, only your face is so deeply impressed upon my memory that I seem to have you continually before my eyes. These unkind tongues with their slanders have not been able to prevail, and I have made them understand that I do not think there is a happier

4 COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

woman in the world than I am, which indeed, my sweet lord, is the actual truth, and I could not take a greater revenge than this. But since they dare not say any more harm of V. S., they have turned against me, and say that I am nothing but a lump of flesh with two eyes. I am quite content to wait patiently until I come to Mantua. I thank V. S. for the necklace. Nothing could please me better, and I could have nothing that I like as much as these beautiful emeralds. I will not ask you to think of me, hoping to see you again very soon; and as the pleasure of writing to you seems to scatter the few senses that are left me, I will only commend myself to all our family. And I kiss and embrace you. The illustrious ladies Madonna Bianca and Madonna Caterina, Elisabetta, Cecilia, and every one else in the house, commend themselves to you.

‘From a wife who cannot write away from your lordship,

‘IPPOLITA TORELLI DA CASTIGLIONE.¹

‘From MUTINA, September 22, 1516.’

The ladies to whom Ippolita alludes were probably her aunt Bianca Bentivoglio, her cousin Caterina Torelli, the widow of Gianpietro Gonzaga of Novellara, and her own sister Elisabetta, who died unmarried.

Castiglione, we see from these letters, had intended to return to Modena in a fortnight, and bring his wife home, but being unable to carry out his intention, he sent Ippolita's brother, Marc Antonio, to express his regrets and escort the bride to Mantua.

Ippolita's disappointment was great, and she vented her pretended displeasure on her bridegroom in the following playful note :

‘You will forgive me if this note is short, for I write it half in anger, having just heard from Messer

¹ Appendix I.

Marc Antonio that I am to come to Mantua without your company. I should like to have a few words with you on the subject, but will wait until I can relieve my feelings by word of mouth! I really think your ambassadors are of the nature of the raven in the fable, and nothing that they say is to be believed! I commend the bearer of this letter, who is on his way to Mantua, to your favour, and am very sorry to hear of the illness of our Messer Tommaso.¹

The date and signature of this last letter has been torn off, but we know that Ippolita did not have long to wait. On Sunday, October 19, the long-delayed wedding took place, and M. Baldassare brought his wife home. The happy event was celebrated with great rejoicings at the court of Mantua, and the Gonzaga princes paid the most signal honours to the Count and his youthful bride. The young Duchess Leonora, accompanied by Giovanni Gonzaga's wife, Laura Bentivoglio—the aunt of Ippolita—and Laura Pallavicino, the wife of Gian Francesco Gonzaga of Castiglione, and attended by a large company of courtiers and friends of the bridegroom, drove out in a chariot to meet the bride, some miles beyond the Porta di Cerese. The Marquis, who had long been prevented by illness from taking any active part in public functions, excited still more attention by going to meet Ippolita on the marshy plain known as the Tejetto, or Tè, where the famous palace adorned by Giulio Romano's frescoes now stands. Here the illustrious Signor himself 'kissed the hand of the bride, and received both herself and her husband with many kind and loving words of greeting, after which he took leave of them and drove along the Tè for his

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8212.

6 COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

pleasure.¹ The bridal party rode on through the ancient city gates, by the cattle-market, or Forum Bovium of the Romans, and the convent of Corpus Christi. That day there was a great stir among the gentle nuns, and Suor Laura and Suor Angelica, we may be sure, looked out with eager eyes to catch a glimpse of the Count and his bride. When they reached the Castiglione palace on the piazza by the ancient Roman gate of the Borgo Pradella, they found not only Madonna Luigia awaiting them, but the Marchesana Isabella and the Duchess Elisabetta, who had gone to the bridegroom's house to receive and welcome his wife. Two days afterwards a theatrical representation, at which Isabella and the whole court assisted, was given in honour of the wedding at the house of Giovanni Gonzaga, and the piece chosen for the occasion was a comedy called 'Gog and Magog,' written by Falcone,² the friend whose premature death, eleven years before, Castiglione had lamented so bitterly.

From the first Ippolita's grace and modesty charmed the whole court. Even the Marchesana's critical eyes could find no fault, while an eyewitness, the courtier Amico della Torre, wrote to Federico Gonzaga in France, 'that the bride's manners and behaviour satisfied every one.' Her beauty was evident to all eyes. 'In the opinion of many,' said her cousin, Cardinal Ercole Rangone, 'Ippolita was the loveliest maiden in all Lombardy.'³

During the next three years Castiglione practically disappeared from public life. Since he left Mantua for Naples in the summer of 1508, and followed his

¹ Luzio e Renier, 'Mantova,' 235.

² D' Ancona, 'Origine del Teatro,' ii. 396.

³ Cian, 'Candidature Nuziali,' p. 42.

lord to the campaign of the Garigliano, he had been continually engaged in active service, and had never been at home for more than a short and hurried visit. Now at length, after all his journeys and wanderings, his battles and diplomatic missions, he was able to take an interval of much-needed rest and enjoy the peace of his own home in the company of his young wife. That fickle dame, Fortune, who had so long frowned upon him, now melted into smiles, and gave him freely of her best. The presence of his young wife brought sunshine into the old house and cheered Madonna Luigia's solitary life.

Ippolita's excellent training and natural sweetness stood her in good stead now; she showed herself thoughtful and affectionate towards her mother and sisters-in-law, and made friends with Suor Laura and the nuns in Corpus Christi; while she was passionately devoted to her husband, and as long as he was at her side never ceased to think herself the most fortunate woman in the world. The Count, on his part, had good reason to be proud of his beautiful young wife, who was soon as much beloved and admired at court as she was in her new home.

The few references to Castiglione that we find in contemporary letters and records during the next few years all bear witness to the high degree of favour which he enjoyed at court. He belonged to that innermost circle of private friends who shared the intimacy of the Gonzaga family, and was as welcome a guest in Isabella's rooms as in the palace outside the Pusterla gate, where the sick Marquis dragged out a weary existence.

When in November, 1516, the Duchess Elisabetta paid a visit to her nephew, Doge Ottaviano Fregoso, at Genoa, we find an allusion to Castiglione in an

8 COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

affectionate letter addressed by Isabella to her sister-in-law.

‘The remarks which I made to M. Baldassare,’ wrote the Marchesana, ‘expressing surprise that I had not heard from you since you reached Genoa, did not proceed from any fear lest you had forgotten me, but from my great and constant desire to hear of your well-being. The letter which Orazio sends me has fully satisfied my anxiety. I rejoice to hear that you are well and are so much pleased with Genoa, since, as you know, whatever happens to you, whether good or ill, must always affect me in the same way. I will not deny that your absence seems very strange, and that I am not at all content to remain, and wish we could enjoy the delights of that city together. My husband is about the same. The children and myself are in the best of health, and all commend themselves to you.’¹

Again Chiericati, the Papal nuncio, writing from London in June, 1517, to the secretary Tolomeo, singles out ‘*il Magnifico Castiglione mio*’ for special mention, and sends him hearty greetings.² Matteo Bandello has also given M. Baldassare a prominent place in his vivid picture of the court of Mantua at this period. We remember the novelist’s charming description of the summer afternoon which he spent with the Marchesana in the cool shades of her delicious villa of Porto, ‘where,’ in Bandello’s words, ‘Madonna Illustrissima spends all the summer to enjoy the cool breezes and beautiful and spacious halls which she has built there.’³ As they rested in these green shades by the crystal waters of the lake, Isabella bade Fra Matteo read aloud the story of Lucrezia’s

¹ Archivio Gonzaga, Carteggio di B. Castiglione.

² B. Morsolin, Chiericati, 157.

³ Bandello, ‘Novelle,’ i. 278.

death from Livy's 'Decades,' and an animated discussion arose between her secretaries, Benedetto Capilupi and Mario Equicola, regarding the Roman matron's action. Benedetto, on the one hand, greatly commended Lucrezia's deed, while Mario pronounced her to have been mad. Suddenly a new personage appeared on the scene, in the form of 'that noble and learned cavalier' Count Baldassare Castiglione, who had ridden out from Mantua to pay his respects to the Marchesana, and Isabella appealed to him to settle the point in dispute. The Count began to make excuses, but Madonna would accept of none, and graciously insisted that he should give them his opinion on the subject. So M. Baldassare took up the book and told the story in his own eloquent language, declaring the act of the chaste Lucrezia to be worthy of the highest commendation, and praising her generous and manly spirit in the most unqualified terms. The friar wrote down the story as it fell from the lips of this 'gentle, learned, and eloquent cavalier,' and dedicated it to his pupil, the youthful Lucrezia Gonzaga of Gazzuolo, a granddaughter of Antonia del Balzo and of Isabella's half-sister, Lucrezia d' Este. Bandello himself was on friendly terms with Castiglione, who greatly appreciated the witty friar's romances, as we learn from the following introduction to one of the novels which the writer dedicated to Ippolita in the summer of 1519, while her lord was absent in Rome.

'Never, gracious lady,' wrote the friar, 'was there so dense a mind, or so material a nature, as not to be completely transformed, if it happen to be touched, by the fire of love. Many have I known who, before they fell in love, were so chill and stupid as to seem worse than dead, and who, when once they were

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enamoured of a woman, became as wise and sensible as if they had been to the University of Bologna, and this without ever leaving home. Thus love teaches them in a flash what they would never have learnt from a thousand doctors.'

The writer proceeds to repeat the story told by that excellent musician, M. Gian Paolo Faita, at a supper-party one summer evening in Brescia, and explains that, according to his custom, he has placed Ippolita's name at the head of his tale as a shield and protection.

'Deign, my dear lady,' he continues, 'to accept this dedication and include me in the number of your most faithful servants. Then when Count Baldassare, your honoured consort, returns from Rome, you will, I hope, show him my story, which I am induced to think he will like to see, because of the love that he has always borne me, and of the pleasure which he takes in my works, both in rhyme and prose. And of this, his own letters to me, which you have seen, are the best proof.'¹

When, in January, 1517, the Duke of Urbino made the gallant attempt to recover his dominions which cost the Pope so many thousands of men and ducats, and excited the sympathy of all Europe, Castiglione took no part in the expedition. This was no doubt due to the attitude assumed by the Marquis, who, in his anxiety to remain on good terms with the Pope, professed the strongest hostility to his son-in-law's brave venture. Perhaps it may also be partly explained by the jealousy of Federico Gonzaga of Bozzolo, who took a leading part in the campaign and would brook no rivals in the Duke's favour. But neither the Duchesses nor the Marchesana, who

¹ Bandello, ii. 11:

pawned their jewels and did all in their power to help Francesco, seem to have resented Castiglione's conduct or entertained the least doubt of his loyalty. After a desperate struggle, in which Lorenzo de' Medici's cowardice and incapacity were as conspicuous as the valour of his foes, and Leo X. raged with fury at the thought of a miserable *Ducheto* being able to defy the Church, the Duke was compelled to yield to superior force. He obtained favourable terms from the Pope, who absolved him from excommunication, allowed him to remove his artillery and his grandfather's famous library from Urbino, and to recover the dowry of the two Duchesses. In September he returned to Mantua, telling his old subjects that he would come back in better times, and that the King of France had promised to restore him to his home when the Pope died.¹

Meanwhile Castiglione had received new marks of favour at court. In the spring of 1517, the Marquis, being unable to go to Venice himself, thought it well to send his son Federico to pay the Doge a state visit. Castiglione was one of twenty courtiers selected to accompany the young Prince, together with his brother-in-law Count Tommaso Strozzi, his cousins Luigi and Francesco Gonzaga, Lodovico di Fermo, Hieronimo Negri, Rozzone, and the Archdeacon Gabbioneta. Alessandro Gonzaga of Novellara, two of Giovanni Gonzaga's sons, Alessandro and Sigismondo, Gian Francesco Gonzaga, Luigi Gonzaga of Castelfoffredo, and Costanzo Pio of Carpi, the brother of Alberto, made up the party. Ippolita Torelli and Francesca Strozzi were among the ladies invited to

¹ G. De Leva, 'Storia doc. di Carlo V.,' i. 253; Alberi, iii. 47; Ugolini, ii. 207-220; Creighton, v. 278; Pastor, v. 142-145.

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accompany their husbands. It was a joyous company that sailed from Chiozza on that fair May evening, and was met at Malamocco by the Vice-Doge and the chief members of the Signory, who escorted their guests in boats to the Riva. The handsome boy of seventeen, whose graceful air and courteous manners did credit to his early training at the Vatican and the French court, made a very favourable impression on the Venetian patricians, while the rich brocades and gold chains of the Mantuan gentlemen and the German fashions affected by Luigi Gonzaga of Castelgoffredo excited much attention. Federico himself with his Gonzaga cousins and Costanzo Pio were lodged in the Duke of Ferrara's palace at the Signory's expense, twenty-five ducats a day being allowed for their entertainment. Castiglione and Ippolita, together with six other gentlemen who had brought their wives, were given rooms in Ca' Giustiniani, near S. Sofia, and the ladies of the Morosini family and the future Doge, Andrea Gritti, devoted themselves especially to M. Baldassare's wife and sister.¹ The next day, Federico, richly clad in white and cloth of gold, with twenty courtiers most beautifully attired in gold tissue or white silk striped with gold, visited St. Mark's and the ducal palace. The piazza was thronged with people, and the illustrious guests were received in the Sala d' Oro by the venerable Doge, Leonardo Loredano. The heir of Mantua bowed low and kissed the hand of the Doge, who shook hands with him and all his company, after which they conversed some time, and Federico assured the Doge of his father's regard for the Signory.

Marino Sanuto, who was one of the senators present on this occasion, was especially struck by the intelligent

¹ Serassi, 'Vita del Castiglione,' 74.

remarks of Castiglione's cousin, Luigi Gonzaga, and speaks of him as a very learned and able Signor ; while M. Baldassare himself received a cordial welcome from Bembo's old friend, Niccolò Tiepolo, and had much interesting conversation with another young patrician of rare attainments, M. Gaspare Contarini. The following morning, being Ascension Day, Federico and his companions, escorted by the ambassadors of France and Ferrara, and two French lords who were on their way to Jerusalem, attended mass at S. Niccolò of Lido, and rode out in the Bucentaur with the Doge to wed the sea. Late in the afternoon they returned to the ducal palace, where the customary banquet was held, followed by a masque with singing and dancing.

During the next few days the visitors were free to go their own way, and Federico showed as much diligence in seeing the sights of Venice as his mother herself. The party visited the Arsenal and the Treasury of S. Marco, and were delighted with the jewels and rare objects that were shown them by the Doge's son, Lorenzo Loredano, and the Procurator, Antonio Grimani. One day they sailed to Murano and saw the glass-works. Another afternoon they took boat to Padua, and spent the night in the house of Count Lodovico di Campo San Piero, a favourite courtier of the Marquis of Mantua. They shopped in the Merceria, rowed in gondolas along the Grand Canal, and went to supper in a house near S. Maria Mater Domini, with Taddeo Albani, the wealthy merchant who kept a *spezieria* in Mantua, and frequently supplied the Marchesana with advances of money. Finally they were present at the meeting of the Grand Council, and Federico sat on the dais by the Vice-Doge's side, and his cousins on the steps

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at their feet. Castiglione and the rest were given places with the Cavalieri. The ballot for vacant offices was held, and six of the Mantuan gentlemen joined in the voting when the hats were carried round. First young Sigismondo Gonzaga, and then Costanzo Pio, gave their vote in the choice of officers of the Republic, amid much laughter and merriment. No wonder Federico was sorry when the day came for his departure, and, when he came to take leave of the Prince, declared that he had amused himself exceedingly, a sentiment which was echoed by all the members of his suite.¹

In October the young Duchess Leonora, with ten ladies and servants, also visited Venice, which she had never seen before, and rented a house in Cannaregio for a month, at the rate of 180 ducats a year.² The Doge sent her a kind message, and excused himself for not having given her a more honourable reception. The Duchess replied that she thanked His Serene Highness, but explained that she had only come for her own pleasure to see this glorious city, and had nothing to offer him save the services of her husband and her own person, since they were not at present in possession of their State. The College sent her a gift of fish and sweetmeats, and great sympathy was felt in Venice for the exiled Princess, who, attended by her ladies, all clad in black velvet, visited the sights of the city and attended mass in St. Mark's. But she only stayed a fortnight, as her presence excited the suspicions of the Pope, who complained that the Signory was in league with his foes, much to the amusement of King Francis, who laughed aloud when these reports reached him, and said that only priests could harbour such ridiculous notions.

¹ Sanuto, xxiv. 265, 286, 288, 298.

² Sanuto, xxiii. 144.

Two months after Castiglione and his wife returned from their pleasant expedition to Venice, on August 3, 1517, Ippolita gave birth to a son at Mantua. The proud father announced this happy event to the Marquis in the following terms :

‘ Since God has given me a male child, who was born yesterday morning, and is in good health, as well as his mother, I must inform Your Excellency, that you may know that you have one servant more ; and among all the reasons that I have for rejoicing, none is greater than the satisfaction which I feel in having a son to devote to your service.’¹

Congratulations poured in on all sides ; the Duke of Ferrara sent the Count a most cordial letter. The Duchess Elisabetta, whose affection for Castiglione never changed, hastened to congratulate the happy parents in person, and all the chief lords and ladies of the court met at the *fiesta* given at the Count’s house in honour of his son and heir. Among them was the novelist Bandello, who told the guests a story on this occasion, and dedicated it to Emilia Pia, who came with the Duchess, but was summoned away before his tale was finished.²

A week or two earlier we find Madonna Luigia’s name among the court ladies who assisted at an open-air representation of scenes from the life of St. Mary Magdalene which were given at a church outside the Porta Pradella on the saint’s feast day. The Marchesana had just been spending two months in the South of France, where she visited Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles, the Roman remains at Nîmes and Arles, Petrarch’s fountain at Vacluse, and the sanctuary of St. Mary Magdalene at Ste.

¹ Luzio e Renier, ‘ Mantova,’ 236.

² ‘ Novelle,’ i. 33.

Baume.¹ The devotion with which this pilgrimage inspired her, combined with her love of dramatic performances, was doubtless the origin of this representation, which ended in an unexpected disaster. A stage had been erected against the wall of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, which stood on the edge of the lake, and at the beginning of the play the wooden platform on which the audience were seated suddenly collapsed. Isabella herself, Madonna Luigia, and their companions, were all thrown into the lake, and Federico, who was with his mother, dislocated his ankle, but, fortunately, no one was seriously injured, thanks to God and the blessed Magdalene.²

¹ 'Iter in Narbonensem, Galliam,' 1517; F. Santoro; Mario Equicola, 182.

² Luzio e Renier in 'Giorn. st. d. lett. it.,' xxiv. 71.

CHAPTER XXIX

1516-1519

Country life of Castiglione at Casatico—His duties as a landlord—Anxieties of country life—The mills on the Oglio—Quarrels with neighbours—The Gonzagas of Bozzolo and Gazzuolo—Madonna Camilla and Luigi Rodomonte—Visit of the Cardinal of Aragon to Mantua—Castiglione writes the 'Cortegiano'—He consults Canossa, Bembo, and Sadoleto.

A FEW brief references bear witness to the close relations maintained by Castiglione with the Gonzaga princes, but with this exception we hear little about him during these early years of his married life. A great part of his time was spent with his wife and mother in the country at Casatico, where the management of his estates shared his attention with the literary pursuits in which he took so much pleasure.

We think of the author of the 'Cortegiano' in this new and unfamiliar aspect, enjoying the *villeggiatura* with his wife and young family, and busily engaged in the occupations of a country gentleman. His horses, as ever, are his chief care and interest; he knows them all by name, and is never tired of trotting out the foals and putting the young colts through their paces. There is the grey horse which the King of England gave him long ago, the white charger which he rode in the great Lateran procession, and the war-horse which bore him on

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many a hard-fought battlefield. Now they are ending their days in peace, cropping the rich grass in these pleasant and fruitful meadows, where acacias grow thick along the water-courses, and vines hang in festoons from the branches. But he is not unmindful of the other duties of a landowner who farms his own estate. We see the Count walking through the fields with his *fattore* or the trusty Cristoforo, in the bright May days when the young corn is springing up in the furrows, and white oxen are standing in the shade, harnessed to the great wagons that bear home the newly-mown hay.

We see him looking round the orchards, making sure that the newly-planted fruit-trees are well watered in the hot August days, and examining the prospects of the crop of peaches and melons, of pears and apples. We see him in the vintage season, when the peasants are all abroad, watching the boys and girls shake the ripe grapes from the trees, while the labourers with their bare feet, red with juice, trample down the fruit, and hear him quoting lines from his favourite Virgil, which the poet may have written in these very fields, on the banks of reedy Mincio. Or else we find him in the busy harvest time, when the peasants are reaping the corn and thrashing it out in the barn, waiting to see the quantity and quality of the yield, and to hear the last report as to the price of grain in the market at Mantua. This was always one of Madonna Luigia's most anxious moments. Some years the yield was far below the average, and bread was so scarce that she had to feed the country-people on the estate all through the winter ; at other seasons corn was so good and abundant that it sold for a song in the Mantuan market, and had to be sent all the way to Desenzano to obtain a fair price.

This last proceeding always afforded the farm hands a fertile source of grumbling. They complained that the bad road and length of the journey did more damage to the carts and oxen than the corn was worth, while the peasants themselves objected strongly to sleeping away from home. Another constant cause of anxiety was the water-supply. Fortunately for the owners of Casatico, the river Oglio flowed through its meadows, keeping them green and fruitful, and turning the wheels of a mill which ground the corn on the estate. But in the height of summer, water often ran short and the mill stood idle, or could only be supplied by means of a reservoir, which had to be jealously guarded. Madonna Luigia's letters to her son abound in references to the disputes caused by this mill. *Bozzolo*, which was the home of Federico Gonzaga and his wife, Giovanna Orsini, the Cardinal of Aragon's niece, was on the Oglio, a mile or two from Casatico, and their servants were the most troublesome of all Castiglione's neighbours. When water was scarce, Signor Federico's factor constantly sent men to open the dyke at night and let the stream flow to water his master's land farther down the river, leaving the mill at Casatico dry, and the meadows and orchards waterless. And what could one poor lady do against a powerful lord who was the Marchese's own relative? None the less, Madonna Luigia always stood up boldly for her son's rights, and many were the tenants whom she sued for payment of rent, and many the lawsuits in which she engaged against defaulting creditors.

But these small grievances, which weighed so heavily on Madonna Luigia's soul, sat lightly on her son, who was never greedy for gain, and liked above

all to live at peace with his neighbours. He was bound to these Gonzagas by many ties. He had fought by their side in many a weary siege or hard-won battle, and had often rejoiced to meet these familiar faces in foreign courts and cities. Not only Bozzolo, but Novellara and Casalmaggiore, where different scions of the great house resided, were all within easy reach, as well as Borgoforte, the home of his wise and learned cousin Luigi, and Castelfoffredo, the estate of that other Luigi, who had been in Rome and fought at Urbino with him, and was soon to wed his fair kinswoman Ginevra Rangone. Nearest of all was Gazzuolo, the ancient castle on the rocky heights above the ravine of the Oglio, where the revered and venerable Madonna Antonia lived, surrounded by her brave sons and lovely daughters. Camilla, whom Bandello calls the youngest and fairest of the band, was still unmarried, and excited the particular admiration of the Cardinal of Aragon's secretary, Antonio de Beatis, when he visited Gazzuolo in 1518. 'She is as handsome a maiden and as accomplished a musician as any in Lombardy,' he exclaimed; 'and if I say more beautiful and gifted than any other, by God, I shall not lie!'¹ This charming Camilla had always been fond of M. Baldassare, who used laughingly to boast that he would marry her, when she was a child, and it was probably in her honour that he gave his infant son the name of Camillo. Her youngest brother, Pirro, afterwards married Ippolita Torelli's first cousin, Camilla, daughter of Annibale Bentivoglio, and Lucrezia d' Este; while her elder brother, Lodovico, became known as l' Abatino when he took orders after his wife's death, and is often mentioned in

¹ Pastor; 'Die Reise des Kardinals Luigi d' Aragona'; A. de Beatis, p. 178.

Castiglione's letters from Rome. This Prince's eldest son, the gallant soldier, Luigi, surnamed Rodomonte from his great strength and commanding stature, looked up to Castiglione with boyish admiration, and often accompanied the Count on hunting-parties. The following note was addressed to him by M. Baldassare in June, 1516, shortly before the birth of Ippolita's son, in answer to a request from young Luigi for the loan of a hound :

‘ILL.^{MO} SIGNOR MIO,

‘I regret greatly that I cannot serve V. S. as you imagined and as I should have wished, because just now I have not a single good dog. It is true that a young retriever was given me some time ago, which is said to be a good one ; but not being properly exercised, it is, I fear, out of condition, and will take some time before he is fit for work. But such as he is, I send him to V. S., and pray God that he may turn out well. You can at least give him a trial, and then do what you please with him. And if there is anything else that I can do for you, you will, I hope, give me your commands.

‘Your servant,

‘BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.’¹

In January, 1518, these neighbours of Castiglione received a distinguished visitor in the person of Cardinal Luigi of Aragon. This old friend of the Urbino princes had left Rome, and obtained in March, 1517, the Pope's permission to take a prolonged journey through Germany and France. The causes publicly alleged for this step were the Cardinal's love of travel and his wish to visit his kinsman, the young King Charles of Spain, in the Netherlands. But the true reason which made his absence desirable

¹ A. Ronchini, ‘Atti e Mem. d. R. Dep.,’ ii. 365.

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at this moment, was the risk he ran of being involved in that memorable conspiracy against the Pope, which was discovered a few weeks later, and cost Cardinal Petrucci his life. Two other eminent and aged Cardinals, Riario and Sauli, were deprived of their dignities and imprisoned in the Castell' Sant' Angelo, and only pardoned on payment of enormous fines, although no definite charge could be brought against them. The Cardinal of Aragon, who had been on friendly terms with both these prelates and with the Duke of Urbino, might well fear a similar fate, and was glad of an excuse for temporary absence from Rome. So he travelled through Germany, Flanders, and France, visited King Charles at Middleburg and King Francis at Rouen, and was only prevented from paying his respects to King Henry VIII. at Whitehall by the alarming accounts which he received of the sweating sickness then raging in London. Now, after being entertained at Genoa by the Doge Ottaviano Fregoso, and sumptuously feasted at the Certosa on his way to Milan, he arrived at Bozzolo one evening on a visit to his niece Giovanna Orsini, and rode on to Gazzuolo the next day. Here Madonna Antonia and her children and grandchildren gave him a splendid reception, while the Cardinal's secretary admired her beautiful granddaughter, Giulia Gonzaga, and lost his heart to Madonna Camilla, who had ridden over to meet the guests at Bozzolo and conduct them to her mother's house. From Gazzuolo Luigi of Aragon proceeded to Mantua with his suite, which included many foreign musicians and huntsmen, and numbered some fifty souls, all clad in red and black velvet. Here he was lodged in the Marchesana's own apartments in the Corte Vecchia, and spent three weeks in a continual round of amusements.

The secretary Antonio, indeed, pronounced Virgil's city to be a home of perpetual delights, where more gallant knights and lovely faces were to be seen than anywhere else in Italy, while the Lady Marchesana's perfections were beyond the reach of mortal praise. Tournaments and balls were given in honour of this illustrious visitor, and young Federico and Castiglione joined in the jousts and sports, together with many of the courtiers.

Cardinal Luigi had much to tell that would be of deep interest to the Count. He had seen many noble cathedrals and heard many wonderful organs on his journey through Germany and Flanders. At Aachen he had visited Charlemagne's tomb and seen the horn of Roland. He had watched the pieces of tapestry for the Pope's chapel being worked from Raphael's cartoons in the looms at Brussels, and especially admired the subject of Christ giving the keys to St. Peter. At Caen he had met Castiglione's beloved kinsman, Count Lodovico Canossa, now Bishop of Bayeux, but no longer Papal nuncio, since, in the Venetian envoy's words, he had lost the Pope's confidence by being too agreeable to the French King. He had dined at Rouen with King Francis, and seen His Most Christian Majesty playing *palla* and dancing as vigorously as the youngest of his courtiers. He had visited the royal palace and stables at Blois, where the Grand Ecuyer, Galeazzo di San Severino, acted as his guide, and called on Leonardo da Vinci, the Florentine painter, in his manor of Cloux. The Cardinal had been impressed by the size and crowds of people in Paris, but greatly preferred Lyons, where the women were more beautiful and better dressed, and the merchants wealthier, than in any other town of France, and where the citizens seem to have

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caught some of the charm of Italy. Since then he had journeyed to the Grande Chartreuse over the steepest cliffs and worst roads in the world, only to find that you sup ill there and dine worse, and, what is the worst of all, have to sleep on sacks of straw with nothing but coarse sheep-skins for bedclothes. After these hardships, the luxurious comfort of the Certosa at Pavia, and the beauty of the Riviera between Nice and Monaco, with its land-locked bays and olive and carouba woods growing down to the edge of the blue sea, were a delightful change. From Mantua the travellers went on their way to Ferrara, and thence to Rome. Here Cardinal Luigi was kindly received by the Pope, and invited to dine with him and go hunting as of old at the Magliana. But he did not live long to enjoy this recovered favour, and died within the year, a few months before Castiglione's return to Rome.

Soon after these fêtes in honour of the Cardinal's visit, Castiglione's wife gave birth to a second child, a little daughter, who was named Anna, after her father's favourite sister, Suor Laura. That same autumn the Count at length completed his 'Cortegiano,' the work to which he had devoted his leisure hours during the last two years. We have seen how he had conceived the first idea of the work at Urbino after Guidobaldo's death, and how during the long visits that he paid to Rome, between 1513 and 1516, he had worked out his original idea at the instigation of his friends at the Vatican. In those days, when he was living in Canossa's house, he often discussed the subject with the Bishop, Sadoletto and Bembo, and evidently wrote a considerable portion of the work. In the opening of the fourth book the author alludes to Giuliano de' Medici as still living, and calls

him by his new title of Duke of Nemours. In the same passage he laments the death of Cesare Gonzaga and his other comrades, and speaks of Bibbiena as Cardinal of Sta. Maria in Portico, and of Bembo as the Pope's secretary. Again, in another passage given by Serassi,¹ but afterwards suppressed, the age of the Duke of Urbino, who was born in March, 1601, is given as twenty-three, which shows that the chapter in question was written early in 1515.

The Count's meeting with the French monarch at Bologna, as we have seen, gave fresh stimulus to his efforts, and finally decided him to publish the work. But it was in the peaceful shades of his country home, or in the long winter evenings in his studio at Mantua, that the ‘Cortegiano’ received its present form. By the summer of 1518 the laborious task of composition was practically completed, and when his old friend Canossa came to Mantua in August on his way to Rome,² the Count gave him his manuscript to read and criticize. The Bishop not only expressed the warmest approval of the work, but induced the Count to allow him to take the manuscript with him to Rome and show it to Bembo and Sadoleto. Accordingly, M. Baldassare wrote the following letter to Sadoleto, who had recently been appointed to the bishopric of Carpentras, but whom the Pope insisted on keeping at the Vatican sorely against the good man's will:

‘REV. MONSIGNORE MIO,

‘I have not hitherto congratulated you on your elevation to episcopal dignity, because it seemed to me that God and yourself had given you a far greater thing in making you what you are. None

¹ Vol. ii., p. 87.

² Sanuto, xxiii. 576.

the less, I am very glad that in this way the Pope has given you an opportunity of revealing yourself more fully to the world than has hitherto been the case, and I rejoice more for the sake of others than for your own. For if everything else were to fail, V. S. can always suffice to yourself, which is the greatest of riches, and not exposed to the accidents of fortune. So that, if it were needful, I would exhort you to place all your trust in yourself; but this I know is unnecessary, and would not be fitting on my part. I have written my dialogue of the "Cortegiano," of which I spoke in old days to V. S., in the midst of many troubles and anxieties; and although it does not please me, I am compelled by the importunity of some of my friends, who do not perhaps know any better, to let it appear. And since the fact that you have seen it is in my eyes a strong argument in its favour, I beg you to glance at the manuscript, and give me your advice whether or no to publish it: for the influence of those who press me against my will would count for nothing if you were to advise me to keep it back; while if you recommend me to publish it I shall be content, and the fears which seem to me reasonable will be allayed.

' MANTUA, *September 20, 1518.*'¹

Sadoletto's opinion on the subject was evidently no less favourable than that of Canossa, and, thus encouraged, Castiglione wrote the following letter to Bembo, to whom the manuscript was next committed:

' I fear, M. Pietro, that my "Cortegiano" will be nothing but a weariness and vexation to my best friends: for many people, having heard of its composition, are urging me to publish it, and I, who

¹ Martinati, 83.

know how little it will correspond to these expectations, being in doubt how to act, mean to lay part of the burden on my friends, and chiefly on those who, few as they are, can and will give me sound and faithful advice, among whom you stand first and foremost. And since my dear Monsignore de Bajus has been at pains to take the manuscript with him to Rome, and will also send it back to me at Mantua, I beg V. S. to take the trouble to read it, either wholly or in part, so that if the book, as must needs be, is full of errors, at least these may not be infinite in number. I beg you not to trouble yourself about the style, because that can be done by another hand ; but if the substance and form of these dialogues is not to your taste, I will change, take out, or add whatever you please, and ever remain your obedient brother, etc.

*' From MANTUA, October 20, 1518.'*¹

Unfortunately, M. Pietro was ill and overwhelmed with work when the 'Cortegiano' reached him, and it was some time before he was able to study his friend's manuscript as closely as he desired. When at length he wrote to Castiglione, giving him his opinion on the book, the letter, which he gave Canossa with the manuscript, was mislaid by the Bishop, and never reached Mantua. In vain M. Baldassare begged Bembo to tell him its purport. The Papal secretary still delayed to answer his letters, and had gone to Venice for a long holiday when Castiglione came to Rome in May, 1519. On January 15, 1520, when the Count was back at Mantua, he made another attempt to obtain M. Pietro's criticisms :

' Some time ago, as you will remember, I wrote to V. S. complaining of the misfortune which befell me through our good friend Monsignore de Bajus, which

¹ Serassi, i. 159.

was the loss of the letter which you had written me about my "Cortegiano." I begged you to be so good as to repeat some part of its contents, but since I have never received an answer, I thought I would write again and repeat my request. For I am most anxious to have at least some spark of light as to your general impressions of my poor "Cortegiano," if it is impossible to have them in particular. So I beg you once more to favour me with this. I am also exceedingly anxious to hear how you are in health, and beg you to let me know. I am well, thank God, and so are all my family, and I commend myself to V. S. from my heart.¹

M. Pietro's reply has, unfortunately, not been preserved; but we know that he took keen interest in his friend's book, and was of great help to Castiglione when, eight years later, the 'Cortegiano' was finally published by the Aldine press.

¹ Serassi, i. 160.

CHAPTER XXX

1519

Death of the Marquis Francesco—Accession of Federico Gonzaga—His confidence in Castiglione—Death of Lorenzo de' Medici—Mission of Castiglione to Rome—His interviews with the Pope and Cardinal de' Medici—Negotiations with the Duke of Urbino—Election of Charles V.—Excitement in Rome—Insolence of the Spaniards—The French at Cività Vecchia.

THE death of Francesco Gonzaga in February, 1519, and the accession of his son Federico, proved an important event for Castiglione. The new Marquis was young and ambitious, and both he and his mother had the greatest regard for M. Baldassare. Tolomeo Spagnoli, the powerful favourite who, in spite of his protestations of affection for Castiglione, had always been his worst enemy, fell into disgrace soon after his master's death, and was found guilty of a series of frauds and forgeries.¹ The Count's star was, accordingly, once more in the ascendant at court, and the young Marquis gladly availed himself of his services on the first opportunity.

The death of Lorenzo de' Medici gave a new turn to political affairs. This prince, whose self-will and vanity made him deservedly unpopular with his nearest friends,² died in the Medici palace in

¹ Davari, 'Della Famiglia Spagnolo,' 10-12; Serassi, i. 77.

² Nitti, 82.

Florence on May 4, of an illness brought on by his own profligacy. Only a week before his wife, Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne, had expired, after giving birth to a daughter, who was baptized in S. Lorenzo on April 18, and received the name of Catherine.

The poet Ariosto, who had been sent by the Duke of Ferrara to condole with Lorenzo on the death of his wife, arrived on the very day of the Duke's death, and found that grief for the Duchess was already forgotten in the greater calamity of her husband's decease.¹

Thus all the Pope's schemes for the exaltation of his family were frustrated. Both Giuliano and Lorenzo were dead, and the only representative of the great Lorenzo's family was a babe a few weeks old. This event naturally created much excitement at Mantua, and revived the hopes of the exiled ducal family. But both Federico and his mother felt the gravity of the situation, and Isabella was above all anxious to retain the favour of the Pope, who looked with suspicion on the young Marquis, as the Duke of Urbino's brother-in-law and the friend of France. Accordingly, they decided to send Castiglione to Rome, to offer His Holiness Federico's condolences on the death of Lorenzo, and see if there were any prospect of obtaining the office of Captain of the Church, now once more vacant. At the same time the Count was to reconnoitre the situation and do his best for the Duke of Urbino.

The mission was an honourable one, and if the matters involved needed cautious handling, no one could be better fitted for the task than M. Baldassare,

¹ Baschet-Reumont, 258.



Foto, Alinari.

POPE LEO X. WITH CARDINAL DE' MEDICI.
BY RAPHAEL (PITTI).

To face p. 30, Vol. II.

who was known to be a *persona grata* at the Vatican. A salary of 200 ducats was assigned to him, which was the more acceptable as he had lost both his official post at the court of Urbino and the income of his castle of Novillara, and marriage does not seem to have materially improved his financial position. So he parted reluctantly from Ippolita and her children, and set out on his journey to Rome.

On May 20 he wrote a hurried note from Florence to the Marquis, telling him that he had seen Cardinal de' Medici, the newly-appointed Legate of Tuscany, and presented his condolences on the death of Lorenzo. The Cardinal spoke with great friendliness of both the Marquis and the Duke of Urbino, and had offered to support the latter in any application which he should make to the Pope for the recovery of his State. On the 27th the Count wrote from Rome to announce his arrival :

‘ I arrived here last night, Thursday evening, and to-day, after dinner, the Pope sent for me unexpectedly, and received me in the kindest and most friendly manner. I explained the objects of my embassy as best I could, assuring him that V. E. would never be a party to anything great or small which could be disagreeable to His Holiness, and offering your most sincere condolences on the death of the Duke Lorenzo, together with many other words that occurred to me at the moment. His Holiness replied most kindly, saying he felt sure that whatever displeased him was displeasing to you, and that he knew you were his good servant, but that the devil had stirred up certain differences which could easily be arranged. He spoke in loving terms of V. E. and all your house, and of your lord father, wishing to hear full particulars of his death. After that, I explained the part of my embassy relating to

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the Lord Duke of Urbino, to which he replied in general terms, but in a very friendly spirit.

‘Your faithful servant,

‘BALDASSARE DI CASTIGLIONE.’¹

On the same day the Venetian Ambassador, Marco Minio, wrote :

‘Baldassare Castiglione, the Marquis of Mantua’s envoy, arrived yesterday to condole on Duke Lorenzo’s death, but will no doubt treat of other things, and will report on the affairs of Francesco Maria.’²

The manner in which the Pope had received the news of his nephew’s death, had evidently raised the hopes of the Duke of Urbino’s friends. ‘Dominus dederat, Dominus abstulit,’ he said to his confidential secretary, Pietro Ardinghelli. If, as a member of the house of Medici, he could not but be distressed at the practical extinction of his family, as Pope he thankfully recognized that God had saved him from the necessity of serving the princes of this world, adding that henceforth he need only think of the exaltation of the Apostolic See.

Canossa was equally impressed by the apparent change in the Pope’s temper. In a letter to Cardinal Bibbiena, who was now at the French Court, he expressed his conviction that this private loss might be for the public good, adding :

‘His Holiness shows every disposition to accept the will of God and conform to his own better instincts, which gives hopes that His Beatitude may yet prove himself all that we thought he would be the day of his election.’³

¹ Dell’ Esezioni d. fam. Castiglione, 22.

² Sanuto, xxvii. 344.

³ Baschet-Reumont, 260 ; ‘Lettere di Principi,’ i. 65.

But by the time Castiglione reached Rome these good impulses were already passing away, and the Pope showed no signs of giving up his hardly-won conquests. The duchy of Urbino was annexed to the States of the Church, and governed by Count Roberto Boschetti as the Legate's lieutenant, while a few months later San Leo and Montefeltro were given to Florence.

From the first Castiglione saw that all efforts on the Duke's behalf would be in vain, but, like the loyal servant that he was, he continued to plead the exiled Prince's cause both with the Pope himself and with his chief councillors.

On June 8 the Count wrote again to Federico, and fearing the letters which he had sent to him and Francesco Maria from Bologna might not have reached Mantua, he repeated their contents. He had already discharged one important commission for Federico and his mother, who had desired him to ask Michelangelo to design a monument to the late Marquis.

'As to what you wrote about a drawing for the tomb, I think you will be satisfied by a design of Raphael's, which to my mind is exceedingly well adapted for the purpose, and which Monsignore di Trirarico will bring you. Michelangelo is not in Rome, and I know no one to whom I could apply but Raphael, and feel quite certain his design will please you.'

From this it appears that Castiglione had already seen Raphael, and found him willing and glad to do what he asked, in spite of the multitude of labours with which he was overwhelmed. But the design which Canossa took with him to Mantua was

never executed, and Raphael's drawing has itself disappeared. In the same letter, Castiglione mentions the death of Gaspare di San Severino (Fracasso), who, we learn from Marco Minio, died in great poverty in Rome on June 8, and concludes with the significant words :

‘ I have no news to give Your Excellency but that of the impatience with which every one here is awaiting the election of the Emperor, which is to take place on the 16th of this month. I hear who is likely to be chosen, and believe that His Holiness has already intimated this to the electors. It seems to me that there could be no other choice under present conditions.’¹

In these last words Castiglione alludes to the absorbing topic of the moment—the imperial election. Since the death of Maximilian in January, the settlement of this question, which Leo X. naturally felt to be of supreme importance for the future of the Papacy, had been the object to which all the resources of his diplomacy had been directed. With habitual duplicity, he made secret treaties with Charles of Spain and Francis I., the two powerful candidates for the imperial crown, and tried to obtain advantageous conditions from both. But in his secret heart he felt that the election of a king who already reigned over Spain and Naples was far more fraught with danger to Italy than that of Francis. In March he said to the Venetian envoy : ‘ It would be impossible to have the Catholic King. Why, his dominions are only forty miles from Rome. I will tell him that he cannot be elected.’

He told Cardinal Bibbiena to assure the French

¹ Archivio Gonzaga, *Corrispondenza di Roma*, 519.

monarch that he was entirely on his side, and, when he found there was little hope of his success, tried to induce the electors to choose a third candidate in the shape of Henry VIII. of England or Frederick of Saxony. Only at the moment when the seven electors were already assembled at Frankfort, the Pope, seeing the choice of Charles to be inevitable, ordered the Legate Cajetan to withdraw his opposition, because 'he had no wish to run his head against a wall.'¹

Castiglione's daily letters to Mantua reflect current opinion in Rome at this critical time. One day the French boasted that their King was certain of success; another day the Spaniards were equally confident. On June 10, the Pope told Marco Minio that the French and Spanish ambassadors had both of them confidently assured him that their respective monarchs would be elected, and added with a smile: 'One of the two, at least, will soon have cause to blush!'

On the 16th the French envoy told Castiglione that without doubt his King would be Emperor. On the 28th the Count wrote to the Marchesana:

'Here we live in hourly expectation of hearing news of the Emperor's election, and in the banks many wagers have been laid on this result. His Holiness, however, is remarkably well and lively, and amuses himself in his usual manner.'

While wise men looked grave, and gloomy forebodings of war were heard on all sides, the Pope spent the evenings in the company of his favourite musicians, and ordered the Feast of San Giovanni to be celebrated by public games, as was the custom in

¹ Brown, ii. 1257.

his native Florence. Two days afterwards a report reached Rome that the Catholic King had been elected. A standard bearing the imperial arms was raised on the Spanish embassy in the Borgo, trumpets were sounded, and wine was freely given to the crowd, while Spanish soldiers stood at the gates and cursed anyone who dared say the news was not true. 'Soon the shell will burst,' remarked Castiglione, 'and we shall know if these are true prophets or astrologers.'

When on July 5 the news of Charles's election reached the Eternal City, the exultation of the Spaniards knew no bounds. A thousand troops paraded the streets in battle array with music and banners, shouting 'Empire and Spain!' and serenading the Spanish Cardinals, much to the disgust of the Germans, who complained that the cries of Austria and Burgundy were never heard. 'As for the French,' wrote Castiglione, 'they are like dead men.'¹ The news plunged the Pope into deep despondency. 'What am I to do,' he asked the Venetian envoy, 'if the new King of the Romans chooses to come to Italy with all Germany at his back?'² His vexation was increased by the insolence of the French ambassador, the Bishop of St. Malo, who openly reproached him with having deserted Francis, and spoke in such a way that Leo, contrary to his nature, flew into a violent rage, and declared that the man should never enter his presence again. Fortunately, the newly-elected Emperor behaved with great tact and modesty. On July 18, a Spanish gentleman arrived at the Vatican bearing a letter from Charles, in which he informed the Pope of the

¹ Archivio Gonzaga, *Corrispondenza di Roma*, 1519; *Pastor*, iv. 196-198; *Brown*, ii. 541.

² *Brown*, ii. 542.

election, and thanked him for his paternal love, but carefully abstained from styling himself King of the Romans out of regard to Leo's susceptibilities.¹

'His Holiness,' wrote Castiglione, 'at once summoned all the Cardinals and caused the Emperor's letter to be read, after which he ordered the customary rejoicings.'

A thanksgiving mass was celebrated in the Sistine Chapel, the shops were closed, and bonfires were lighted at night.

'The French King,' wrote Castiglione on August 31, 'is very anxious to make a treaty with the Pope, and is not content with his neutrality, but is determined to excite his jealousy and suspicion of the Emperor. His Holiness's own inclinations are rather on the side of the Spaniards than of the French; but he fears and detests this name of Emperor, especially now that it belongs to one who is so powerful.'²

These feelings were increased by the arrogant airs which the Spanish subjects in Rome assumed. 'These Spaniards,' wrote Marco Minio, 'are so greatly elated that they think themselves lords of the whole world.' Castiglione himself relates a curious instance of their high-handed proceedings in a letter which he addressed to the Duke of Urbino :

'The other night a Spanish cavalier, a Commendatore di S. Giacomo, who was living in a house near the palace of Cardinal di Sante Croce, and was here, I believe, for the election of a Grand Master of his Order,³ was suddenly seized, gagged, bound, and

¹ Nitti, 236 ; Creighton, vi. 119.

² Brown, ii. 545-547 ; Pastor, iv. 198 ; Baschet-Reumont, 262.

³ According to the Venetian envoy, this Spaniard was engaged in a lawsuit regarding a priorate of S. Jacopo, and had come to Rome in order to appeal to the ecclesiastical courts against the King's decision.

carried off to Naples. This looked ugly, and was very bad for the Pope's reputation in the eyes of all Rome, and when it came to the ears of His Holiness he was determined to find out who had done the deed. Upon which Monsignore di Sta. Croce (the Spanish Cardinal Carvajal) and the ambassador of Spain, Don Luis Carroz, sent to tell him that it was done by order of the Catholic King, and he must say no more. The Pope was very angry, and yesterday, when Don Luis came to the Vatican, as soon as mass was over, he turned upon him, saying: "Don Luis, I thought you were an honest man; now I know you are a sad ribald and a traitor to boot!" Don Luis tried to make some excuses, but the Pope quite refused to listen. "If I had not respect for your office," he cried, "I would cut you in pieces, you villain and hypocrite! You think you can be lord of Rome. Leave my presence this moment, and if in four or five days you do not give me back this man, I will punish you severely, and never do anything to please your King again." These words were accompanied with the most violent expressions of anger, and the ambassador was driven from His Holiness's presence with many other hard words. "God will not abandon either me or this poor man," exclaimed the Pope, "and you others may some day find yourselves where you did not expect to be." Yesterday Cardinal Della Valle and Don Hieronimo Vich—the other Spanish envoy—came to see the Pope and apologize for the ambassador's action, but His Holiness refused to listen to any excuses. The affair seems serious in the opinion of men of spirit, and I hope some one may open the Pope's eyes. I for one will do what I can.¹

The Pope, who in this case certainly had all Rome on his side, was as good as his word. The three ruffians who kidnapped the unlucky Spaniard were arrested,

¹ Cod. Vat Misc., 9063; *La Cultura*, ix, 491-4.

and confessed that they had acted by Don Luis's orders and were accompanied by his own son. When the ambassador in his turn declared that he had obeyed the King's commands, the Pope bade him leave Rome instantly, and went so far as to threaten Charles with excommunication. He was induced, however, to await the King's reply before taking action. Before long, letters arrived from Charles expressing his regret for what had happened, and ordering the restoration of the prisoner, who had been carried off, not to Naples, as was at first supposed, but only to the Colonna castle at Marino. This, we learn from Castiglione, was finally done, and on October 18 the kidnapped man was restored unharmed to his friends.

Meanwhile Castiglione's own business made but little progress. He had to proceed with the greatest caution, for His Holiness showed no inclination either to gratify Federico's request or to give the Duke of Urbino any hope of satisfaction. When he was in a bad temper he said that no one was ever to mention Francesco Maria's name in his presence. When he happened to be in a genial mood he told the Count to have patience and wait a little longer.¹

'Three evenings ago,' wrote M. Baldassare to the Duke, 'I spoke to the Pope after supper, and he, being in a very good humour, told me to remember that patience was the best and most profitable of all virtues. I replied, laughingly, that it rested with His Beatitude not to make me the only person who had cause to say and think that patience was vain and fruitless. He replied that I should certainly have no reason to say that, and spoke very cheerfully. I know

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 23.

not what the result will be. I hear that Count Robert Boschetti is ill and has asked for leave of absence. Many petitions and complaints from those poor vassals of yours arrive here daily, and greatly annoy the Pope. I confess I am not sorry for this, because they must help to convince His Holiness of the truth of my words. God grant it! I do not give V. E. much news because there is little to say, and what little happens at the Vatican is kept so secret that it is almost impossible to find out the truth. The Pope has adopted a new custom. Whenever he makes a remark, he adds: "No one is to repeat this under pain of excommunication." Unluckily, all those whom I could trust to find out these secrets are away from Rome, so V. E. must not think that I am indolent or do not attempt to investigate things. But, as I have said, there is little to tell, and I can only write what I know, and that often.'

Castiglione's pen was certainly not idle. He wrote constantly both to Federico and his mother, as well as to the Duke. But his most trusted friends among the Vatican officials, as he said, were all absent. Bembo had gone to Bologna for rest, and had been summoned to his old father's death-bed at Venice. Cardinal Bibbiena was in France, and Canossa was enjoying the summer at his country-house near Verona. Both Madonna Felice della Rovere, however, and her cousin, the Cardinal of Agen, were zealous in Francesco Maria's cause, and conferred frequently with the Count; while in August he found a new and unexpected ally in the shape of the Pope's sister, Maddalena Cibo. In the same letter he reports a long conversation which he has had with this lady. The Pope, it appears, proposed to give her daughter Caterina in marriage to Giovanni Maria Varano, the treacherous usurper who had seized

his nephew Sigismondo's state of Camerino, when that brave young Prince was driven into exile with his uncle, the Duke of Urbino. Maddalena now confided to Castiglione that she hated Giovanni Maria, and would never consent to give him her daughter, but would gladly give Caterina to Sigismondo and help him to recover his State. According to her, the Pope was secretly in favour of the young Prince, and had prepared a brief creating him Duke of Camerino, which he was ready to issue as soon as Sigismondo was restored to his rightful heritage. This being the case, she was anxious that the Duke should send his nephew with a small force to Camerino, where his subjects would welcome him joyfully, and promised to give him her daughter as soon as he was in possession of his rightful dominions.

‘Afterwards,’ wrote Castiglione, ‘she added that this would be the beginning of a settlement between V. E. and the Pope, and promised to do her utmost on your behalf, having good hope of success, since the person who was V. E.’s chief adversary’—probably Alfonsina Orsini—‘had no longer so much influence with His Holiness. But, above all, I beg V. E. not to mention a word of this to a living creature, as it is certain there are two sentinels continually watching for letters between Mantua and Camerino, and we know that spies are placed round Signor Sigismondo. I think that during the journey of this messenger we shall see how your affairs prosper. If they turn out well, this need be no barrier to their success, and if badly, Camerino will be a gate by which you can enter your State.

‘Your Excellency’s faithful servant,

‘BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

‘ROME, August 31, 1519.’¹

¹ Cod. Vat. Misc., 9063.

Unfortunately this plan failed. The Pope refused to hold any communication with Sigismondo, and openly espoused the usurper's cause. Maddalena herself died in the following December, and Caterina was married by the Pope to Giovanni Maria Varano, the usurper whom her mother regarded with so much aversion, and who certainly proved a very bad husband.

The premature death of Cardinal Luigi de' Rossi, whose mother was the Pope's aunt, and whom Raphael had lately painted standing behind the Pope's chair with Cardinal de' Medici, was a cause of real grief to Leo X. On August 17, Castiglione told the Marchesana that the Cardinal was dangerously ill with gout and fever, and that the Pope was greatly distressed. Two days later the Archdeacon Gabbioneta announced his death, adding: 'His Holiness wept on receiving the news, and is still weeping, and said in public that the death of his brother and nephew did not grieve him more than that of this favourite cousin.'

On the 26th, letters from Florence brought critical news of Caterina de' Medici, the infant daughter of the late Duke Lorenzo.

'Yesterday,' wrote M. Baldassare, 'we heard that la Duchessina, the little girl left by the Magnifico Lorenzo, was at the point of death, and by this time I think she must be dead. The Pope has been also much distressed over this, although it is his habit to take these things very lightly.'¹

The child, however, contrary to expectation, recovered, and was brought to Rome two months later by her grandmother Alfonsina.

¹ Baschet-Reumont, 262.

The Marquis now began to despair of obtaining any favours from the Pope, and on August 26 wrote to recall Castiglione, saying that he needed his services at home.¹ But since Cardinal de' Medici, who had been lavish in offers of help to the Count when he saw him in Florence, now repeated these assurances, and wrote to say that he was soon coming to Rome, M. Baldassare asked his lord's leave to defer his departure for a few weeks.

On August 17, another old friend arrived in the person of Alberto Pio of Carpi, who had lately married Cecilia Orsini, a daughter of Leo's kinsman, Cardinal Franciotto Orsini, and was known to enjoy the Pope's confidence. After having served as Imperial ambassador during many years, this accomplished Prince had quarrelled with the Emperor, and gone over to the opposite camp. 'Signor Alberto Pio,' wrote Castiglione in September, 'is managing all the affairs of France, and will no doubt be the Most Christian king's resident at the Vatican.'² Unluckily Alberto Pio fell ill on his arrival, and took to his bed, refusing to see anyone.

'In spite of all my efforts,' wrote Castiglione, 'I have not yet been able to speak to Signor Alberto. I hear from his secretary that he is very irritable, and dislikes the sight of every one; but I still hope to approach the Pope through him, although at present he seems more difficult of access than the Holy Father himself! But I will see him if possible.'³

At length Castiglione succeeded in seeing Alberto, who seemed thoroughly to realize the situation, and

¹ Martinati, 79.

² Sanuto, xxvii. 577; Baschet-Reumont, 262.

³ Cod. Vat. Misc., 9063.

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promised to use his influence with both Cardinal de' Medici and the Holy Father. Francesco Maria now drew up a final statement of the conditions which he was prepared to accept if the Pope would reinstate him in his duchy. He proposed that the little Caterina — 'the daughter of His Holiness's nephew' — should be given in marriage to his son Guidobaldo, and offered to settle 28,000 ducats upon her, and to pay down 10,000 more on the spot. He also promised to serve the Church for three years with 250 lances, and further pay a tribute of 20,000 ducats to the Pope, all of which he reckoned would be equivalent to a payment of 104,000 ducats. This would be a heavy burden for his state, but, still, he was prepared to make the offer, and the dowry could be raised on Fossombrone and Cagli.

'This we say,' he adds, 'in order to arrive at a final settlement, and we empower you to arrange these matters with your accustomed skill and diligence, and beg you to see they do not drag on interminably, for we will not be fed with empty words. And you might also see if the Cardinal of Agen and Madonna Felice can lend us a few thousand ducats.'¹

On October 1, Cardinal de' Medici arrived in Rome. During Bibbiena's absence this prelate had acquired great influence over the Pope, and was described by Marco Minio as the man 'who does everything with His Holiness now.' Castiglione lost no time in calling upon the Cardinal, and wrote a long letter to the Duke of Urbino, informing him of the result of the interview :

¹ B. Feliciangeli in *Propugnatore*, N.S., v. 354.

‘On the 2nd I spoke to His Most Reverend Signory, and begged him to tell His Holiness what I have already told him so often, repeating the same reasons together with others, and saying that if when I first came the Pope had refused to see me I could not have complained. But now that he has encouraged me with so many good words and promises—all of which I have duly reported to the illustrious Marquis—not only I, but His Excellency, would have great cause of complaint if things did not turn out as we desired. So I begged His Most Reverend Signory to do his office boldly, if only for the honour of the Pope, feeling sure that his presence would effect what could not be done in his absence. He replied that he was most willing to do all that he had said in Florence, and written to me in Rome, and would gladly do you and the Marquis a service; so I dexterously suggested that he should speak to the Holy Father at once.’

Unluckily, on St. Francis’s day—October 4—the Pope went to mass at the church of S. Francesco, and then left Rome to hunt at La Magliana. The Cardinal, however, promised Castiglione he would speak to His Holiness as they rode out together, and was as good as his word.

When the Count went out to La Magliana on the 7th, Medici told him that he had spoken to the Pope, putting on his clothes, as it were, and speaking in his person. His Holiness replied that he could not attend to this business until an answer, which he was expecting daily, had come from Spain. Meanwhile, Castiglione received a visit from Gian Matteo Giberti, the Cardinal’s secretary, who was afterwards to become so important a personage. M. Gian Matteo discussed the subject at length with a seriousness which raised the Count’s hopes. At the close

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of their conversation Castiglione delicately offered the Cardinal a present of 10,000 ducats in the Duke's name, and seemed rather surprised when Giberti declined the gift, saying that his master would certainly take it ill.

‘The Holy Father will, I expect,’ he adds, ‘return to-morrow; but if not, I will go to La Magliana again to stir him up, and, if I can do nothing more, at least show myself to him.’

In the same letter Castiglione gives Francesco Maria a curious account of the French force which had landed at Cività Vecchia under Count Pedro Navarro, a Spanish captain who had been made prisoner at Ravenna, and had entered the service of Francis I. These 3,000 Gascons had, it appears, been sent in answer to a request from the Pope for help against the Moors, whose galleys constantly scoured the Mediterranean. Although they had arrived too late to be of use, at least they showed the King's anxiety to oblige the Pope at this critical juncture, and Navarro, as M. Baldassare suggested, hoped to obtain a handsome reward. But the unexpected appearance of these French galleys excited great suspicion at Naples. Spanish guards were placed all along the coast, as if the enemy was at the gates, while the Spanish fleet, under Don Ugo Moncada, lay off Sicily. The presence of the French soldiery was still less appreciated by the Romans.

‘As soon as the ships reached Cività,’ writes Castiglione, ‘the Gascons jumped on shore, and began to rob and kill the peaceful inhabitants, who hastily got 150 men together, and sent to Rome for a guard, to defend the town from being sacked. To-day, however, this French army has melted away. Most of

the men came into Rome, and I doubt if anyone can collect them again. I spoke to several Gascons, who said they would rather be hung than go back to their ships, and complained that they had been living on biscuit and Aqua Marcia for the last four months! So this armament has been easily annihilated. It is true that some of the captains are beating their drums, and demanding money, but I think they will not find it easy to get their companies together.¹

The Pope himself went to visit the French at Cività Vecchia, and His Holiness, the Venetian envoy reported, agreed to give the captains each fifty ducats, after which Navarro, with his twenty-three ships, set sail for Provence.²

From La Magliana the Pope went on to hunt at Cervetri, and still Castiglione received no answer to his repeated applications. In vain he rode out to the Papal villa in torrents of rain, through a sea of mud; in vain he worried Signor Alberto and interviewed M. Gian Matteo in the hope of discovering his master's intentions. The business in hand never seemed to advance a step farther, and his patience began to fail. On October 18, he wrote once more to the Duke of Urbino, whose temper was sorely tried by these perpetual delays :

‘I have written many times and told you all that I could find out from Monsignore de’ Medici and Signor Alberto, but am still awaiting that blessed Spanish letter. The Pope is hunting at Cervetri, but is expected back in six or eight days, by which time it will be impossible for the answer from Spain not to have arrived; and if ever there is any hope of concluding our affairs, I think it will be then.’³

¹ Propugnatore, v. 347.

² Sanuto, xxviii. 35, 42.

³ Propugnatore, v. 354.

But Castiglione's hopes were once more doomed to disappointment. Madonna Alfonsina had returned to Rome with the Cardinal, and her baneful influence once more reasserted itself at the Vatican. When, on October 27, the Venetian envoy called to congratulate His Holiness on his safe return from hunting, he found the Pope closeted with Alfonsina and the Cardinal. On the next day the Pope sent for him, and told him, with tears in his eyes, that he had spent yesterday with Madonna Alfonsina. His Holiness quoted the line '*Recens fert ærumnas Danaum,*' adding that Sig. Lorenzo's little girl Caterina was a fine big child.¹ After this, it is not surprising to hear that the Pope turned a deaf ear to all Francesco Maria's proposals.

Neither the Count's persuasive eloquence nor his inexhaustible patience and good temper could avail anything, and he returned to Mantua with nothing better than barren compliments and civil messages to the Marchesana and her son.

¹ Brown, ii. 564, 565.

CHAPTER XXXI

1519

Castiglione in Rome—His letters to Isabella d' Este—Festivities at the court—The Pope's love of music—Raphael's loggia—Trial of Longolio—Raphael's survey of ancient Rome—Castiglione's assistance—Elegy and letters to Ippolita—The Count returns to Mantua.

IN spite of the arduous nature of Castiglione's diplomatic duties and the difficulties which he met with in their discharge, he thoroughly enjoyed the five months which he spent in Rome. In after-years he looked back with affectionate regret on the pleasant memories of these days in the great city which he calls 'his own Rome, the delight alike of gods and men.' Three summers had passed since his last visit, and during this interval many improvements had been made in the Borgo. New and splendid palaces had arisen in the Via Giulia, and the works at St. Peter's and the decoration of the Vatican had been carried on under Raphael's direction. Three of the wonderful tapestries from the painter's cartoons which the Cardinal of Aragon had seen at Brussels were sent to Rome in September, and by the end of the year seven pieces were hung in the Sistine Chapel. In May the elaborate scheme of decoration which Raphael had planned for the second story of the gallery connecting the Belvedere Casino with the Vatican Palace was

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completed by his pupils, and was universally pronounced to be the finest and most perfect work of the kind in existence. At the same time the hall of Agostino Chigi's villa on the Tiber was adorned with frescoes of the story of Cupid and Psyche in a lovely setting of flowers and leaves, and a sumptuous pleasure-house for Cardinal de' Medici was erected on the slopes of Monte Mario from Raphael's designs.

Great progress had been made with the excavations of ancient Rome, and the task of preparing a systematic survey of these classical monuments was entrusted to the same master. On all sides, as Castiglione tells us in his own fine Latin poem, there was much to see and learn.

‘ Now your eyes once more behold these wonders of a former age ; the trophies of heroes are once more known by their right names ; now the marble temples of the Vatican rise around you, and the golden roofs of their porticoes glitter in the sun.’

Here, too, as his verses describe, he found again those companions whose names were renowned throughout the world—the poets and humanists who made Leo's age famous for all time. With them he spent his leisure hours in convivial gatherings, seasoned by wit and mirth, and beguiled the fierce heats of the dog-days with music and song in the shady groves and green fields along the Tiber, in Angelo Colocci's gardens or Sadoletto's house on the Quirinal.

Time had brought other changes. Some familiar faces were missed from these pleasant meetings. Inghirami, the incomparable Phædra, was dead, killed by a fall from his mule, which took fright at a buffalo-cart one day when he was riding past the Arch

of Titus. Bembo was still at Venice, Bibbiena in France, and Canossa at his country-house near Verona. Cardinal Riario, that venerable friend of the Gonzaga princes, was seldom seen in Rome since his disgrace, and had given up his noble palace of La Cancellaria to the Pope. And Luigi of Aragon, that other generous and free-handed Cardinal, whom Castiglione had met at Mantua only a year before, had died of fever in January at the early age of forty-four. But Sadoletto and Beazzano, the merry singer Tebaldeo, and young Marc Antonio Flaminio, the boy-poet whom the Count had taken under his special protection at Urbino, were all there. Castiglione, too, had several friends among the batch of new Cardinals—thirty-one in all—who had been included in the Pope's last creation. There was young Ercole Rangone, his wife Ippolita's cousin, and Leo's nephews, Innocenzo Cibo and Giovanni Salviati, while both the Datary, Baldassare Turini, and the Chamberlain, Branconio dell' Aquila, the intimate friends of Raphael, were often in the Count's company.

In spite of the critical state of affairs, in spite of rumours of war and foreign invasion, the Pope and his favourite companions indulged in pastimes of every description. They laughed and feasted, gave comedies and concerts, listened to the Aretino's matchless improvisations or to those comical recitations given by the buffoon Strascino, who could imitate the lowing of bulls and braying of donkeys by turn. Music especially had always been one of Leo X.'s favourite diversions. He sang and played well, took great interest in Church music, and kept an instrument in his bedroom. The best singers and musicians from all parts of Europe entered his service, and were rewarded with rich benefices and estates. It was his custom

to invite a few of the young Cardinals and their friends to supper at the Vatican, and, after playing a game at chess or cards, to spend the rest of the evening in music and singing. The palace halls rang far into the night with the exquisite strains of viols and lutes, while the Pope himself, with closed eyes and head thrown back, listened, rapt in a trance of delight, beating time with his hand and singing the tune softly.¹

Soon after Leo X.'s accession, Leonardo's friend, Lorenzò da Pavia, was employed to make him one of his finest organs, and brought it to the Vatican himself. And Castiglione mentions the alabaster organ which was sent to Leo X. from Naples, and was said to be the best and most beautiful ever known.² Another wonderful organ, the work of a Brixen master whose instruments had a world-wide reputation, had been ordered by the Cardinal of Aragon on his travels, and presented by him to the Pope. This, as the Ferrarese envoy Paolucci told his master, was the instrument whose delicious melodies charmed the ears of the listeners at the performance of Ariosto's 'Suppositi' on the last day of the carnival. The entertainment was given by Cardinal Cibo in the Castell' Sant' Angelo, and the scenery, representing a street and piazza in Ferrara, was painted by Raphael himself.

Castiglione arrived in Rome too late to witness this memorable representation, but his letters to Mantua, especially those which he addressed to the Marchesana, abound in descriptions of the splendid entertainments and the feasts of art and music in which the Pope and his court revelled. He tells her of the

¹ Cesareo in 'N. Antologia,' 1898, p. 283; Roscoe, 'Leo X.,' appendix, p. 306; Fabronius, 'Vita Leonis,' 206.

² 'Esenzioni,' 58.

sumptuous supper given by Cardinal Farnese, when one course consisted entirely of peacocks ; and of that still more magnificent banquet, when Agostino Chigi invited the Pope and Cardinals and foreign ambassadors to celebrate his marriage with his Venetian mistress, Francesca Andreozza.¹ On this occasion each guest was supplied with fish, game, choice fruit and wines from his native country, served on gold plate engraved with his own armorial bearings. The Pope himself gave the bride away, and Sodoma painted his famous frescoes of Alexander and Roxana in her honour. And the Count also tells Isabella of the latest works of Raphael—the Vatican loggia and the Farnesina—and of the picture which the master of Urbino has promised to paint for her studio, but which, the writer is obliged to confess, Raphael never touches unless he is present. Nor does he forget Isabella's passion for gems or antiques, or fail to inquire for any that may be had at a reasonable price.

In a letter full of grave political matters, he tells Duke Francesco of a fine Spanish dagger which he may be able to procure for him. Another time he puts in a word for a citizen of Urbino—Gian Maria Battiferro, the friend whose house Raphael had lately adorned with frescoes, and begs the Duke to grant his old subject a benefice when occasion offers. A letter which he wrote to Isabella, on June 16, is especially remarkable, on account of the references to Raphael's recent works which it contains, as well as to the famous attack on the Flemish scholar Longueil. Although portions of this letter have often been quoted before, it deserves to be given in full :

¹ Sanuto, xxviii. 628 ; Creighton, vi. 197.

‘MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LADY AND MISTRESS,

‘I have written several times to V. E. since I left Mantua, but have not heard if my letters ever reached you. Of course I could not expect answers to all of these, but since I have been here you have not sent me a single line. However, I will not cease to render you what small service I can. With regard to the business which has brought me to Rome I will say nothing to-day, because I think V. E. knows what has been done, and I write everything most fully to the Duke. May God order the future, whatever it is to be! For the rest, life here goes on much as usual.

‘Our Lord the Pope is more devoted to music than ever, and enjoys it in every form. He also takes great delight in architecture, and is always adding something new to his palace. The latest addition is a loggia, which has just been finished, and which is painted and decorated with stucco reliefs in antique style. It is the work of Raphael, and is as beautiful as possible—perhaps finer than any work of the kind that is to be seen to-day. He is also engaged on a country-house for Cardinal de’ Medici, which will be a most excellent thing. His Holiness often goes to see the building, which is under the cross on Monte Mario. And I must also tell you about a young Fleming called Longolio, who has lately come to Rome, and is pronounced by all who know him to be most learned. It appears that he asked the Conservatori to make him a Roman citizen, and that his request was granted. Afterwards it was discovered that some time ago, when he was very young, he had made an oration in France, in which he condemned many things in Rome, and placed the French above the Romans in all things. Then a young Roman, not yet twenty years of age, a son of Mario Mellini, sprang up and delivered a long and eloquent oration in the finest possible manner. He attacked Longolio, in the Pope’s

presence, with so much power and pathos that people wept to hear him describe the calamities which have befallen the city of Rome, and were filled with such hatred for the guilty man as to make every one declare that if the Pope had not been present, and Longolio had been there, he would have been thrown out of the windows and cut to pieces. And His Holiness himself confessed that he was deeply moved. Now an eloquent oration is expected from Longolio in his defence, which will be recited before the Pope by another noble Roman youth; for this Longolio has many supporters among the most learned scholars here, such as Bembo, Sadoletto, Jo. Batt. Casanova, Bishop Porcaro, Capello, and many others who are also Romans, so that I shall soon have a whole collection of orations to bring or send to V. E. I have no other news, and will only kiss your hand and humbly commend myself to your good graces.

'In Rome, June 16, 1519.

'P.S.—The death of the Countess of Musocho¹ has been deeply lamented here—I believe in all sincerity.'²

The popular excitement aroused by the strange case of Longolio—or, to call him by his Flemish name, Christophe Longueil—to which Castiglione here alludes, was at its height when he arrived from Mantua. This brilliant scholar, the friend of Erasmus and Reginald Pole, came to Rome in 1516, after gaining the highest honours at the University of Paris, and soon acquired a well-earned reputation for eloquence and learning. Five orations which he pronounced in Gian Matteo Giberti's house in

¹ This was Paola, the sister of Luigi Gonzaga, of Castelfoffredo, and daughter-in-law of the old Milanese general, Trivulzio.

² Archivio Gonzaga, *Corrispondenza di Roma, 1519.*

praise of Rome attracted great attention. The Pope rewarded him liberally, and Sadoletto and Bembo proposed that the honour of Roman citizenship should be conferred upon him. This proposal, however, excited the opposition of a strong party in the Roman Academy. These Italian humanists looked with jealousy on foreign scholars, and declared that, far from deserving so great an honour, Longolio was guilty of the crime of high treason, because in an oration delivered eleven years before, at Poitiers, he had spoken disparagingly of Rome and Italy, and, in Castiglione's words, 'had placed the French above the Romans in all things.' A fierce controversy arose on the subject, and soon the whole of Rome was divided into two parties, according to the custom in that city, remarked Erasmus contemptuously, where idlers who call themselves learned find food for amusement in every kind of subject.¹ While the finer spirits—Sadoletto, Bembo, the Venetian Marc Antonio Michieli, and Giberti—were all in favour of Longolio, they were greatly outnumbered by his enemies, who were noisier and more violent than his friends. Longolio's supporters were hissed in the streets, stones were thrown and people wounded, and the Flemish scholar's effigy was represented on the walls transfixed by a dagger or encircled with flames. So great was the excitement that the Pope forbade the usual encounter of wits on the festival of Pasquin, and a label was hung on the statue, saying that Messer Pasquino was ill of fever, and that his feast-day could not be celebrated. Michieli, writing to Venice on May 4, says that a conspiracy had been formed to poison the unfortunate young man or throw him down from the Tarpeian rock. 'Even if he is acquitted,' adds the

¹ D. Gnoli, 'Un Giudizio,' p. 40; Erasmus, 'Dial. Ciceronianus.'

Venetian, he will not be safe in Rome—and yet these people call me a barbarian !¹

Finally, in the second week of June, a solemn assembly was held in the great hall of the Capitol, which was filled to its utmost capacity, and young Celso Mellini, a Roman youth of noble birth, boldly accused Longolio of high treason, and demanded his punishment in the presence of the Pope and Cardinals. The tumult of mingled rage and enthusiasm which his speech aroused is described both by Castiglione and the Venetian envoy. Fortunately for Longolio's safety, he had left Rome before the meeting and returned to Louvain, where he found consolation in the company of Erasmus, while Celso Mellini received the congratulations of his partisans, at a splendid entertainment in his father's villa on Monte Mario.

The expected oration which Longolio had prepared in his defence, and which was to have been delivered by Marc Antonio Flaminio, was withdrawn by Sadoletto's advice, and printed instead, on August 9. By this time the fury of his enemies had subsided. The Pope himself confessed that, however eloquent Celso Mellini might be, Longolio had the better case. He rewarded the clever young orator with a post in his household, which Mellini, however, did not live to enjoy, being drowned a few months later on a dark November night as he was riding back to Rome from La Magliana. By the Pope's order, a bridge was built over the torrent in which he lost his life, and was inscribed with Latin verse in his memory composed by His Holiness himself. In the following spring his rival Longolio returned to Italy, but refused the Latin chair at Florence which Cardinal

¹ Sanuto, xxviii. 274 ; Gnoli, 45-50.

de' Medici offered him, and preferred to settle at Padua. Two years afterwards he died at Venice of a sudden attack of fever, to the grief of Bembo and his friends.

Castiglione's own interest in literary matters and his intimacy with Bembo and Sadoleto naturally led him to regard this episode with curious attention. But he was still more deeply interested in Raphael's works. He had followed the master of Urbino's career from his boyhood in the mountain city, and had watched his marvellous development at every stage of his career. Now he saw Raphael at a height of fame and splendour to which no other artist had attained before, courted by Princes and Cardinals, and entrusted with the grandest and most honourable tasks by the head of Christendom. And he found him still the same simple and charming companion, courteous and friendly to all, and eager as ever to learn from others. Castiglione, as we have seen, moved in the same circles as Raphael, and was intimate with the same friends. And this summer, when both Bibbiena and Bembo were absent, he seems to have spent much of his leisure time in the painter's company. He was a constant visitor at the fine Renaissance palace in the Borgo Nuovo, designed by Bramante, which the great painter had made his home, and decorated with his own hand. Paolucci, the Ferrarese envoy, who during the last two years had been vainly trying to induce the artist to execute a commission for Duke Alfonso, tells us how he rode by Raphael's house one warm September evening, and, seeing the door open, walked in. But presently he was stopped by a servant, who told him that Messer Raffaello was upstairs in his studio, painting the portrait of Messer Baldassare Castiglione,



Photo, Weinbaum.

RAPHAEL.

BY SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO (BUDA-PESTH).

To face p. 58, Vol. II.

and could not be disturbed. Whether this was actually the fact, or, as the ambassador suspected, was merely an excuse to keep out importunate visitors, the Count was certainly closely associated with Raphael in one of his most important tasks at this time. The survey of the classical monuments of ancient Rome upon which the master was engaged naturally appealed to Castiglione, as it did to all the leading humanists of the day. The Ferrarese scholar, Celio Calcagnini, who returned to Rome from Hungary that year, wrote in glowing terms of the great and almost incredible work which this wonderful youth, the first of living painters and most excellent of architects, had undertaken by the Pope's desire.

'This,' he says, 'is nothing short of a plan of the city of Rome, which he is reproducing in its ancient aspect and proportions. By digging out the foundations of ancient monuments, and restoring them according to the descriptions of classical authors, he has filled Pope Leo and all Rome with such admiration that they regard him as a god sent down from heaven to restore the Eternal City to its former majesty.'

No one was better fitted to help Raphael in this task than M. Baldassare, whose classical scholarship and fine taste in art had already been of much use to him in the past. Together the two friends explored the regions which were to be described and illustrated in his book. Together they pored over Vitruvius with the learned antiquarian, Andreas Fulvius, and Fabio Calvi, the old Ravenna humanist, whom Raphael found at the age of eighty living on cabbage in a hole no better than the tub of Diogenes, and took into his house. But it was, above all, in drawing up the report of this archæological survey of

ancient Rome that Castiglione's help proved invaluable. This report took the form of a Latin letter addressed to the Pope in Raphael's name. The painter begins by lamenting the terrible havoc wrought by those wicked barbarians, the Goths and Vandals, and the recent destruction of ancient monuments which had taken place during his own residence in Rome—a period of less than twelve years. After saying that the churches and palaces of the new city are built with the lime made of old marbles, the writer implores the Holy Father to protect the remains of the Imperial city, the mother of all the glories and greatness of Italy. He then proceeds to describe the gradual development of architecture in ancient and medieval days, and expresses his ardent admiration for the classical style adopted by Bramante, in opposition to the Gothic art of a former age. After this he explains the system of measurements which he has employed, and gives a brief analysis of his work and examination. These introductory pages, which were to be followed by a full description of the ancient monuments still in existence, breathe all the passionate enthusiasm for antiquity which filled the humanists of the Renaissance, and inspired the culture of which Raphael's own art was the finest flower.

The elegant Latin phrases in which these sentiments are expressed were no doubt composed by Castiglione, and the letter was first published at Padua in 1733, among the minor works of the author of the 'Cortegiano.' But although the form of the letter was evidently the work of Castiglione, there can be no doubt that its substance was due to Raphael, who gladly availed himself of his friend's help to clothe his ideas in graceful language. A Roman writer, Abate Francesconi, first pointed this

out in the eighteenth century,¹ and a manuscript copy of the letter was afterwards discovered in the Court Library at Munich, attached to Fabio Calvi's translation of Vitruvius, with marginal notes in Raphael's handwriting, and was published by Passavant.

The progress of Raphael's survey was interrupted, as we know, by his premature death, five months after Castiglione left Rome. Marc Antonio Michieli, in that pathetic letter in which he told his friends in Venice of the master's untimely end, lamented that the survey of only one region of the Augustan city had been completed when this glorious work was interrupted by the hand of Death—'envious,' as Castiglione wrote in his epigram, 'of one who could make the dead bones of ancient Rome live again.'² His faithful assistants completed the work as best they could, without the help of the master-mind, and the descriptive text by Andreas Fulvius, with a map by Fabio Calvi, was published in 1527, just before the sack of Rome. Only one copy of this plan of the Eternal City survived the general wreck, and was discovered, a few years ago, by Professor Lanciani, in the Biblioteca Vittorio Emanuele.³

While Castiglione's time was divided between political affairs and intellectual pursuits, enlivened by the company of his friends and the pleasures of Roman society, his return to Mantua was eagerly awaited by his wife and mother. The young Countess especially complained bitterly of her husband's prolonged absence, and never ceased imploring him in her letters to hasten his return home.

¹ 'Congettura che una lettera creduta di B. Castiglione era di Raffaello d' Urbino,' p. 84.

² Sanuto, xxviii. 424. ~~21~~

³ Bibl. Emm. Coll., rom. 3, G. 21.

These complaints inspired Castiglione with one of his finest poems—the Latin Elegy—which he feigns to have been addressed to himself in Rome by his absent wife. On the one hand Ippolita paints a vivid picture of the glorious delights of the Eternal City, which keep her lord from her embraces. On the other she laments her own loneliness, and reproaches him with his forgetfulness. Her only comfort lies in the portrait which Raphael has painted of him—a portrait so living that it seems to smile, and even speak, and that the babe in her arms recognizes its parent's features and lisps the word 'Father!' Then a guest from Rome enters—Count Lodovico or Luigi Gonzaga—and the young wife turns with joy to learn from him what her lord is saying and doing. But his account fills her with anxiety, for he tells of trouble and strife in the Forum and of frequent fights between Colonna and Orsini. In her fears she implores her lord not to expose his precious life to these perils, and, like Andromache of old, reminds him how he promised to be father and mother, as well as husband, to his orphan bride, asking piteously if he has quite forgotten her. Suddenly a courier arrives, bringing letters from Rome. Ippolita tears them open, and reads her lord's tender and loving words, and her heart revives like the grass after a summer shower. Her courage returns, and she calls upon great Leo and all the gods to send her beloved home. Once more she begs him to hasten his return, and wreathes the house with garlands of flowers, to show that the very stones rejoice at his coming.

This Elegy, there can be little doubt, was the poem which the Count sent to Matteo Bandello in the winter of 1519, and which the friar acknowledged by dedicating to him his tragic tale of Ugo and Parisina.

‘ Since, ’ he writes, ‘ this story appears to me worthy to be placed in your hands, I send it, begging you to accept it in token of my love and reverence. And since you have sent me that most beautiful Elegy of yours, I feel that I ought to send you some little thing of mine—not by way of exchange, for my trifles cannot compare with the poems inspired by your cultured Muse, but in order that all men may know that I am, and shall always remain, mindful of you.’¹

Castiglione, however, was never really forgetful of his young wife. Two charming letters which he addressed to Ippolita have been preserved among his family papers in the Vatican.

‘ On reading through your letters again, I have found that part in which you tell me that you would like to go to Modena and spend a few days there ; and although I remember writing about this to Madonna our mother, I do not recollect having written to you on the subject. So I say that I wish you to go wherever you like, as long as you take good companions with you and promise not to let yourself be so transported with joy over your Anna as to forget every one else, which is really not quite fair ! To-day Signor Luigi is to be married to Madonna Ginevra. God grant the wedding may take place, for it has been already delayed long enough. I commend myself to you with my whole heart. Love me ever !

‘ *In Rome, June 28, 1519.*’²

Madonna Ginevra was the lovely and accomplished daughter of Bianca Rangone, whose first husband, the son of Niccolò da Correggio, had early left her a widow, and who had long been courted by Luigi Gonzaga of Castelfoffredo. This brave captain had

¹ Bandello, ‘ *Novelle*, ’ i. 289.

² Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210 ; Serassi, i. 73.

been lately sent to Rome with confidential instructions, and is often mentioned in the letters of the Marquis and the Duke of Urbino. Another kinsman who brought Castiglione the latest news from Mantua was the Bishop of Bayeux, to whom M. Baldassare alludes in his second letter. Count Lodovico, as his friends still called him, stayed in Rome till June. In the middle of May he wrote to Cardinal Bibbiena, saying that he had declined the post of French ambassador at the court of Spain on grounds of health, and was going to Mantua, where letters for him were to be sent to the care of M. Baldassare di Castiglione. But when Canossa heard how soon the Count was expected in Rome, he put off his departure, and only started on his journey in the first week of June, taking with him Raphael's design for the late Marquis's tomb. After spending the summer at Grezzano and visiting his Mantuan relatives, he returned to Rome in October, bringing many messages from the young Countess to her husband.

‘If you complain, my dear wife,’ wrote the Count, ‘that you have been without letters of mine for eighteen days, I have certainly never spent four hours without thinking of you. And since then you must have had many of my letters, by which I have made amends for the past. But you are really much worse than I am, for you never write to me unless you have nothing else to do. It is true, however, that your last letter is a long one, thank God! You say that I am to make our Count Lodovico tell me how much you love me. I might as well tell you to ask the Pope how much I love you, for certainly all Rome knows it, and every one tells me I am sad and out of spirits because I am not with you. I do not attempt to deny this, and they all wish I would send

to Mantua and bring you here to me in Rome. Think it over, and tell me if you would like to come. Tell me, joking apart, if there is anything that you would like from Rome, and I will not fail to bring it. But I should like to know what would please you best, because I shall arrive some morning when you least expect me, and shall find you still in bed, and you will declare that you were dreaming of me, although there will not be a word of truth in what you say! I cannot yet tell you which day I shall leave Rome, but I hope it may be very soon. Meanwhile remember me and love me, and believe that I never forget you, and love you exceedingly, far more than I can ever say, and commend myself to you with all my heart.

‘ROME, August 31, 1519.’¹

Two months, however, passed away before the Count was able to leave Rome. At length, on November 7, he took leave of the Pope, who dismissed him with many fair words, and gave him letters to both Federico and his mother, sending them his apostolic blessing, and commending the ambassador warmly to their favour as a most highly gifted and admirable man. The Marquis replied in a letter of November 29, thanking His Holiness for ‘these kind expressions which M. Baldassare has reported, more especially for your goodwill in that subject, which caused me to send him to your most holy feet. Although he has not been able to bring this affair to any conclusion, yet I am comforted by the hope that Your Beatitude is inclined to clemency, and will eventually decide in my favour, ordering the things of this world in such a manner that my desire may be granted, and this matter satisfactorily

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210; Serassi, i. 73.

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ended, by the happy exercise of your authority and wisdom.¹

We gather from this letter that Federico was disappointed in the failure of his envoy's negotiations to secure the post of Captain of the Church for himself and the restoration of the Duke of Urbino. All that he had been able to obtain was the reduction of the salt duties, a privilege which his father had enjoyed, and which was now renewed by a Papal bull dated November 5, 1519.² But at least M. Baldassare's mission had paved the way for future negotiations, and left no doubt as to the high esteem in which the Mantuan envoy was held at the Vatican.

¹ Archivio Gonzaga. Martinati, 80.

² 'Esenzioni,' p. 23.

CHAPTER XXXII

1520

Court of Federico Gonzaga—The 'Calandria' at Mantua—Isabella Boschetti—Castiglione at Modena with Canossa—Death of Raphael—Second mission to Rome—Alliance of Leo X. and Charles V.—Negotiations carried on by Castiglione with the Pope—Death of Ippolita—Grief of her husband.

THE chief event at the court of Mantua this winter was the representation of Cardinal Bibbiena's 'Calandria,' under Castiglione's directions, at the carnival. We have no details of the performance, and only hear that the arrangements were excellent and that the scenery excited general admiration.¹ Federico plainly found M. Baldassare indispensable to him both in business and pleasure, and was further disposed to regard him with favour because of his relationship to Count Francesco Gonzaga di Calvisano, whose beautiful wife, Isabella Boschetti, had captivated the young Marquis's affections.

Already the attention which he showed this fair lady was exciting a good deal of notice at court, and the Venetians talked openly of the Countess as Federico's *favorita* when he took her with him to Venice and was present incognito at the Ascension festivities.² Castiglione, however, was not of the

¹ D'Ancona, 'Origini del Teatro,' ii. 397.

² Sanuto, xxviii. 529.

party this time, and was probably glad of an excuse not to join an expedition which caused the widowed Marchesana much annoyance. This may have been one reason why he took Ippolita to visit her relatives at Modena at the end of April. Here he was joined by Count Lodovico Canossa, who left Rome in Easter week to obey a summons from the French King. The Bishop brought M. Baldassare the sad news of the death of his beloved Raphael, who had died of fever after a few days' illness, on Good Friday, to the consternation of the whole court. The loss of a friend whom he had loved so well and seen so lately was a heavy blow, but it was not till the Count returned to Rome in the summer, that he felt its full force, and realized the blank which the death of 'his poor Raphael' had left in his life.' In other respects there was little change at the Papal court. The Pope was still devoted to music and comedies, and in spite of the death of his sister-in-law, Alfonsina Orsini, on February 6, this carnival was distinguished by more splendid spectacles and processions than had ever been known before. But the great master's sudden death had thrown a gloom over the Easter festival, and the Pope himself had shed tears on hearing of his favourite's premature end.

Leaving Ippolita with her family at Modena, M. Baldassare now accompanied Canossa as far as Genoa, where he remained for some days after the Bishop had proceeded on his journey to join King Francis and witness his meeting with Henry VIII. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. From Genoa the Count wrote, on May 27, to his mother, telling her of his intention to return to Mantua directly after Whitsuntide. Madonna Luigia, as usual, was struggling to obtain arrears of rent from her tenants

at Casatico, and M. Baldassare was vainly endeavouring to raise money to pay the debts which he had incurred in Rome.

‘Although I am here in Genoa,’ he writes, ‘my mind is constantly filled with anxiety as to these affairs. But I will say no more on the subject, and only ask you to kiss our little ones.’

And in a postscript he adds :

‘If the Bishop sends the picture I mentioned, V. S. will remember my instructions, and the same with regard to my “Cortegiano.”’¹

The picture which Canossa was sending to Mantua was clearly some work by Raphael, perhaps the famous Holy Family known as ‘La Perla,’ which the master painted towards the end of his life for his old friend Bishop Lodovico, and which afterwards came to England in the Mantuan collection. As for the ‘Cortegiano,’ this was evidently the manuscript which had been entrusted to Canossa and the Count’s Roman friends for their inspection and criticism.

This time Castiglione was not allowed to spend many weeks in the peace of his country home, and a month after his return from Genoa he was once more sent to Rome on his master’s business. Of late several causes of friction had arisen between the Pope and the Marquis. Slanderous tongues had been busy with Federico’s name at the Vatican. One great cause of offence was the recent marriage of Pirrò Gonzaga of Gazzuolo,² Madonna Antonia’s youngest son, with Camilla, daughter of Annibale Bentivoglio, whom the Pope had never forgiven for his attempts

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210.

² Donesmondi, ‘Storia Eccles. di Mantova,’ 138.

to recover Bologna. Another and still more serious grievance was the close friendship existing between the young Marquis and his uncle, Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, who had long been the object of the Pope's bitter hatred, and whose state he was bent on annexing to the Papal See. An attack by some Ferrarese exiles, headed by Alessandro Fregoso, and secretly supported by the Pope and Alberto Pio, was made upon Ferrara during Alfonso's serious illness early in the year 1520, and was only frustrated by the vigilance of Federico's agents, who warned the Duke in time, and helped him to fortify the banks of the Po. This greatly annoyed the Pope, and the injury which the Marquis had done him still rankled in his breast.¹

Yet both Federico and his mother were anxious to secure the Pope's favour at this moment. While the Marquis coveted the office of Captain of the Church, Isabella wished to obtain the see of Mantua for her second son Ercole, a youth of great promise, and as much superior to his elder brother in ability as he was in character. Cardinal Sigismondo Gonzaga was ready to resign the bishopric in favour of his nephew, and retire to his palace at Macerata, in order to administer ecclesiastical affairs as Legate in the March of Ancona. Up to this time the Bishops of Mantua had assumed the style of Princes of the Empire, and as such claimed to hold office under Cæsar independent of the rulers of Mantua.² Federico, naturally glad of this opportunity to end a state of things which gave rise to constant quarrels between the Marquis and Bishop, asked the Pope to allow an alteration of title on the new Bishop's appointment. But the Pope, being angered with Federico for other causes, met his request with a curt refusal. The

¹ Nitti, 268.

² Donesmondi, 133.

Mantuan ambassador, Angelo Germanello, was so much alarmed at the coldness with which he was treated at the Vatican that he wrote to the Marquis on May 28, begging him to send another envoy to his assistance, and suggesting M. Baldassare da Castiglione as a person eminently acceptable to His Holiness.¹ This appeal determined Federico to send the Count on a second mission to Rome, and after some delays, Castiglione finally left home early in July.

On this occasion he seems to have been peculiarly reluctant to leave home. He had only lately returned from Genoa, and his presence was much needed at Casatico. Ippolita was shortly expecting the birth of a third child, and was exceedingly unwilling to part from her husband. The heat was intense. The Count had been unwell when he started, and his letters from Bologna, where he arrived on July 6, and Florence, where he spent several days, were dull and spiritless.² On July 17 he reached Rome, and three days afterwards wrote the following letter to his mother :

‘I think that you will be anxious to know how I am, so I write to say that I arrived safely in Rome last Tuesday, being the seventeenth day of the month, very tired and overcome with the heat, but not ill, although I suffered considerably on the journey. Now I am quite well again, and hope to continue so. Our Lord the Pope welcomed me very warmly. We shall see what will happen next. I forward this by a special courier, and expect these Signori will send back another, so I think you will be able to let me have any supplies that you wish, especially the money, which I am anxiously expecting. But see that the coins which Cristoforo sends are not bad ones

¹ ‘Esenzioni,’ 46.

² Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210.

and short weight, as the last were. Please let me hear how you and my wife are, and the children, and tell me everything that happens at home. Above all, you must try and keep well and put cares aside, a thing which I can never manage, but hope to succeed in doing some day. I should like to know how Balconcello behaves, and if he is likely to satisfy us, and if any of those merchants have supplied you with money. But I hope V. S. will make Cristoforo tell me these things, and not take the trouble to write yourself. I am well, but do not feel as if I were in Rome, since my poor Raphael is no longer here. God keep that blessed soul !¹

But if the Count was sad and lonely, away from home and without his beloved Raphael, his business prospered beyond expectation. At Florence he had succeeded in obtaining an interview from Cardinal de' Medici, which was of great importance in the present state of affairs.

'I arrived here last Monday,' he wrote to the Marquis from this city on July 9, 'and found the Legate was at his villa in the country, but likely to return soon. Hearing of my arrival, he sent for me, and this morning I paid my respects to His Reverence. He seemed very glad to see me, and when I had explained Your Excellency's business and that of Madonna and the Cardinal, and laid great stress on your regret at having excited his displeasure and on your desire to seek his paternal help and advice, he replied that he entertained nothing but kindly intentions towards V. E. and your whole family, but regretted that some causes of ill-feeling should have arisen between you and the Pope. I then tried to excuse the marriage of Signor Pirro and Madonna Camilla, which cost me some trouble, and he told me

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210 ; Serassi, i. 74.

frankly that he feared Signor Federico and Pirro felt no obligations towards His Holiness, and simply did as they chose.¹

When Castiglione reached Rome, he found the same feeling prevalent at the Vatican. On the day after his arrival he went to kiss the Pope's hands, and found that His Holiness had several causes of complaint against the Marquis. He was especially vexed with Federico for continuing the fortifications of Mantua, which his father had begun, and for acting on the Duke of Ferrara's advice. But the Count's persuasive eloquence and tact soon dissipated this bad impression, and when His Holiness had read Federico's letter he seemed to be a good deal mollified. Three days later he sent for the Count again, and this time spoke in the most friendly manner of the affection which he had felt for the late Marquis, and with which he regarded Federico and his whole house. He even excused himself for the action which he had been compelled to take against the Duke of Urbino. Finally the Pope expressed his wish to take the Marquis into his service and make him Captain of the Church, which would be, as he remarked, an honourable and well-paid office, worthy of so distinguished a Prince.

'I replied with the best words that I could find,' wrote Castiglione to his lord that evening, 'saying how deeply grateful V. E. would be to serve His Holiness and live under his shadow, and in the end he desired me to write to you and find out if you would agree to this. But he commanded me not to mention the subject to anyone, and to desire you not to speak of it to anyone but Madonna. My dear lord, I feel this matter is of the highest importance and

¹ 'Essenzioni,' 25.

worthy of all consideration, and therefore I have sent Sig. Ferrante's servant Gasparo to make sure that these letters may reach you safely, and so as not to be obliged to write in cipher. And although the Pope specified Madonna as the only person with whom you are to take counsel, I think that you might safely consult the Cardinal and Sig. Giovanni, and also the Duke of Urbino, who is so wise and loving, and whose advice will, I am sure, be of great use. And if I may be so bold as to offer you advice on the strength of my long service, I would venture to suggest that V. E. should thank the Pope exceedingly for his offer, and express your great desire to accept it, so that, if possible, the thing may be settled quickly . . . because, it seems to me, there must be something hidden under these proposals. But V. E. will consult your nearest friends and decide what is best. After this conversation I asked the Pope what he wished me to tell V. E. about the bishopric, to which he replied: "We will do this, and whatever else is pleasing to him, if this arrangement is effected, and we will dismiss M. Tolomeo,¹ if his presence here displeases His Excellency." So all I have to beg V. E. is to send me a reply as to your wishes by some trusted messenger, so that your letter may reach me safely; and meanwhile I will not fail to return to the subject of the bishopric, and beg you to write at once, and above all thank His Holiness for this offer, in a letter that I can show him.

*'Rome, July 21, 1520.'*²

Federico hastened to send the desired letters in reply, and told his faithful servant in a private note, written on July 26, how greatly this information had relieved him, and how gratefully he would accept

¹ This was Tolomeo Spagnoli, the late Marquis's secretary, who had fled from Mantua to escape justice, and had taken refuge in Rome.

² Archivio Gonzaga. Martinati, 80.

the Pope's offers. Only, the young Marquis added, he would have to ask His Holiness so to arrange matters that his honour should be safe with regard to the Most Christian King, towards whom, as the Pope knew, he had certain obligations. These last words point to the daily widening breach between Leo X. and Francis I., which might at any moment involve the Pope in war with a monarch who had hitherto been Federico's close ally.

Since the beginning of the year, when Francis I. had claimed the guardianship of the little Catherine de' Medici, several of the King's actions had aroused the Pope's displeasure, and Castiglione found him far more inclined to treat with the Emperor than with France. The new Imperial ambassador, Don Juan Manuel, was a man of considerable ability, who soon acquired influence over the Pope; while Charles V.'s support in crushing Luther's revolt in Germany was of the greatest importance to the Church.

In spite of Leo's precautions to maintain strict secrecy with regard to Federico's appointment, the diplomatic world soon became aware of the Pope's proposal, and the French ambassador, greatly to Castiglione's indignation, did his utmost to oppose it.

'St. Marceau,' wrote the Count on November 4, 'has been telling the Pope that V. E. is young and inexperienced and given up to pleasure. He also maintains that Mantua is not as important a state as people think, and says that if the Emperor should come there, he must first conquer the King of France and the Venetians, with a great deal more in the same strain.'¹

Two years afterwards, in warning Federico against French intrigues, he reminded him how much the French envoys had opposed his appointment in 1520.

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 26.

Accordingly, negotiations between the Pope and Marquis dragged on, and many months elapsed before anything definite was settled. Meanwhile Castiglione wrote frequent letters to his wife and mother, and took a lively interest in the smallest details of home news.

On August 5 he wrote to thank his mother for the supplies which had reached him, and to give orders about servants and horses. In reply to Madonna Luigia's inquiries after Cardinal Bibbiena, who had lately returned from France in bad health, he writes :

‘Monsignor R^{mo} di Sta. Maria in Portico is not ill of fever, but is not cured of his ailment. He commends himself to you, and thanks you cordially for your inquiries. I am well, thank God, but very tired—at least to-day, as I have had so much to write, owing to my secretary being ill. So I will end, and commend myself to V. S. and all our family. Uberto¹ is not in Rome, but I hear that he is well.

‘*In ROME, August 5, 1520.*

‘If V. S. loves me, you will try and keep well and be of good courage.’²

On the 18th he wrote again, thanking his mother for three letters in which the poor lady had poured out her complaints over defaulting tenants and refractory servants, and telling her of the epidemic which had attacked the members of his household in succession.

‘I have not written before because my secretary is still unfit for work. However, he and the others are all better and out of danger. I am quite well, thank God, and glad to hear that you and my wife are also

¹ Uberto Strozzi, the writer's nephew, who had been given a post in Cardinal Pompeo Colonna's household.

² Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210.

in good health. Pray be careful not to eat too much fruit or to overheat yourself, which is more dangerous now the weather is cool than in the great heat. I recommend little Bertomelino to your care, because I hope he will be a nice boy. Do not let him go about too much in the town, for fear the Marquis or other distinguished personages may wish to have him, because he is so amusing. I am glad to hear that our new rooms are making progress. Cristoforo wrote about a certain wall which was necessary to keep the smoke out of the cupboard, but I do not understand what he means. I should certainly like to have a chimney and a stove upstairs in the room, but leave all this to V. S. and my wife and to Messer Lazzaro. I should be glad if you would write a line to the Archdeacon, for he treats me with great kindness and honour. Please send the enclosed to the Lord Duke, either through Orazio or some other trusted messenger; and if the Duke sends me letters, do not send them unless a special courier is coming here. I say this because letters sent by ordinary post are very often lost or opened before they reach Bologna, and I should not like the Castellan [Calandra] or the Marquis to know this. Commend me to all our family, and most of all to Suor Laura. I do not answer her letters nor those of the Mother Abbess, who have both written to me, because I am too tired. I commend myself to you, and hope you will comfort our babies.¹

The young Countess was not as good a correspondent as her husband or mother-in-law, but we have three affectionate letters which she wrote during this August, which was to be the last month of her short life.

‘MY DEAR HUSBAND,’

‘I have received two of your letters, one of the 24th July, the other of the 28th. You are really

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210.

so good a correspondent that you make me seem a very poor one; but this is not for want of good intentions on my part, for I always mean to write, although I do not always do as I intend. I am glad to hear you are well. Please take care of yourself and be of good cheer. I am very well. God grant I may soon be happily delivered of a child. If He would have done me the grace to allow you to be with me at the time, I should not mind how much I suffered. I am anxiously expecting to hear if our affairs and those of Count Marc Antonio¹ have prospered. I send you some letters from Gian Maria della Porta,² and beg you to do him the favour that he asks. Our children are well, and are both of them learning to read; but Camillo is a naughty boy, and, if anyone tries to teach him, says what he teaches is wrong, and pretends to know better. Little Anna can say her ABC as well as possible, and repeats so many things that she astonishes every one. I am very sorry to hear that you have lost our poor dog Grillo. Please do your utmost to find him again. You need not remind me about the furs, which I have hung out, and will see this is done again. Master Lazzaro goes on working, and is making a little camerino; but I will not write about this, because I think Madonna has already mentioned it. I beg you with all my heart to think of me sometimes, for I think of you constantly, and have no other pleasure in the world. Suor Laura commends herself to you.

'From your Wife, who loves you better than herself.

*'MANTUA, August 3, 1520.'*³

On the 10th Ippolita wrote another charming little note, trying to console M. Baldassare for his troubles and sick servants with tender words:

¹ Ippolita's brother.

² A confidential servant of the Duke of Urbino.

³ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

‘MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

‘I am very sorry to hear you have so many anxieties as you tell me in your last letter, and beg you not to distress yourself too much. If it is true, as you write, that were I with you in Rome you would not be so much worried, I should like to be there! I would rather be with you than anywhere else in the world, and all my joy now lies in receiving your letters, and in thinking of you, and in remembering you when I am with Camillo. I am very sorry to hear that your servants are ill. Please try and keep well and happy, and think of me sometimes if I cannot be with you. Please be so good as to remember the black silk which you promised to get me, and send it when you can. I will say no more, but send you my love, and our children do the same.

‘*From your Wife, who wishes nothing but that you should love her.*

‘*In MANTUA, August 10, 1520.*’¹

Ten days later Ippolita gave birth to a daughter, and, although she was suffering with fever at the time, wrote the following touching little note to her husband :

‘MY DEAR HUSBAND,

‘I have given birth to a little girl. I do not think you will mind this. But I have been much worse than I was before. What I told you has come true, and I have had three bad attacks of fever. Now I am a good deal better, and I hope it will not return again. I will not try to say any more, because I am not very well yet, but commend myself with my whole heart to you.

‘*From your Wife, who is a little tired out with pain.*

‘*MANTUA, August 20, 1520.*’²

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

² Serassi, ii. 342.

The Count received Ippolita's letter, with another from his mother, telling him of his child's birth, on August 26, and hastened to send the following answer to Madonna Luigia :

'Yesterday I received V. S.'s letter, telling me of my wife's safe delivery and of the birth of a little girl, for which God be praised ! It is true that I had rather expected it to be a boy, but none the less the child will be very dear to me. I should like to know if she has blue eyes. I conclude that my wife must be going on well, as if the fever had continued you would have let me know. I am sorry for the death of our friend M. Alessandro d' Arezzo, who was a good man. Our poor Lady Duchess has to bear many burdens. I think that when I left home I told my wife the name I wished the child to bear if it was a girl, but have forgotten this now. I will send it in a letter to her when I have had a little time for consideration. The messenger who has already reached Mantua will have told you what you wanted to know, so I do not reply again, and only wish that the letter which I enclosed should be delivered to the right person, as it was of importance. I am glad to hear the horses are well and what you tell me of Balconcello. I find the courier is starting in a great hurry, so I cannot send you the child's name nor that of her godmother, but unless there is any danger you can wait to baptize her until I write again.

'Your obedient son,
 ' B. CASTI.,
 ' who is tired—very tired.

'ROME, August 27, 1520.'¹

When Castiglione wrote this letter his poor Ippolita was no more. The beautiful young wife whom he loved so well had died on the 25th, five days after

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210.

the birth of her child. This event was a shock to the whole court, and the deepest sympathy was felt both in Mantua and Rome for the absent husband. Both the Marquis and his mother were deeply grieved, and Federico decided to send an express courier to Rome, and wrote to Cardinal Bibbiena, begging him to break the news as gently as possible to his old friend. When the messenger reached Rome on the evening of Tuesday, the 28th, the Count was at supper with the Cardinal in the best of spirits, and Bibbiena, after consulting poor Ippolita's cousin, Cardinal Ercole Rangone, decided to let him go to bed in peace, and only gave him a letter on business from the Marquis. On the following morning the two Cardinals and Count Annibale Rangone, the Captain of the Pope's Guard, went to Castiglione's house together and broke the news as gently as they could to the bereaved husband. Cardinal Bibbiena, who, with all his worldliness, was a man of strong affections, was moved to tears by the sight of his friend's overwhelming sorrow.

'Such was his grief and distress,' he wrote to the Marquis, 'that not one of us could keep back our tears, and we all wept together for some time. At length we succeeded in comforting him a little, and his own wisdom and fortitude have enabled him, although with difficulty, to resign himself to the will of God and the law of Nature. But, deeply as he is distressed, his sorrow, I am convinced, goes still deeper than we can see, and shows how passionately he loved his wife and how bitterly he feels the irreparable loss which he has sustained in the death of this noble and virtuous lady, whose memory will, I am sure, never leave him. May God of His divine mercy give her eternal rest, and in due time send

consolation to her husband, who is certainly worthy of long life and happiness.’¹

In touching words the Cardinal returns thanks to Federico for the thoughtful kindness which he has shown in sending a special messenger, and in choosing him to break the news to M. Baldassare, who is certainly as dear to him as his own brother, and whose sorrows he feels as keenly as if they were his own. Cardinal Ercole Rangone wrote the same day to Cardinal de’ Medici at Florence, telling him that he and Sta. Maria in Portico had heard from the Marquis of Mantua of his poor cousin’s death, and had been, together with his brother, Count Annibale, to break the sad news to Count Baldassare. ‘The poor fellow is overwhelmed with grief because of the love which he bore her—and with good reason, for she was, in the opinion of many, the loveliest girl in all Lombardy.’²

When the first violence of Castiglione’s grief had subsided, he was able to take comfort in the kind letters which both the Marquis and his mother had sent him. Isabella dwelt especially on the grief which she felt in this *poverina’s* death, both for the Count’s sake and because of the great love with which his charming young wife had inspired her. Federico’s letter was couched in still more affectionate terms.

‘I have heard,’ he wrote, ‘the sad news of the untimely death of your beloved wife, Maria Ippolita, and I know what inexpressible grief you must feel in being deprived of so dear and sweet a companion. You have, I know, lost the dearest thing which you had in the world, and I feel how hard it must be to

¹ Luzio e Renier, ‘Mantova,’ 245.

² Cian, ‘Candidature nuziali,’ 42.

restrain such grief. None the less I beg and implore you to take comfort, and try and learn patience and accept the will of our Lord God. Above all, you must bear to live for the sake of the dear children which she has left you, and for our country, and for our own sake. You know that we have always loved you for your own rare virtue and merits, and in future we shall love and esteem you still more for having lost this dear and precious one while you were absent in our service, and shall feel that it is impossible to reward you as you deserve.

‘MANTUA, August 26.’¹

The Count was profoundly touched by the warmth of his master’s expressions, as we see by the answer which he wrote two days later :

‘MY DEAR, ONLY, AND MOST HONOURED LORD,

‘I never thought that I could have a greater sorrow in the whole world than to see my wife die, neither could I ever have expected that she would have to take this journey before me. But what I feel, and shall always feel, even more bitterly, is that I was absent at the time of this her cruel death. Still, it is our Lord’s will, and I can only pray that He may have compassion on that blessed soul, and not leave me here too long without her. May He also grant me grace to do Your Excellency some service, in order that I may satisfy my natural obligations to you, and, above all, prove my gratitude for the sweet and loving sympathy which you have shown me in this most bitter sorrow. If anything could comfort my soul, dear lord, it would be V. E.’s kind words. May our Lord God reward you, since that is beyond my power !

‘From ROME, September 1, 1520.’²

¹ Archivio Gonzaga, B. Castiglione. Martinati, 82.

² ‘Esenzioni,’ 27.

In Rome itself the greatest compassion was felt for the Count on all sides, and Battista Fiera, the Mantuan doctor, wrote an elegy on the poor young Countess, in which he gives a touching description of her mother-in-law's grief. These tokens of sympathy and affection did much to soften the heavy blow. Castiglione bore himself bravely, and did not allow his private griefs to interfere with the business that he had on hand, but he never recovered wholly from the shock. Life had lost its charm for him, and, although he was assiduous in his work and cheerful in the company of his friends, from this time an undertone of sadness pervades all his letters, and shows how deeply the iron had entered into his soul.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1520

The Pope's hunting expedition to Palò and Corneto—Guido Postumo's poem—Death of Cardinal Bibbiena—His bequest to Castiglione—The child Livia placed in Madonna Luigia's care—Castiglione's private affairs—The 'Cortegiano' sent to Alfonso Ariosto.

THE Pope was sincerely grieved to hear of Castiglione's loss, and showed him every kindness in his power. His attempts at consolation were characteristic. He gave the Count a pension of 200 crowns and invited him to join in a hunting expedition.¹

This last invitation was a token of especial regard which none but the Pope's chief favourites received. In Leo's early days Luigi of Aragon, Ippolito d' Este, and Alfonso Petrucci were the Cardinals who took an active part in these hunting expeditions which the Medici Pope organized on so vast a scale. Now Cardinals Cibo, Franciotto Orsini, and the Rangone brothers were foremost in the field, and probably these last-named cousins of his dead wife induced M. Baldasare to join the party that set out for Palò on the Feast of All Souls. It was Leo's habit to spend four or five weeks each autumn hunting in the forests along the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea. This desolate district, still strewn with the cyclopean walls and tombs of

¹ Mazzuchelli, 398.

ancient Etruscan cities, abounded in game of every description—wild-boars, deer, quails, pheasants, and partridges—and afforded ample opportunity for indulgence in his favourite sport. On this occasion he was accompanied by a large company, including twelve Cardinals and a number of foreign ambassadors and officials of his court, as well as a strong escort of guards under Renzo da Ceri, one of the Orsini chiefs, whose own castle of S. Severa stood between the Via Aurelia and the sea.

Palò was another fortress of the Orsini which Leo made the headquarters of his hunting expeditions, and had lately employed his architect, Francesco di Sangallo, to enlarge and adorn. This moated castle, on the coast half-way between Rome and Cività Vecchia, still retains the vast dining-hall, kitchens and extensive stables erected at this time, and the words 'Leo X. Pont. Max.' are still inscribed over the portals. The situation of Palò, in its wide plain surrounded by thickly-wooded hills, was admirably adapted for the purpose. But it was no easy task to find quarters for so large a concourse of visitors, and the Venetian envoy and his servants complained of the great inconveniences to which they were exposed. In spite of these drawbacks, they seem to have enjoyed themselves exceedingly.¹

On November 5, Cardinal de' Medici arrived from Florence with a great company of gentlemen—'I will not say "mob of people" [*canaglia*],' remarks the same writer—and more than 500 horses, which brought up the total number of the party to 2,000. Then the sport began in good earnest. Fortunately, Guido Postumo, the Pesaro poet who stood so high in the Pope's favour, has left us a record of the dis-

¹ Sanuto, xxix. 442.

tinguished personages who joined in the hunt at Palò on this memorable occasion. He describes the Holy Father riding out, clad in a snow-white vest, with Cardinal Giulio at his side, followed by the young Cardinals in scarlet jackets and Spanish caps of black velvet, and attended by the Swiss Guards and archers. A goodly company rode in his train. There was the valiant captain, Renzo da Ceri, attended by the principal members of his house—‘to speak briefly,’ wrote the Venetian envoy, ‘all the faction of the Orsini were present’—and with them many other Roman lords and knights, clad in rich brocades and wearing gold chains and glittering armour. The Portuguese ambassador was of the company, and Fregoso and Lorenzo Cibo, and a whole troop of handsome and brave Rangone brothers, whose exploits the bard loves to dwell on. Two of the Papal secretaries were absent that day, as Postumo deploras—Sadoleto, ‘the beloved of all,’ had been sent on a foreign mission, and Bembo remained in Rome with Cardinal Bibbiena, whose illness had taken a serious turn. But there was a band of poets and scholars—Tebaldeo, Molza, Lelio Giraldi, Capodiferro, Camillo Pozzio, Marco Cavallo, and Pietro Mellini, whose brother Celso had been drowned a year ago on his return from a similar hunting-party. There, too, conspicuous among his fellows by his rich and fantastic attire, was l’ Unico Aretino, the wonderful improvisatore, the spoilt child of the Pope and the Roman people, whom Leo X. had lately invested with the principality of Nepi, which had belonged to his sister-in-law, Alfonsina Orsini. Close beside him rode Gian Matteo Giberti, Cardinal de’ Medici’s secretary, and Messer Baldassare Castiglione—‘the glory of Apollo’—in deep mourning for his wife. All of these, priests

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and poets, Cardinals and scholars, were armed with spears and javelins, bows and arrows, or massive staves of oak and ash, with which to defend themselves against the attack of wild-boars and wolves. Castiglione carried a long lance in his hand, Postumo himself bore a Spanish spear, while Cardinal Egidio, the famous Augustinian theologian, was armed with sword and shield.

From early dawn the huntsmen and beaters had been busy under the direction of the Pope's chamberlain Serapica, collecting the game within the enclosure and spreading canvas nets all around. Now the Pope took up his station on a mount in the centre, from which he could survey the field with the help of his glasses, and the banner bearing the Sacred Keys was planted at his side. When the right moment came, Fra Mariano, the Apostolic Piombatore, or keeper of the signet, from his post of vantage at the top of a tall cypress-tree, gave the signal, waving his hat with a loud shout. Then the trumpets sounded, the hounds were let loose, and on every side stags and wolves, boars and wild-bulls, terrified by the baying of the dogs and shouts of the hunters, rushed out of the thicket and were pursued by armed riders. Sometimes the Holy Father himself, fired by the ardour of the chase, would seize a dart from one of his attendants and kill a stag with one hand, while he held his glass up to his eye with the other. Many were the thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes that day. Postumo himself, in spite of a warning cry from the Pope, was suddenly attacked by a furious wild-boar, and only saved by one of his pupils—young Septimus Rangone, who flew to his help, and transfixing the beast, which fell dead at the feet of His Holiness. At the same moment his

brother Galeazzo killed his first stag amid general applause, and, cutting off the head with his sword, ordered the horns to be sent to his mistress in Rome. Another fine doe fell a prey to an arrow from l' Unico's bow, a feat that was hailed with peals of laughter from the whole company. Marco Cavallo, the poet of Ancona, was less fortunate, for he allowed a boar to pass him, unhurt, while, heedless of the cries of his companions, he was musing over some line of poetry. The furious beast pursued its way, wounding and killing dogs, until Cardinal de' Medici, riding up at full gallop, plunged a spear into its neck. A cloud of darts followed, and the dangerous animal fell dead with a roar of thunder. Suddenly a big wolf, wounded by Fregoso, sought shelter under the Papal banner, and made straight for the Pope. At this unexpected onslaught the whole College of Cardinals rushed to the Holy Father's help. First came his young kinsmen, Salviati, Cibo and Ridolfi, closely followed by Marco Cornaro, armed with an ash spear, and Franciotto Orsini, bearing a drawn sword. Then Ercole Rangone, Trivulzio, and the learned Egidio of Viterbo himself, all hastened to Leo's side, and Annibale Rangone laid the wolf dead with a single stroke of his sword, while the Pope laughingly remarked that he was as safe as if Mars himself had been his defender.

The sun was already low in the western sky when His Holiness gave the sign for the slaughter to cease and the dogs were called home. The sound of horns and shouts rang through the forest and echoed along the seashore. The nets were rolled up, and the spoils of the chase, in a long train of carts, drawn by mules and oxen, were borne back to Palò, while the Pope walked slowly home, with Cardinal de' Medici

at his side, repeating: 'What a delightful expedition! Would that I could enjoy many more of them!'

But the pleasures of the day were not yet ended. The Pope and his guests sat down to a banquet in the great hall of the castle, and the sportsmen discussed the incidents of the day and made merry over their cups. Nothing provoked the laughter of Leo more than the stolid face of the Archdeacon of Mantua, who, after sleeping all day under the shade of a laurel-tree undisturbed by the clamour of dogs and voices, woke up at dinner-time and expressed his wonder at the quantity of venison and game which he saw on the table. Last of all, a Canon of Bologna, whom the poet dignifies by the name of Tiresias, took up his lute and sang the divine strains in which Bembo has celebrated the hunter's praise, until the hearers were overcome by sleep, and the Pope and his guests retired to rest, to be ready for the morrow's sport.¹

Leo X. was always careful to provide plentiful fare for his guests on these occasions. In the archives of Cività Vecchia we find a note which he addressed to the Castellan of this fortress, begging him to spare no expense, and see that a good dinner and plenty of fish was prepared, as he was bringing a party of 140 persons, including many distinguished men of letters, whom he was anxious to treat with due honour.² The Pope generally sent musicians and actors to amuse the company, and on one occasion, a guest describes the house at Cervetri as ringing all day with the sound of cornets and flutes. Leo always took care to reward lavishly both these performers from Rome and the huntsmen and country people who

¹ Guido Postumo, 'Eleg.', lib. ii. 91; Roscoe, iii. 538.

² Gnoli, 'Le Caccie di Leo X.' 633.

ministered to his amusement. It was Serapica's business to see that the red bag which His Holiness carried was full of gold, and after a good day's sport his liberality to those around him was unbounded.

From Palò the Pope and his party moved on to Corneto, that ancient Etruscan city once the home of proud Tarquin, and still known as the Queen of the Maremma, which with its medieval towers and battlements crowns the long mountain ridge above the sea. Here he was joined by Monseigneur de Pin, one of the French ambassadors, and several fresh guests from Rome, whom he took the next day to Montalto, where he had lately built another hunting-box. Here the woods on the hills sloping towards the sea, were full of stags, goats, hares, and wild-boars, and the party enjoyed four days' excellent hunting.

It was at Montalto that the news of Cardinal Bibbiena's death, on November 9, reached the Pope. The loss of this old and intimate friend, who had recently given him so touching a proof of his affection, was a fresh blow to Castiglione. But the only allusion that we can find to the sad event is in a hurried note to Mantua, in which he says that the Cardinal's death has been deeply lamented by the whole court and city, who felt that a kind and gentle Signor had passed away.¹ By his will, made on the day before his death, Bibbiena left Castiglione a Madonna and Child painted by Raphael, which always hung at his bedside, and made other bequests of pictures and jewelled crucifixes and collars to Bembo, Cardinal Cibo, and the Pope.² He was buried in the church of Araceli, but, by his last

¹ Luzio in 'Giorn. st. d. lett. ital.,' xxvii. 293.

² Pastor, iv. 837.

wishes, a final resting-place was prepared for him in Our Lady's shrine at Loreto.¹ A report, common enough in those days, was spread abroad in Rome, that the Cardinal's death was due to poison, and his old friend Canossa was accused of having openly imputed this crime to the Pope and Cardinal de' Medici. The Bishop of Bayeux indignantly denied the charge in letters which he addressed both to Leo X. and Cardinal Giulio from Blois, but owned that King Francis had mentioned this report to him. He had replied that the thing was impossible. 'I find it, however, very difficult,' adds the Bishop, 'to get this idea out of people's heads, for the common belief in France is that every illustrious person who dies in Italy has been poisoned.'²

The report in this case was certainly groundless. Since Bibbiena's long absence in France he had, no doubt, lost his old place in the Pope's confidence, but he remained on friendly terms with him to the last. For many years past he had suffered from an internal ailment, which had increased in severity of late, and proved the cause of his death.

But, whatever the Pope's feelings on the subject may have been, his old favourite's death was not allowed to interfere with his amusements. From Montalto the party returned to Corneto for another *bellissima caccia*, and thence to Cività Vecchia, where a new form of sport was indulged in. Nets were spread round a forest of lentisk-trees on the slopes of the shore, and four stags rushed down the steep hillside into the sea, followed by the hounds. 'Truly a fine sight!' exclaimed the astonished Venetian envoy.³ The Pope and many of the company put

¹ Sanuto, xxix. 401.

² 'Lettere di Principi,' i. 68, 69.

³ Sanuto, xxix. 443.



Cardinal Poggio
from a portrait by Raphael in the Prado

of the king's stony-place was prepared for him in Our Lady's church at Loreto.¹ A report, common enough in those days, was spread abroad in Rome, that the king's physician was about to poison, and his chief physician, Cassa, was accused of having openly invited the king to the Pope and Cardinal de' Medici, to give up the crown, and indignantly denied the charge. Cassa, however, confessed both to Leo X. and to the Cardinal de' Medici, but owned that King Francis had brought him this report to him. He had, however, thought it was impossible. 'I find it impossible,' says the Cardinal's the Bishop, 'to get this report from any illustrious person who dies in France.'²

Castiglione's case was certainly groundless. In his long absence in France he had, no doubt, lost some share in the Pope's confidence, but he had continued friendly terms with him to the last. He was, however, and he had suffered from an internal ailment which had increased in severity of late, and which was the cause of his death.

Castiglione, after the Pope's feelings on the subject of the death of his old favourite's death was not so much concerned with his amusements. From the 15th he returned to Corneto for another day, and then to Cività Vecchia, where he was indulged in. Nets were spread on the slope of lentisk-trees on the slopes of the hill, and the stag rushed down the steep hillside, followed by the hounds. 'Truly a noble sport!' exclaimed the astonished Venetian ambassador. The Pope and many of the company put

¹ Sanuto, xx. 114. ² 'Lettere di Principi,' l. 68. 69.

³ Sanuto, xxix. 143.



Antonio Padoa-Schioppa

Antonio Padoa-Schioppa

*Cardinal Bibbiena
from a portrait by Raphael in the Prado*



out to sea in boats, from which they had a good view of the cliffs, and saw the unfortunate stags dispatched by the hunters awaiting them. After this, the Venetian envoys and most of the Cardinals and other guests returned to Rome, leaving the Pope and Cardinal de' Medici at La Magliana. Here Leo X. remained for another week, and received a visit from the French ambassadors, Saint-Marceau and Alberto Pio, who had returned from Naples during his absence.

Castiglione was in Rome again by November 24, and wrote a few lines to his mother that evening, saying how much he had benefited by the change, and begging her to give him more particulars of his children, and especially to tell him what Camillo was doing and if he were fond of Bertomelino, the little dwarf whom he had sent to be his playmate. He also mentions the child Livia as having arrived at last, and asks who has delivered her into his mother's charge. This little Livia, to whom we find several mysterious allusions in Madonna Luigia's letters, was evidently the infant daughter of the Marquis and his mistress, Isabella Boschetti, whom Castiglione had consented to receive, at Federico's request, and who grew up during the next four years with his children. Madonna Luigia from the first objected strongly to this arrangement, and only consented to it out of love for her son. The Count, on his part, could hardly refuse to oblige his master in this respect, especially as Livia's mother was the wife of his kinsman, and was able to see the child occasionally without exciting suspicion.

In a longer letter, written four days later, the Count enclosed a note which was to be forwarded to his friend M. Alfonso Ariosto at Ferrara, begging him to return the manuscript of the 'Cortegiano' to

Mantua. He also gave his mother the following directions regarding a clock which he had ordered from a maker in Mantua :

‘Tell the master of clocks that I am ready to give him twenty ducats, if he serves me well on the conditions we had agreed upon ; but V. S. can see if he is willing to take less. The clock is to go from six in the morning to six at night, but I do not care to have the signs of the zodiac marked upon the face, nor yet the quarters of the moon, as I do not care about these things as long as the clock keeps time well and points to the right hour. At present I do not wish to have a case for it, as I should like that to be made according to my own taste.’¹

After this, we have the usual request for supplies of money. The expenses of Castiglione’s residence in Rome this year had been exceptionally heavy. His servants had been ill ; he had been obliged to engage new ones and to put himself and his household into mourning, and although he had made repeated applications to the Marquis through his friend Gian Giacomo Calandra, he had as yet been unable to obtain the promised payment. Again and again he returns to the subject, declaring that his one great anxiety is to clear himself from debt and feel himself a free man.

The thought of his dead wife was still very present to him ; but even in his letters to Madonna Luigia he shrank from any allusion to her.

‘I cannot say any more about the things which belonged to my poor wife,’ he wrote on December 12, in reply to his mother’s repeated inquiries as to the

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210.

disposal of her daughter-in-law's wardrobe. 'I will only beg V. S. not to throw them away on any account. As for the black velvet gown, if you cannot find anyone who would like it, you might keep it for the house. The tailor, Messer Antonio, might advise you what to do with the rest of the things. It might be as well to write to Madonna Costanza at Milan about them, telling her to keep the name of the owner a secret, and explaining that these are only part of the clothes, and that the rest are kept at home. You might also write to Verona and Brescia, or Ferrara, if there are any persons you can trust there, and get what you can for them. But I leave all this to you, to settle as you like.'

Another subject which exercised Luigia sorely, was the ruinous state of the family chapel in the church of S. Agnese, where her daughter-in-law's remains had been laid. It seems that poor Ippolita herself had expressed a strong dislike to S. Agnese, and her mother-in-law had apparently suggested some other resting-place. To this M. Baldassare now replied :

'As regards S. Agnese, I think you are rather hard on our chapel in that church, although it is true that the poor child sometimes said that she did not wish to be buried there. However this may be, I trust that, when God sees fit to end my life, my bones will lie with hers, and both for the honour of the living and the peace of the dead, I hope some day to restore the chapel in S. Agnese. But God Himself will be our guide, and lead us in the path that He chooses. As to my return, I beg you not to distress yourself, because, indeed, it is as well that I should stay here, for many reasons. God knows with what a heavy heart I should enter the house now! I hope, too, that my mission may bear good fruit this time,

and prove of more use than it was last time. Would to God it had not brought me all this sorrow! I am glad Camillo is well, and will try and bring him a pony. Tell him he must get accustomed to go to school, and kiss him for me, as well as the little girls.’¹

And he ends by asking once more if M. Alfonso has returned his ‘Cortegiano,’ a request which is repeated in almost every letter. At length Madonna Luigia, seeing that M. Alfonso gave no signs of life, wrote to her cousin, the poet Ariosto’s friend, Lodovico da Bagno, and begged him to ask his kinsman for her son’s book. In reply Lodovico wrote on January 21 :

‘DEAR AND HONOURED SISTER,

‘I will not fail to remind M. Alfonso Ariosto of our M. Baldassare’s book, which, from what he last told me, has not yet been found. I am very sorry for this, on account of the vexation which it must cause M. Baldassare.’²

There seemed, indeed, no end to the vicissitudes of this unfortunate manuscript. But we may conclude that the missing book came to light before long, since in a letter of October 15, the Count alludes to the book as being in his possession. M. Alfonso Ariosto himself died early in 1525, and his chief title to remembrance is the fact that Castiglione dedicated the ‘Cortegiano’ to him.

One more short letter which M. Baldassare wrote to his mother this Christmas is worthy of record because of the allusion which it contains to the Madonna by Raphael which had been bequeathed to him by Cardinal Bibbiena.

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210.

² *Ibid.*, 9065.

' Since I am desired by the court here to send this muleteer to Mantua, I have given him some of my possessions, so as to be less burdened with luggage when I return home. I am exceedingly anxious to know if they arrive safely, and beg V. S. to write the moment they reach you. Please have the case opened at once and the contents placed where they will not be blackened by smoke, or seen by anyone. A good place would be V. S.'s little studio. You will find a picture of our Lady by the hand of Raphael, a head of a peasant, and an antique marble figure, which are all most precious to me; and, as I have already said, I hope V. S. will not allow anyone to see them. I will write no more, as I expect this messenger late to-night. There will also be a packet for the widowed Duchess.¹

' Rome, December 29, 1520.'

It would be of interest to know which was the Madonna painted by Raphael for Cardinal Bibbiena, and bequeathed by 'il bel Bernardo' as his dearest possession to Castiglione. But we have no clue to the work, and cannot even be sure if the precious picture is still in existence.

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat. 8210; Serassi, i. 75.

CHAPTER XXXIV

1521

Negotiations between Leo. X. and Federico Gonzaga—Delays and intrigues of the Pope—His fear of Luther—The Marquis of Mantua appointed Captain of the Church—Leo X. signs a treaty of alliance with Charles V.—Castiglione is appointed permanent ambassador in Rome.

CASTIGLIONE's anticipations of a speedy settlement with the Pope were once more doomed to disappointment. Leo was at his old game, 'playing with both hands at once,' and the Count found him as 'brittle and variable' as Henry VIII. said when he warned the young Emperor against him. In January he entered into a secret agreement with Francis I., by which that monarch's second son was to receive the investiture of Naples, and Ferrara was to be ceded to the Pope, in return for this concession. At the same time he asked Francis to guarantee half of the Marquis of Mantua's salary as Captain of the Church, and half the pay of 6,000 Swiss, telling Francis that these troops were to protect him from the insolent Spaniards, while he assured Charles V. that they were to be employed against the French. Federico, who was a knight of the Order of St. Michel, now sent an envoy to France to obtain Francis's consent to his appointment, which, by the rules of the Order, he could not hold without the

monarch's leave. The request could not be refused. But none the less, Francis was indignant with Federico for entering the Pope's service, and, as Castiglione suspected, secretly plotted his old ally's destruction.

In March, Luigi Gradenigo, the Venetian envoy, reported that His Holiness had made a close alliance with Alberto da Carpi on the one hand and with Don Juan Manuel on the other, and that both treaties were kept strictly secret.¹ But a new factor in European politics had arisen in the shape of Martin Luther, the Augustinian friar of Wittenberg, who had dared to attack the Papal supremacy, and had gone so far as to burn the bull of excommunication launched against him in December, 1520. Both Charles V. and his ministers were quick to see that the movement which Luther had stirred up in Germany might be used as a means for advancing the Emperor's interests. When Don Juan Manuel first came to Rome in the spring of 1521, he wrote to his master :

‘If the Emperor goes to Germany, he ought to show a little favour to a certain friar Martin, who is a protégé of the Duke of Saxony. The Pope is exceedingly afraid of him, because he preaches openly against the authority of Rome, and is said to be a great scholar who knows what he is about, and can hold his own against the Holy Father. I think that through him the Pope might be forced to agree to a treaty ; but I only say this, in case he refuses to make one, or, when made, tries to break it.’²

Now that the Lutheran movement threatened to assume grave proportions, Leo X. became seriously

¹ Sanuto, xxx. 27, 28.

² Bergenroth, ‘Calendar of Spanish Papers,’ ii. 305.

alarmed. On February 16 the Venetian envoy called at the Vatican, and found the Holy Father absorbed in reading a big book by Friar Martin Luther, which the Cardinal of Ancona had given him. He told Gradenigo that he had spent three hours over this treatise, and seemed greatly disturbed by its contents. For some days the Pope could talk of nothing but this book of Friar Martin's, and held a long discussion with Cardinals Pucci and Accolti on the subject. 'People say,' added the Venetian, 'that this Brother Martin has a great many followers in Germany.' And Castiglione wrote to his master in the same strain: 'The Pope is greatly concerned about Martin Luther's affairs, and thinks them very serious.'¹

That same month Luther was summoned to appear before the Diet of Worms and give an account of his doctrines. The Pope told Don Juan that the Emperor ought not to see this heretic friar, 'who would not be well received even in hell,' and urged him passionately to put an end to the man, if he did not desire the total ruin of the Church. But not even fear of Luther and the perils which threatened his spiritual power could prevent Leo from enjoying the festivities of carnival. In the letter quoted above, the Venetian envoy says that carnival amusements are in full swing, and the Holy Father is busy with banquets, comedies, bull-fights, and races.²

Castiglione, after trying to explain the Pope's infinite delays and prevarications, told his master in reality His Holiness had been so much engaged with carnival festivities that it was impossible to get him to attend to business of any kind. On February 8 he wrote to Federico:

¹ Sanuto, xxix. 651, xxx. 31; and Baschet-Reumont, 265.

² Sanuto, xxix. 632, xxx. 651.

‘His Holiness spends all his time in the Castello, and takes great delight in watching the masqueraders, none of which, however, are very well or richly clad. To-morrow the Barbary horses will run. Those of V. E. are very well, and I hope will do us honour. The Pope is in some anxiety over these Spaniards, who have sent no answer, but are advancing from Trent by slow marches. If they advance farther, the Pope is inclined to offer resistance, and send for Swiss troops, and take every possible precaution; but I doubt if he would wish V. E. to raise a company in haste and at such short notice. I do not cease to solicit your appointment to the best of my ability, and hold it for certain that the date which I mentioned before will not pass before we have the desired deed. Our M. Pietro Ardinghelli¹ will not fail to do his best for us. The other day His Holiness sent for me and told me our affair would be settled presently, and that I must be of good courage, and that he would not delay beyond the time specified, and might possibly anticipate it. I replied that it was time to write to you. However, it is something that V. E. may be sure that this *presto* will not be as slow as the others have been. I beg you to write again soon, because, whatever the contents of your letters may be, at least they give me an excuse for speaking to His Holiness. We hear nothing from the Emperor or from Spain. Every one here is impatiently expecting the result of the Diet at Worms.’²

In another and longer letter, addressed to the Marquis on Ash Wednesday, the Count gives details of these fêtes, which attracted an immense concourse of people, Rome being very full of foreigners. On Saturday there were wrestling matches between

¹ A Mantuan secretary at the Vatican.

² Contin, ‘Letter diplomatiche del Conte B. Castiglione,’ 15.

Swiss and Gascons and Roman contadini in the trenches of the Castello. On Sunday the most important event—the horse-races—took place, in which the Marquis of Mantua's Barbary steeds, as usual, took a leading part. On this occasion, however, the Gonzaga horses were most unfortunate, as Castiglione describes in his graphic manner :

‘I ordered Zuccone to enter both V. E.'s horses for the first race, so that if one came to grief the other might take his place. At the start the grey horse Serpentino passed all the others, and was well ahead about half the length of the Piazza when they reached the Campo di Fiore. The chestnut was second ; but, as Zuccone had told the boy not to press him till he reached the street of the Borgo, he allowed a horse of Cardinal Petrucci's to pass him. The grey kept well ahead, but when he reached the Cloaca his rider was thrown by some strange accident, without anyone touching him. The horse, however, never stopped, and was ahead of all the rest till he reached the goal. At the bridge the chestnut was third, and would easily have won, but took fright at a masked horseman among the crowd and kicked out at him. The boy was thrown heavily to the ground, and a good deal hurt, and has not yet recovered. A horse of Campo S. Piero was just behind V. E.'s grey, and although neither this horse nor Cardinal Petrucci's passed him in the race, this one had the *paliò*, because it is not awarded to a riderless horse, even if the page touches the *paliò*. V. E. had no horse in the Corso de' Turchi, and the *paliò* was given to a Paduan gentleman called Berardo. In the mares' race, V. E.'s horse was first, and the Archbishop of Nicosia's second. They ran in this order until they reached the Borgo, when V. E.'s horse went well ahead, and reached the *paliò* before Nicosia's was at the fountains. But just as the page was going to touch the *paliò* an archer of the

Bargello got in his way, so that the boy could not touch it, and Nicosia's page came up and touched it first, and was given the *paliò*. I was in the Castello, and could not understand what had happened until the messenger I sent returned. The *paki* were brought to His Holiness, and I explained what had happened to him, as well as to the Governor and Senator, and no one denied that we had been very badly treated. I was determined to get the *paliò*, but the Governor told the Pope that it stood to reason whoever touched the *paliò* first must have it, but that the man who had got in the way ought to pay for one of the same kind. After much discussion, the archer who was in fault has been put in prison, and the Senator and Governor have promised that he shall not be set free until we have a *paliò* exactly like the one which he prevented us from winning. I further asked that he should be hanged or sent to the galleys, or at least be given four or five turns of the rope. Anyhow, I promise V. E. that he shall not leave without some punishment. However, you have no cause for displeasure, because, if you have not carried off the *paliò*, you have won all the honours, and your horses were a long way ahead. Zuccone has been most diligent in seeing that everything was in good order, and succeeded in making the chestnut horse, who generally refuses to run, do very well. Now I cannot comfort him at all; he is in despair, and it is as much as I can do to prevent him starting for Mantua on the spot. Your Excellency will no doubt deign to give him your commands.'

The excitement caused by the races, and the importance attached by the Marquis to the victory of his horses, must have been great to make so humane and kindly a man as Castiglione actually ask for the unfortunate archer's life. These races were followed on Sunday evening by a *moresca* in the court of the Castello, which even M. Baldassare allows to have been

very good. The subject was certainly original. Eight young Sieneſe, accompanied by fifty of their ſervants in ſatin liveries, bearing flaming torches in their hands, came out of the Caſtello, and erected a grey ſilk pavilion and ſtage in the courtyard, while the Pope and Cardinals and many ladies and ambassadors looked on from the caſtle windows. Firſt of all a fair maiden appeared, and in elegant verſes implored the Goddess of Love to have pity upon her and give her a worthy lover. After ſhe had vaniſhed, eight hermits in grey habits iſſued from the pavilion, to the ſound of drums and tambourines, and danced a *moresca*, leading the boy Cupid bound in chains, and beating him as they went, ſaying that he alone was the cauſe of all the world's miſery. Then Cupid, falling on his knees, called on his mother Venus, who appeared at his prayer, and ſent the maiden to give the hermits drink from a charmed cup, which ſent them all to ſleep. Cupid now recovered his bow and arrows, and aimed his ſhafts at the ſleeping friars, who, waking from ſlumber, danced round the maid, enamoured of her beauty. Suddenly, flinging away their friars' hoods and habits, they appeared in the form of handsome and richly-clad youths, who, drawing their ſwords, fought till all but one of them were ſlain. Finally the victor was awarded the lady as the prize of his valour, and Cupid and his mother triumphed.

On Monday His Holineſs was preſent at the mules' race, and attended a comedy in Cardinal Cibo's rooms, together with a brilliant company of Cardinals and ladies, among whom were Count Annibale Rangone, Lorenzo Cibo, and their wives, Cardinal Salviati's ſiſter, and many others. The ſcenery was very fine, Caſtiglione owns, but the play itſelf poor and tedious,

His complaint is hardly to be wondered at on this occasion, since the performance lasted close on six hours, after which the Pope's company, twelve Cardinals, and all the ladies were entertained at supper by Monsignor Cibo. On Shrove Tuesday the Pope looked on at the buffalo-races from a window in the palace, and in the evening another comedy was acted, no better than the last. As before, he proceeded, the scenery was beautiful, the play bad, and the actors mediocre. 'Such,' writes the Count, 'were the festivities of this carnival in Rome, and I have written coldly because they have certainly not been thrilling.'¹

Castiglione had none of that incurable levity which could make Leo X. take delight in such frivolities at this critical moment in the annals of the Church, and his own bereavement was still too fresh in his mind for him to care for the plays and dances in which he had formerly taken pleasure. A letter written to his mother early in Lent breathes all the old melancholy :

'I am glad that Maestro Battista² has been to see you, and cheered you with good accounts of my health and spirits ; but certainly I think that he was mistaken in his description of my gaiety. However, I try and force myself to live, and I pray God to keep me well, and thank Him that He has so far granted my prayer. And if He gives me the further satisfaction of being able to bring this business to a good end, I shall be greatly rejoiced, and shall count this the best happiness I can have in these sad times. It is true that the Pope treats me with the greatest

¹ 'Lettere inedite di B. Castiglione,' A. Mortara, 1854.

² Battista Fiera, the doctor and poet, who had lately returned to Mantua from Rome.

kindness ; but I no longer value his caresses as I once did, although some people imagine that I value them more. I shall be glad if we can do anything to help Maria Ippolita Terza.'

This lady was his mother's cousin, who was reduced to great poverty, and whose name constantly appears in Madonna Luigia's letters during these years.

'I should be very glad if you could redeem those necklaces of my wife, for the poor child's sake. As for the Duke of Ferrara's case, I will write to His Excellency and beg him to settle it. I am vexed to hear our tenants behave so badly, and they are certainly wrong in this instance. Since my poor wife's death I seem to have nothing but calamities and trouble. I try to console myself by thinking that at least I shall be able to get out of debt now, which is a thing that I desire greatly. I beg you to do your utmost to redeem the links of that collar, which I hope to put together once more, and leave it to my son in remembrance of the King of England, since my unfortunate wife was never able to wear it. If Orsina [Ippolita's maid] wishes to leave us, you had better let her go. Tell her I give her permission to leave willingly, although I should never have sent her away ; but since she does not care to stay, I would not think of keeping her. Only I beg you to see that she is satisfied, and leaves us feeling that she has been well treated. I was very glad to hear good news of Madonna Veronica Gambarà, and if she is still at Mantua I should like to be remembered to Her Highness. Commend me to all the family, and kiss my children.

'ROME, March 5, 1521.'¹

Orsina, it appears from a later letter, herself applied to the Count for permission to leave his service.

¹ Serassi, i. 76.

He replied in the kindest terms, and repeated his injunctions to Madonna Luigia to see that she was treated liberally and left the house satisfied.¹

In spite of Castiglione's exertions, the Marquis's affairs seemed as far as ever from a settlement, and Federico Gonzaga began to despair of obtaining the post which the Pope had offered him eight months before. His joy and surprise were the greater when, on April 1, he received a secret dispatch from the Count, containing the news of his appointment.

'I cannot tell you,' he wrote in reply, 'how gratefully I received your letter, which has revived me from death and made me the happiest man in the world, although I hide my joy, in order to keep the thing secret and be safe on this account. Pray assure His Holiness that no one has heard a word of this saving Madonna Illustrissima and the Castellan. Kiss the Pope's feet for me.'²

The Pope's sudden resolution was no doubt due to the news which he received from his agents at Worms, and marked his final determination to make common cause with the Emperor against the French. Charles had openly declared himself on the side of the Church, and an edict condemning Luther was eventually promulgated by the Diet. On May 16 a messenger arrived at Mantua, bringing the Papal brief confirming the appointment, and Federico sent a letter of effusive thanks to Castiglione.

'Thank God,' said the Pope to Don Juan, 'who in these evil times has sent me an Emperor who cares so much for the Church.' On the same day he asked

¹ Egerton Papers, Add. MS., l. 8, f. 74.

² 'Esenzioni,' 26, 28.

Gradenigo what news he had from Germany, and remarked that this friar Martin seemed to have many followers, but that he was not in the least afraid of him. The Venetian politely replied that Luther would assuredly come to a bad end, as other heretics before him.¹

Three weeks later an imperial envoy arrived from Worms with the draft of a new treaty against France, by which the Emperor promised to protect the Church, and offered the Pope Parma and Piacenza, as well as Ferrara, as a bribe. Still Leo X. temporized, and held long interviews with Alberto da Carpi. But an advance of Spanish troops from Naples which Don Juan ordered, put an end to the Pope's vacillation, and on May 29 he finally signed the treaty. The imperial edict in condemnation of Luther was read in a consistory held on June 7, and Luther's effigy and works were publicly burnt on the Piazza Navona.²

On the evening of June 22 Leo told Castiglione that he was only awaiting a dispatch from Germany to declare himself on the Spanish side. 'His Holiness made merry with me,' wrote the Count, 'and said much that was bad of the French and good of the Emperor.' He was especially annoyed by some words of Lautrec, who is reported to have said that he meant to cut off the Pope's head and leave nothing but his ears.

Three days later the Count was able to announce that the Pope was now altogether a Spaniard and the open enemy of France, adding an expression of surprise that the secret had been kept so well.

¹ Sanuto, xxx. 130.

² Bergenroth, 'Calendar,' 347, 352; Creighton, vi. 187; Pastor, iv. 328.

‘His Holiness complained in the consistory of many things which the French had done against his honour and that of the Apostolic See, in such a way as to leave no doubt that he will do his best to work their ruin. In fact, he hopes very soon to drive the French out of Italy.’¹

On St. Peter’s Day the Venetian envoy saw the white palfrey, which was the customary tribute from the newly-invested King of Naples being led up to the Vatican gates, and noticed with dismay that on his way to mass His Holiness beckoned to Don Juan Manuel to come and speak with him. ‘The Pope,’ he wrote home that evening, ‘has at length dropped the mask, and concluded a treaty with His Catholic and Cæsarean Majesty.’²

On July 1 Federico’s appointment was confirmed by the consistory, and ten days later a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the Duomo of Mantua, and the happy event was celebrated with public rejoicing.

Both Federico and his mother were overjoyed at the fulfilment of their long-cherished hopes, and showered letters of heartfelt thanks on Castiglione. The Pope was equally gracious on his part, and took the Count completely into his confidence, showing him the Emperor’s private letters, and discussing every detail of the coming campaign with him. At his invitation, M. Baldassare took up his abode during the summer months in the beautiful summer palace of the Popes, surrounded by lovely gardens and commanding a superb view of the meadows along the river and distant Campagna. Here, on hot evenings,

¹ Baschet-Reumont, 265 ; ‘Esenzioni,’ 28.

² Alberi, iii. 70 ; Sanuto, xxx. 467, 468 ; Pastor, iv. 331.

Castiglione loved to rest in these wide balconies and graceful *loggie*, looking down on the road by which ambassadors entered the city, or wander at will over these grassy lawns, planted with myrtle and cypress groves. Here, as he paced among the orange-trees and fountains, he could gaze to his heart's content on the noblest statues in the world—the Laocoön, the Apollo set in its niche under the wall as we see it to-day, the Venus of Praxiteles, and the other antiques with which Pope Julius had adorned these terraces.

‘I am living here in the Belvedere,’ he wrote to his mother on June 15, ‘which is a real refreshment. Would to God you had as delightful a place to live in, with this beautiful view, these lovely gardens, and all these noble antiques, fountains, basins, and running waters! What is best of all, I am close to the Pope’s palace. If our Pietro Giacomo were here, I think he would find this place still more lovely than the bridge at Marcaria,¹ for all who enter Rome on this side pass through the street below, as well as all those who go to walk in the meadows; and after supper I amuse myself watching the crowds of boys and girls at their games. I hope you will keep out of the heat as much as possible, and not eat too much fruit.’²

Here for the present he was well content to remain. The cultured society in which he moved, the larger atmosphere of the Papal court, the freedom from petty jealousies and rivalries which were so distasteful to him at Mantua, all helped to make his residence at the Vatican agreeable. Several causes combined to increase his reluctance to return home. It is plain, from certain expressions in his letters to Madonna Luigia, that Federico’s infatuation for his

¹ The little country town on the Oglio, near Casatico.

² Serassi, i. 76.

kinsman's wife, and the scant respect with which he treated his mother, the Marchesana Isabella, were among the things which Castiglione disliked, but could not prevent. Above all, as he told his mother, he shrank from the prospect of seeing the old familiar places, where everything recalled his lost Ippolita. So when Federico, in the first flush of gratitude, offered him a command in the army that he was raising for the Pope's service or an official post at Mantua, he declined these proposals, and elected to remain as permanent Ambassador in Rome. But Madonna Luigia was bitterly disappointed. When the news of Federico's appointment reached Mantua, and congratulations on her son's skill and good fortune in bringing about this happy event poured in from all sides, she naturally expected him to come back at once, and wrote in joyful anticipation of his return. The Count, dutiful as ever, took the opportunity of his first leisure moments to send her a full explanation of his conduct.

'In reply to your letter of the 16th, I say that I am quite as anxious to see you and all my family again as you are to see me, although, when I remember that I shall not find the dear one whom I left there, my whole soul recoils at the prospect. But this cannot be otherwise. I do not know when I shall return. If I could please myself, I should like to come and see you and the others in the middle of September, and arrange these affairs which you say you wish me to settle, and then return to Rome and remain here for some time. And as I have a little more time to-day than usual, and am not quite as much overwhelmed with business, I will explain this more fully, always begging you to keep what I say to yourself. The Marquis has offered me the command of fifty lances, which is no doubt a great honour,

and I know that His Excellency has done this with a very kind intention, and am very much obliged to him. But being, as I am, so much entangled in debt, I see that the post would do me more harm than good, and would entail heavy expenses. Besides, I am no longer a boy, and I find exertion more fatiguing than of old, and I know by experience what a trouble it is to manage a body of men. And I feel that, if the Marquis ever thinks of rewarding me for the labours which have brought him these honours, I should like his gratitude to take some other form, for I do not count this a reward, but a burden; and if I chose to seek work elsewhere, I could easily find it. But during the short time that is left me in this world I do not mean to eat any more *panem doloris*. Therefore, since the Marquis assured me with many kind words that he needed me alike at Mantua, in the camp, and in Rome—in fact, wherever he had any business on hand—and begged me to choose whatever place and office suited me best, and go wherever I felt that I could be of the most use to him, I have decided to remain here in Rome. I consider that this office is of the greatest importance, both as regards his service and my own interests, and this for many reasons. Besides, Rome suits me, and I have many great friends here, and have some acquaintance with this Pope, which may prove of use to myself and others. Then, too, no one regards me with jealousy here nor tries to ruin me, nor is one at the mercy of rival factions and parties, nor am I obliged to see things taking a course which I dislike and cannot prevent. All these reasons have made me feel that it was well to make this choice; so I pray you to be satisfied if I remain here some months longer, after which I hope our Lord God will give me grace to come home with greater satisfaction. Meanwhile my house and children are better in your hands than they would be in mine. Now I have told you my mind on the subject, and will only beg you not to

repeat this to anyone who is not altogether in your confidence. So I should be glad if you could sell Daciano and those two other young horses, although they are not yet in their prime; and as I do not know their present condition, I cannot fix the price, but leave this to you. I should like the big jennet to be kept, because I promised it to Count Marc Antonio [Ippolita's brother], or else one of the young colts, if he thought either of them would be of use to him. I should like masses to be said for the blessed soul of my dear wife in S. Francesco, S. Agnese, and S. Giacomo, and should also wish you to give alms for her sake, but leave this to you to settle, as long as it is done honourably, but not extravagantly, lest other people should think we are giving ourselves airs.

'I have just received your letter of the 19th, and another from the Marquis, in which His Excellency begs me to take command of the company and appoint a lieutenant, which I will do. I shall be glad if the Duchess will forward the letter which you gave her from me. When the present excitement is over, I will be sure to send a pony to Camillo, whom I long to see. Although I told you not to sell my big jennet, if you have a good offer for him I should like you to take it. You might ask 150 or 120 ducats, or even 100 big crowns, even though it may seem strange for a newly-made captain to sell his horses.'¹

' July 24, 1521.'

Castiglione was accordingly appointed Mantuan ambassador to the Vatican, and received a considerable addition to his salary. The Marquis began by offering him 600 ducats as his captain's pay, but when it was decided that he should remain in Rome the Count explained that he could not possibly live on so meagre a sum, and Calandra wrote that the Marquis and Madama had agreed to give him another

¹ Serassi, i. 77.

600. This brought up his salary to 1,200 ducats, and Federico promised to let him have more if necessary. The Count replied that this would be sufficient, and told his mother that he would try and keep within the limits of his income, but begged her to tell no one in Mantua, for fear of exciting jealousy or ill-feeling at court.

Unfortunately, money was as short at Mantua as in Rome, and Castiglione found it very difficult to obtain the arrears that were due to him. Countless were the appeals that he addressed to his friend Messer Gian Giacomo, begging to be repaid for the sums of money which he had advanced to express couriers and others employed on special service. He had not only spent all his own money, but had borrowed largely from Cardinal Bibbiena, whose heirs now clamoured for payment, as well as from Mario Equicola and several bankers. In December he wrote to Calandra :

‘ I have borrowed every ducat that I can raise, and sent for the few that I can procure from home ; but cannot get another, either here or in Mantua.’

A month later he returned to the charge :

‘ MY DEAREST *COMPARE*,’ he writes on one occasion,—Pray come to my help. If I cannot get money from some source or other, I am a ruined man.’

And again in March :

‘ Try and get the Marquis to pay what he owes me, for I find myself reduced to my last farthing, and am at my wit’s end how to raise money.’¹

¹ ‘Esenzioni,’ 40.

It must be confessed that M. Baldassare's splendid services to the house of Gonzaga were ill-requited. However hardly Federico may have been pressed for money, he always had enough to gratify his own extravagance and his mistress's fancies, and might have done more for his able and faithful servant. This was the more incumbent on him since his Urbino relatives were powerless to reward Castiglione. All through the past year the Count had never ceased to use his influence at the Vatican on the exiled Duke's behalf, as we learn from the correspondence still preserved in the Oliveriana Library at Pesaro. But on this point Leo remained inflexible. He not only invested Gian Maria Varano with the duchy of Camerino, but made him Prefect of Rome, and gave him Sinigaglia, with the express intention of preventing that city from restoring its hereditary rulers. And one condition which he exacted from Federico, when he appointed him Captain of the Church, was that the exiled princes of Urbino should no longer remain in Mantua. In January, 1520, while the appointment was still under discussion, 'Francesco Maria, formerly Duke of Urbino,' applied to the Signory for leave to bring his wife and son to Venice. Castiglione, however, eventually obtained permission for the Duchesses to remain at Mantua, while the Duke took up his abode in the neighbouring city of Verona, and paid occasional visits to his wife and child.

The good Duchess Elisabetta, who spent her days in visiting all the shrines in Mantua, and calling on the Madonna and saints to come to her nephew's help, is frequently mentioned in Castiglione's letters.¹ He had lost nothing of his old love and reverence for this august lady, and, when Federico appointed him permanent

¹ *Sanuto*, xxix. 568, 598.

ambassador in Rome, it was to her that he addressed his request for permission to leave the ducal service, as we read in the following letter :

‘ MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND EXCELLENT LADY, MY DEAR MISTRESS, — I write very seldom to Your Excellency for several reasons, although if anything of importance occurred to me I would put aside these scruples. These anxious days, however, never leave me time either to write to you or to pay my respects in person. None the less, I do not hesitate to beg you to do me a good office, with the same confidence with which I have approached you many other times. It is this: In the present state of things I feel that I am bound to serve the illustrious Lord Marquis in whatever His Excellency may command; and as I have never taken leave of my Lord Duke, and have always held myself to be his servant both in name and in deed, as I still hope to continue in the future, I pray V. E. to deign to ask His Highness in my name for the permission I crave. And I beg you to assure him that, in whatever place and time I can be of use to him, I will never fail to be his good and loyal servant, ever keeping in my heart that pledge of loving service which I first took in my youth in Your Excellency’s house. I will say no more now, and only kiss your hands, commending myself humbly to your good graces.

‘ ROME, *July 16, 1521.*’¹

Thus the ties which had so long bound the author of the ‘ Cortegiano ’ to the ducal house were at length severed; and in this letter, marked as it was by all the writer’s delicacy and fine feeling, he finally took leave of the princes at whose court the best years of his life had been spent. But, as he said in his letter,

¹ Archivio Gonzaga. Martinati, 82.

he still remained the Duke's loyal servant. He was as good as his word. Before long the opportunity which he had vainly sought at length presented itself, and by his indefatigable perseverance, his infinite tact and patience, M. Baldassare contributed in no small measure to the restoration of the Duke of Urbino.

CHAPTER XXXV

1521

War in Lombardy—The Pope's anxieties and excitement—Castiglione's correspondence—Passage of the Adda by the allied army—Conquest of Milan—Castiglione at La Magliana with the Pope—Rejoicings in Rome—Sudden illness and death of Leo X.

'THE Pope hopes to drive the French out of Italy very quickly.' So Castiglione wrote to Mantua on that memorable St. Peter's Day when the Holy Father's alliance with the Emperor was at length proclaimed. Once the step was irrevocably taken, Leo X. threw himself eagerly into the fray, and left no stone unturned to ensure the success of his arms. Warlike preparations were pushed forward with the utmost haste. In August the allied army took the field under the command of Prospero Colonna, with the Marquis of Mantua as Captain of the Papal forces, and the historian Guicciardini as Florentine commissioner. The Pope pawned his plate and jewels to raise money, borrowed large sums from his wealthy friends and kinsmen, and talked openly of creating sixty new Cardinals. But in spite of these brave words Leo was filled with secret terror lest Charles V. should tire of the contest, and leave him to bear the full brunt of the French King's wrath. When Francis I. realized that the Pope had joined

his rival, his anger knew no bounds, and in a manifesto addressed to his friends in Italy he denounced the Pontiff's treachery and ingratitude in violent language. The Duke of Ferrara flew to arms, and offered determined opposition to the allied army which besieged Parma, but did not succeed in capturing that town. Colonna quarrelled with the Marquis of Pescara, who commanded the imperial troops, and the Swiss refused to come to the Pope's assistance, as they were pledged to do, because many of their fellow-countrymen were already in the service of the French King.

Under these circumstances Leo might well feel alarm at the perils of the situation, and Serapica told the Venetian envoy that His Holiness could not sleep at night 'for thinking.' Castiglione, whom he consulted at every step, found it no easy task to allay his impatience, and to make him understand the necessary delays and difficulties of a siege.

'His Holiness,' he wrote to the Marquis of Mantua at the end of August, 'is most impatient to hear of the surrender of Parma, and will not be satisfied until this news reaches him. I have enough to do all day and every hour, and spend my time in reasoning with people here who have never seen a battle, and think it is the easiest thing in the world to take a fortified and garrisoned city, and expect men to fly!'

But at least the determination which the Emperor showed to pursue the war vigorously relieved him of his worst fears.

'I have seen a letter from the Emperor, written with his own hand,' wrote the Count on August 2, 'in which His Majesty promises to enter into no agreement with France without the Pope's consent,

and says that he is certain England will be against France.'

And on the 12th of August :

'Two days ago His Holiness had a second letter from the Emperor, in which he says that by the 7th a large army will attack France, and begs His Holiness not to abandon the enterprise or to allow his ardour to cool, so that the Pope is in the highest spirits.'

England was now dragged into the fray, and, after a prolonged conference at Calais, Wolsey at length consented to sign an offensive and defensive treaty with the Pope and Emperor against France.

'The Cardinal of England,' wrote Castiglione on August 19, 'has promised that his monarch shall declare himself on the Emperor's side, and has shown the Pope's agent letters from the French, which are full of lies. Among other things, they write that their foot-soldiers are 34,000 in number, and that our army is continually retreating, and say that in three weeks they hope to be in Naples, and other falsehoods of the same kind. . . . Here we are very joyous, having heard to-day of the arrival of 6,000 Germans, which will ensure our victory, please God !'¹

Four days later the Pope solemnly blessed the banners and bâton of the Church, which were to be sent to Mantua. 'They are very fine,' wrote the Count, 'and His Holiness is confident that they will be victorious.' And he urged Federico to write constantly, since nothing pleased the Pope as much as news from the camp.²

But when the news reached Rome that, owing to the defection of the Swiss, Colonna had been com-

¹ Serassi, i. 79.

² Pastor, iv. ii. 720.

pelled to raise the siege of Parma, the Pope's spirits sank, and he began to suspect the imperial generals of being half-hearted as well as incapable. In order to rouse them to greater activity, and to keep the peace between Colonna and Pescara, Cardinal de' Medici was now sent as Legate to the camp. He went sorely against his will, bearing with him a stirring letter from the Pope, and, what was more important, liberal supplies of money. On October 1 the allied army crossed the Po, and after prolonged delays and much palavering Cardinal Schinner succeeded in bringing a strong body of Swiss across the Alps.

The feverish impatience with which Leo waited for news from the camp, the alternations of hope and fear in his breast as first one courier, then another, reached the Vatican, are vividly pictured in Castiglione's daily letters to Mantua. The check which the army of the League met with before Parma plunged His Holiness into despair; Colonna's advance into Lombardy and the descent of the Swiss elated him with hopes of speedy victory. One day the Count found him in the most dejected mood, complaining that he was deceived and betrayed; another he was in the highest spirits, and laughed to scorn the idea of treating with the French. As days and weeks wore on without bringing news of any decisive engagement, Leo's impatience became more and more uncontrollable.

'His Holiness,' wrote Castiglione on October 15, 'is almost beside himself with anxiety, and would, if possible, like to hear what is happening in the camp every hour.'

Two days later he was exulting over a report of victory which had reached Rome, and prayed with

uplifted hands that the news might be true. Never in Rome were so many different reports spread about.

‘The Pope is passionately desirous of seeing the end,’ wrote Castiglione. ‘Here expectation is at its height, and God grant it may be what he desires!’

All this agitation and excitement proved too much for Leo’s never robust health, and at the end of October he caught a chill, and was confined to his bed by a return of his old complaint. Both Gradenigo and Castiglione ascribed this illness to over-anxiety and vexation at the refusal of the Swiss to join the allied army and fight against their fellow-countrymen in the French camp. Fortunately, the Swiss in Lautrec’s army, dissatisfied for want of pay, took their departure early in November, upon which their countrymen, under Cardinal Schinner, consented to march on Milan, with the Marquis of Mantua as their leader.¹ On the evening of November 5 the Venetian Podesta in Brescia reported that the whole of the allied army had safely crossed the Adda, swollen as it was by heavy rains, on a bridge which they had thrown over the river at Rivolta. Federico lost no time in sending a courier to Rome, and Castiglione hastened to take the good news to the Pope, who had gone to recruit at his villa of La Magliana.²

During the last year and a half Castiglione had been brought into close relation with Leo X. He had seen him in the days of health and prosperity when the world went well with him. He had joined in comedies and hunting-parties, and had often been among the privileged guests who spent the evenings at games and music in the Pope’s private rooms.

¹ Pastor, iv. 340, 341; Archivio Gonzaga, Mantua.

² Sanuto, xxxii. 89, 91, 146, 149.

He had shared in the anxieties and alarms, the hopes and fears, of the last few months. Now, in these last weeks of Leo's life, he became more intimate with him than ever before, and ventured to approach him freely on many matters of importance. When the Pope finally decided to appoint the Marquis of Mantua Captain of the Church, Federico begged Castiglione to remind His Holiness of his request regarding the see of Mantua. After some hesitation, Leo had agreed to allow Cardinal Sigismondo to renounce the bishopric in favour of his nephew, although, owing to Ercole's youth, he postponed his investiture for another year. Now Isabella determined to avail herself of the favour which Castiglione enjoyed at the Vatican, to obtain a Cardinal's hat for this her favourite son. Her hopes rose when in October Castiglione told her that several new Cardinals were to be made at Christmas, although, perhaps, not so many as some people expected. Both the Marchesana and her son urged Castiglione to suggest that Ercole Gonzaga should be one of the fortunate personages selected. On November 17 the Count rode out to La Magliana with the last news from the seat of the war, and took advantage of the Holy Father's good humour to approach him on the subject. Leo was too cautious to commit himself, but his answer was decidedly favourable, as Castiglione told the Marquis in a long letter which he dispatched the same evening. The only reason which made His Holiness hesitate to grant the Marchesana's wish was the fact that Ercole's uncle was a Cardinal. 'If Monsignore Reverendissimo were to die—which God forbid—the Holy Father would make Signor Ercole a Cardinal without delay.' As it was, the Count advised Federico to write a letter to His Holiness with his own hand, thanking

him for his loving words, and begging him to give him this fresh proof of favour, so that the whole world might see how highly His Holiness valued the Marquis's services.

‘After that,’ added the writer significantly, ‘I hope to manage the rest. But V. E. must send your letter without a day's delay, and I think this new bond will lead the Pope to confer other benefits upon you. For when once a great Prince begins to lavish favours, one is wont to follow the other quickly, so as not to lose credit for what has been done already.’

When this letter reached the camp, Federico was in the act of leading his victorious troops into Milan. Finding himself powerless to prevent the Papal and imperial forces from crossing the Adda, Lautrec withdrew his diminished and dispirited army, and, after a vain attempt to defend Milan, retreated on Como. The allies entered Milan on the 19th amid shouts of ‘*Duca!*’ and ‘*Chiesa!*’ and were hailed by the citizens as their deliverers. That evening Francesco Sforza was proclaimed Duke, and a son of the Moro once more reigned over Milan. On the morning of the 23rd Castiglione rode out to La Magliana with a dispatch from Federico announcing his advance upon Milan, and found the Pope in the best of spirits.

‘He asked if I had heard of the surrender of Piacenza, and spoke confidently of the success of our arms. He praised everything that had been done, and was especially glad to hear the Duke of Bari was with the army, but expressed some surprise that there had been no attempt to take Lodi. I told him that the great thing was to enter Milan, since the whole State would follow the example of that city. His Holiness thinks the Venetians are greatly deceived in expecting to hear of a truce, since, if Cæsar's cause

prospers, there will be no occasion to think of that. The nearer we are to a crisis, the more confident His Holiness is of hearing great news and of seeing a good end to the war, which may our Lord God grant ! V. E. will not think that I forgot to ask for your salary, because not a day passes that I do not speak of it to the Pope, or mention it to our friend M. Pietro Ardinghelli, who does his best to find money. But I seem to be like Tantalus, who draws so near to the water and yet cannot drink, for from day to day I hope to receive these blessed ducats, and never get them ! All the same, I really think they cannot escape me much longer.¹

The next afternoon, Sunday, the 24th, Paolo d' Arezzo, Cardinal de' Medici's chamberlain, arrived in Rome with news of the occupation of Milan, and rode post-haste with Giberti to tell the Pope at La Magliana. Leo X. was saying Lauds in the chapel when the messengers arrived, and had just reached that verse of the *Benedictus*, ' Ut sine timore, de manu inimicorum nostrorum liberati, serviamus illi.' His joy was unbounded, and the next day, when he returned to Rome and met the Cardinals and ambassadors riding out in state to congratulate him, he said to Castiglione : ' This pleases me even more than my election to the Papacy.' The Romans greeted him with shouts of triumph. Salutes were fired from S. Angelo, bells rung, and bonfires lighted in all parts of the city. The Pope entertained the Cardinals at supper, and the English envoy, Clerk, Dean of Windsor and afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, remarked that he had never seen His Holiness look more lusty. In the midst of the general rejoicing, Castiglione sent a hurried note congratulating the Marchesana on her son's victory, and describing

¹ Contin, 18.

the exultation with which the news had been received in Rome.¹ His next letter was in a graver tone. The Pope was laid up with a sharp attack of fever. He had caught a chill on Sunday night standing on the balcony at his villa 'rapt in thought,' while the Swiss guards celebrated the victory of their countrymen with salvoes of artillery and bonfires. On Monday when he returned to Rome, although it was bright and sunny, he was so cold that he dismounted, and walked part of the way to warm himself. In the excitement of this reception he forgot his ailments, but on Tuesday he had to break off an audience with the Cardinals suddenly and take to his bed, and the doctors said that His Holiness was suffering from tertian fever, and must keep quiet for a few days. On Saturday afternoon he was able to transact some important business with his secretaries, and listened with pleasure to several of his favourite melodies. But in the evening he fell into another long fainting-fit, which lasted two hours, and alarmed his attendants so much that they sent an express to summon Cardinal de' Medici from Milan. The next day—Advent Sunday—His Holiness seemed decidedly better, and heard with great joy the news which Castiglione received of the surrender of Parma, Piacenza, and Asti. His sister Lucrezia Salviati, her son Giacomo, and Cardinals Pucci and Ridolfi were with him some time in the evening, and did not leave his bedside till nine. Two hours later the Pope was seized with a violent shivering fit, and, feeling his end to be near, asked for holy unction. Cardinal Pucci, who had been hastily summoned, found him already unconscious, and at midnight he passed away.²

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 28 ; Contin, 19.

² Sanuto, xxxii. 204, 240 ; Bergenroth, ii. 38.

Castiglione, along with the Venetian envoy, spent most of the night in anxious suspense in Giberti's rooms in the palace, and wrote the following letter to his master, two hours before dawn on December 2 :

‘ILLUSTRIOUS LORD AND DEAR MASTER,

‘Yesterday and during the past night I wrote to tell you His Holiness was in great danger. This morning I have to tell you that at midnight he passed away, contrary to the expectation of all here. No one dreamt that he would die so soon. The whole court is filled with consternation. Exactly a week ago he returned from La Magliana with as much joy and triumph, he told me himself, as when he was made Pope. The whole world came out to congratulate him, and troops of children waving olive-branches in their hands. To-day there will be another and a very different pomp. So Fortune does what she will with us poor mortals, and our Lord God shatters our vain plans as He sees fit. I will not fail to tell V. E. day by day what is passing here, and if the Legate leaves I will write to Mantua.

‘Your Excellency's most faithful servant,

‘B. C.’¹

While Castiglione was writing these lines in the chill hours of the December morning, the dead Pope's relatives and servants were already carrying off whatever jewels and valuables they could lay hands on, and his sister Lucrezia and favourite Chamberlain, Serapica, had stripped the palace of its contents before the Cardinals arrived. Then with due solemnity the Pontiff's body was borne to St. Peter's, where thousands came to kiss the feet of the Pope whom they had seen a week before in his most glorious and triumphant hour.² The same evening Castiglione

¹ Contin, 19.

² Sanuto, xxxii. 42 ; Alberi, iii. 71.

wrote a letter to the Marchesana, giving a few additional particulars regarding this tragic event :

‘The Pope confessed himself devoutly, but the doctors never thought that he was in danger of dying—at least, not at present. Suddenly his strength failed, and so he passed away. It was the strangest thing in the world. On one Sunday he received the news of the capture of Milan, and the next Sunday he was dead. His illness was double tertian fever, but the attack seemed so slight no one thought anything of it, until on Saturday night his strength began to fail, and he sank with marvellous rapidity—in as short a time as it takes to say a *Pater noster*. But on Sunday morning he was so well that no one dreamt of his dying, until the *Ave Maria*, when he began to shiver, and, as I said above, he died at midnight. So the glories of this world pass away, and already people are talking of the next Pope ; but I will not attempt to tell V. E. who this will be, for there is hardly one of the Cardinals who does not aspire to the honour.’¹

In another letter which Castiglione wrote to Mantua, on the 4th, he alludes to the report which was widely believed in Rome at the time, that Leo X.’s death was caused by poison. The doctors who dissected his corpse came to this conclusion, all but Severino, who had attended the Pope from the first, and who maintained that his attack of fever had been brought on by a severe chill. In a letter to Wolsey, the English ambassador, Clerk, after chronicling what he calls ‘all this skimble-skamble stuff,’ says that there can be no doubt the Pope died of his old complaint, aggravated by fever. He adds that His Holiness caught a chill on the night

¹ Archivio Gonzaga. Mantua ; Baschet-Reumont, 267.

that he heard the news of the capture of Milan, at a place of his called 'Manlian,' where he had gone sporting; and describes how in his excitement he paced up and down late into the night, watching the *feux-de-joie* of the Swiss Guards and listening to their shouts of joy.¹ Castiglione and the Venetian envoy, however, evidently believed that there had been foul play, although they were careful not to repeat the prevailing rumour, which ascribed the crime either to French influence or to the Duke of Ferrara, whose open rejoicings at his enemy's death were hardly decent.

'I do not know,' wrote the Count to Calandra, 'if in my letter to Madonna Illustrissima I said that the Pope died of poison, but it is certain that the doctors who dissected the body are convinced of this. To-day one of his favourite Chamberlains, the Marchese Bernabò Malaspina, has been arrested. Some people think that he is guilty—not altogether without reason—but I am one of those who hold him to be innocent.'²

In another long letter of the 3rd the Count told the Marquis the result of the autopsy, and expressed his own profound regret at the sad event:

'Although his death was so unexpected, as far as one could see, His Holiness met it very patiently, and his last words were "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" That this loss is a great and universal one I believe V. E. knows; but I do not think you quite realize what a serious blow it is to you in particular. If I am not mistaken, Pope Leo had never been more determined about anything than he was in his resolve to raise

¹ Brewer, iii. 781.

² Renier, 'Lettere inedite di B. Castiglione,' 119; Sanuto, xxxii. 234.

V. E. to a high position. It has not pleased God that His Holiness should carry out his intentions according to this good beginning. He can do no more for you. May God keep his soul!¹

Before he had finished writing he received a dispatch from Federico enclosing a letter to the Pope, as the Count had recommended, on the subject of the Cardinal's hat; and two days afterwards Agostino Gonzaga arrived from Mantua on the same errand. Castiglione added a postscript, merely remarking that the letter for the Pope had come too late, and needed no answer, since this untimely death had shattered the hope, which seemed already a certainty. To Isabella he wrote as follows:

‘Although I am suffering from a violent cold, which makes my eyes very painful, I must write with my own hand, *Madonna Illustrissima*, and tell you that the Reverend Messer Agostino Gonzaga's arrival gives me great pleasure, and would have given me more if he had found the Pope alive. I have only done my duty as regards Signor Ercole's Cardinalate; and, indeed, little was left for either M. Agostino or me to do, because the thing was already entirely settled. I hoped the first news that I sent V. E. would be that of its conclusion. I was hoping to send you this news suddenly, when you least expected it, and thus give you a pleasant surprise! If there had been any difficulty, Monsignore de' Medici had written two letters which were persuasive enough to break a diamond. But there would have been no difficulty. His Holiness was as anxious to do this as Your Excellency herself. It can no longer be done. We must wait for the next Pope.’²

¹ Contin, 20.

² ‘Esenzioni,’ 47.

CHAPTER XXXVI

1522

Confusion in the Vatican on the death of Leo X.—Castiglione pleads his master's cause with the College of Cardinals—The Duke of Urbino recovers friends and his State—Meeting of the conclave—Disputes of the Cardinals—Election of Adrian VI.—Dismay in Rome—Castiglione is deprived of Novillara—His correspondence with the Duke.

THE death of Leo X. was a heavy loss to Castiglione, both on personal and political grounds. With all the late Pontiff's failings, there was something lovable about the man. 'Every one seems to have loved this poor Pope,'¹ wrote a Venetian in Rome, and Castiglione was genuinely attached to him. During the last few months, as we have seen, he had gained considerable influence over Leo, and the Pope's death just when all that he had toiled for seemed within his grasp, was a bitter disappointment. But, with admirable resolution, he applied himself without a moment's delay to see that none of the advantages which he had secured for his lord were allowed to escape him in these altered circumstances. On the day after Leo's death he had a long interview with the four Cardinals who were appointed administrators of the vacant see, and pleaded his master's cause so effectively that they agreed to all his demands.

¹ Sanuto, xxxii. 238.

‘I made them understand,’ he wrote, ‘all that Your Excellency has done in this expedition, and the grave dangers and disorders that may take place if the payment of V. E.’s salary is further delayed. They agreed that the holy see owed much to V. E., and are disposed to satisfy you in all respects. This afternoon I attended the Congregation held by the Cardinals in the palace, and was invited to enter. I spoke to all in one breath, reciting the services of V. E., who, for the sake of His Holiness, has not feared to provoke many kings and risk his State, person, and all that he has in the world. I pointed out that the late Pope’s interests were those of the whole College, and that I feared the army would suffer by Monsignore de’ Medici’s departure, and that if V. E.’s forces had to be disbanded for lack of pay, the States of the Church would be exposed to great peril from these riotous soldiers. The Cardinals sent me away, and after some consultation among themselves recalled me, and Monsignore di Santa Croce spoke of V. E. in many long and honourable words, saying that as Captain of the Holy Church you deserve the same protection and regard from them as from Pope Leo, and that they begged you to continue in office, declaring that your great services will be recognized by the holy see, and that the new Pope will not fail to reward your merits.

‘As for your salary, the late Pope’s debts are so great and excessive that no one knows how to raise money. I pointed out how perilous it would be if V. E. did not receive his salary, and the reverend lords promised to give me at least half of it now, and assure me that immediately after the election the new Pope will not only provide the remainder, but will reward you liberally. I will not cease to insist on this point, most of all with Messer Armellino, who is really fond of V. E. and will see that you have the money as soon as possible.’¹

¹ Contin, 20.

This, however, was no easy matter. The Papal treasury was empty. Leo had pawned everything that he could lay hands on, and had borrowed money from all his friends and relatives, as well as from the chief bankers and leading officials in Rome. There was no money for a splendid funeral, and by a strange irony of fate the very candles that were lighted round the dead Pope's bier were the same which had been used a fortnight before at a requiem mass for his old rival, Cardinal Riario.¹ Leo's kinsmen and favourites, the Cardinals and Chamberlains, the crowd of poets and buffoons who had lived splendidly at his expense, saw ruin staring them in the face. The popular feeling found vent in comic cartoons and angry epigrams directed against the spendthrift Pope and his Florentine minions. Pasquino called on all the buffoons and minstrels, the bankers and comedians, in Rome, to weep for this Pope, who had been their patron and benefactor, and who had pledged Florence, the Church, and St. Peter to money-lenders, and who, had he lived any longer, would doubtless have sold Rome, Christ, and his own soul! 'Never has a Pope died in worse repute,' wrote the poet Tebaldeo's brother-in-law. 'All Rome is saying, "He came in like a fox, lived like a lion, and died like a dog."'

It was gravely reported that Leo X. had died a dog's death, without confession or communion, and that Fra Mariano, the buffoon, had commended his soul to God—statements which, however false, were greedily believed and repeated by the late Pope's enemies.

The election of the new Pope now became the absorbing question of the hour. At first the general

¹ Cesareo in 'N. Antologia,' 1898, p. 207; Alberi, iii. 78.

opinion was that Cardinal de' Medici would succeed his kinsman. His claims were strongly supported by the Emperor, and Don Juan Manuel, who, as Clerk remarked in a letter to Wolsey, 'is a very great personage here,' did his utmost to bring about this choice. But Cardinal Soderini, who had hastened back to Rome on Leo's death, opposed Medici in violent terms, declaring openly that he would make an even worse Pope than Leo, and Francis I. sent the Cardinals word that if this man, who was the cause of all the war, was elected, neither he nor any of his subjects would obey the Church of Rome.¹ Consequently the betting, which had risen to 50 per cent. on Medici, fell to 20 and even 12 per cent., and the names of Farnese, Fiesco, and other Cardinals began to be mentioned. By Castiglione's urgent advice, Cardinal Gonzaga came to Rome, and at one moment considerable hopes of his election seem to have been entertained.

Meanwhile, both in Rome and Mantua, the Duke of Urbino's movements were followed with the keenest interest. Hardly had the news of Pope Leo's death reached Lombardy than Francesco flew to Ferrara, and with the help of Alfonso d' Este and Lautrec succeeded in raising a small force, with which he set out to recover his duchy. The Baglioni of Perugia and several other exiles joined his banner as he marched through Romagna, and when he reached Rimini on December 20, his old subjects rose in arms with one accord. At Urbino the people flung the Papal governor out of the palace windows. On the 28rd Pesaro opened its gates and welcomed the Duke with shouts of '*Feltro! Feltro!*' Sinigaglia followed

¹ Sanuto, xxxii. 288 ; Brewer, iii. 836.



Photo, Alinari.

FRANCESCO I., DUKE OF URBINO.

BY TITIAN (UFFIZI).

To face p. 134, Vol. II.

suit. The tyrant of Camerino fled, and his nephew, young Sigismondo, was hailed with acclamation by his loyal subjects. Thus, within a month of Leo X.'s death, the whole duchy of Urbino, which he had acquired at the cost of so much blood and treasure, was lost to the holy see.

No one watched the Duke's progress with keener interest or rejoiced more cordially at this sudden change of fortune than Castiglione. Already, on December 10, the Count had written to Leonora Gonzaga, fearing to send a letter to her husband, 'knowing the Signor Duca is where he is'—*i.e.*, at Ferrara—begging her to warn him to be very careful not to molest the Church or provoke the members of the Sacred College, most of whom were well disposed towards him. At the same time he gave her a message from Cardinal Cajetan (Tommaso de' Vio, the learned General of the Dominican Order), who by Leo X.'s orders, occupied the Duchess of Urbino's palace in the Via Lata, to the effect that he only regarded the house as lent to him, and was ready to give it up to the rightful owner at any moment.¹ Now he sent his warmest congratulations on the Duke's restoration to her and to Isabella.

'Yesterday,' he wrote to the Marchesana on the 27th, 'we heard with joy that the Signor Duca had recovered his whole State without opposition, and entered Pesaro peacefully. God grant that he may long remain there!'

In the same letter he informed Isabella that the Cardinals had entered the conclave. He himself took up his abode in the Vatican with the other ambassadors whose duty it was to guard one door of the

¹ Contin, 23.

conclave, while the chiefs of the Colonna and Orsini families and the Conservators of Rome kept watch at the other entrance, and eight Archbishops and Patriarchs guarded the Rota through which food was admitted.

‘Here opinions differ greatly as to the future Pope,’ he wrote; ‘but perhaps God will order things better than we expect. I have worked day and night in order that Mons. di Mantova should attain this supreme rank, and I have spoken with all the Cardinals; and although I am little versed in such matters, I am on friendly terms with these lords, and really believe that if I could have been present in the conclave I might have rendered His Highness important service. But if it is God’s will that he should be chosen, he will need no help from me. Mons. de’ Medici has many friends, but several of these have proved themselves his worst enemies—among others, Cardinal Colonna. I hear that Sig. Prospero has written him a letter, secretly begging him to oppose Cardinal de’ Medici with all his might, which seems to me a piece of ingratitude. In any case, the fight will be a close one. But I suppose there has never been a conclave so full of party strife as this one.’¹

The Count’s opinion was shared by both the English and imperial ambassadors. The former told Wolsey there was ‘marvellous division, and we were never likelier to have a schism.’ The latter declared there could not be as many devils in hell as there were among these Cardinals.² The struggle was long and protracted. Of the thirty-nine Cardinals who entered the conclave, no less than eighteen were candidates for the tiara, and the most unedifying

¹ D’Arco, 86; Serassi, ‘Neg.’ i. 3-5.

² Bergenroth, ii. 385, 386.



Photo, Alinari.

LEONORA GONZAGA, DUCHESS OF URBINO.

BY TITIAN (UFFIZI).

To face p. 136, Vol. II.

reports of intrigues and angry recriminations, which took place daily, reached the outer world. The poet Tebaldeo, who had entered the conclave as secretary to Cardinal Rangone, afterwards told his friends that the scenes which he had witnessed in that fortnight would prove his eternal perdition ; for the sight of so much treachery, and of so many broken promises and perjuries, without a single spark of charity or religion, had finally destroyed what little faith and devotion he retained. When Cardinal de' Medici saw that, owing to the unexpected opposition of Colonna, his own chances were hopeless, he proposed Farnese, a wealthy and popular man, who was acceptable to both the French and Imperialists, and whose name was the last on Manuel's list of the candidates recommended by Charles V. But Egidio and Cajetan both objected to the election of a prelate notorious for his lax morals. Various other names were suggested, and amongst others that of Sigismondo Gonzaga, who was supported by Medici, but rejected by the elder Cardinals. Then Leo X.'s nephew Cibo, the youngest of the College, having fallen ill, sent from his sick-room to beg the older men to give him their votes as a consolation, a device which only narrowly missed fire. He scored as many as twenty-three votes— 'only two more,' wrote a Venetian secretary, 'and we should have had this splendid and magnificent youth for Pope !'¹ But Colonna, remarking the laughter and whispering of the younger Cardinals, suspected a trick, and took prompt measures to frustrate the plot. Meanwhile the impatience and excitement in Rome became daily more intense. Day after day the same processions of barefooted friars, canons of St. Peter's, and children from the hospitals of S. Spirito, marched

¹ Sanuto, xxxii. 358.

with cross and banners to the Vatican, and knelt at the gates chanting litanies and hymns, and praying the same prayers. But still the desired issue seemed as remote as ever.

‘Every morning,’ wrote Castiglione, who was assiduous at his post, ‘we expect the Holy Spirit will descend from heaven, but, to my mind, the Blessed Spirit seems to have taken leave of Rome. These poor friars and priests have sung *Veni Creator* so often in vain that the heart of the Holy One must have been turned to stone.’¹

On the last day of the year the Venetian Patriarch, Cardinal Grimani, became so dangerously ill that he had to leave the conclave, and was carried home in a litter. Castiglione gave his lord a full account of this incident in the following interesting letter :

‘I wrote to V. E. how these Cardinals entered the conclave last Friday, and were in most people’s opinions about to choose a Pope at once, while others thought they would take some time about it. Now I must inform you that until this moment—ten o’clock on the last night of the year—as far as we know, we have not yet got a Pope. It is true that several reports have reached us, according to people’s wishes or fears, because, in spite of all the precautions which are taken to guard the conclave, I do not think it is possible to prevent some things that happen within the walls being made known, and at this moment it is generally supposed that Mons. Farnese is to succeed to the Papacy. If this is so, V. E. shall hear at once, and I think that he will be very kind and loving to you. To-day a thing has happened which has very seldom been known before. The doors of the conclave were opened with great ceremony and

¹ Renier, 15.

respect. The Cardinals all came to the doors and knocked, telling the Bishops that Mons. Grimani was in danger of death, and praying them to open the doors. Accordingly, the ambassadors were summoned, and the Portuguese and I being the only envoys present, the doors were opened, and we saw all the Cardinals with torches in their hands, for the place was very dark. Then Mons. Santa Croce [Carvajal], as Dean of the College, told us that Mons. Grimani was in peril of death, as the doctors swore, and begged the ambassadors to inform their princes that for this reason the doors had been opened, and for no other. Mons. di Como [Trivulzio] said the same, and so Mons. Grimani was carried out in a chair, and the doors were walled up again. I fear that His Reverence will die all the same, for he looks very ill. Perhaps to-morrow we shall hear who is Pope.

*'ROME, on the last day of 1521.'*¹

Cardinal Grimani, who was one of the most respected members of the Sacred College, rallied at the end of a few days, but refused to return, although Cardinal Colonna offered to propose him for election; and Castiglione told his master that he would have the support of all Medici's enemies. On January 3 the Count wrote that the Cardinals were still unable to come to any decision, but that Farnese was the popular candidate, the betting upon his chances having risen to 60 per cent., while Mons. di Mantova was once more in favour. So far Rome had been quiet, but the tension was becoming daily greater, and Castiglione felt that it was impossible to say what would happen if the conclave lasted much longer. On the 2nd the Cardinals were restricted to one dish apiece, and had to decide whether it was to

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.' 4.

be roast or boiled; on the 5th they were threatened with a diet of bread and water. But on the 6th news came that the Baglioni had entered Perugia, and that the Duke of Urbino was about to attack Siena with a force 6,000 strong. Cardinal de' Medici began to tremble for the safety of Florence in his absence, and, seeing the impossibility of securing his own election, proposed an absent Cardinal, Adrian of Utrecht, Bishop of Tortosa, who had been Charles V.'s tutor, and was now his Viceroy in Spain. Egidio and Cajetan welcomed the proposal because of the Flemish Cardinal's reputation for learning and holiness. Carvajal and Colonna supported it, as likely to be agreeable to the Emperor. At length, on January 9 the election was agreed upon unanimously, and finally announced to the people.¹

The news filled Rome with dismay. Nothing but curses and lamentations were heard in the streets. The Cardinals left the Vatican with pale and livid faces, looking like corpses, and slunk home in the deepest dejection, ashamed of their own action, and already repenting what they had done. They were greeted with groans and hisses by the crowds assembled on the Piazza, and pursued with reproaches and blasphemies to their doors. During the next few days Rome was filled with angry lampoons against them. Pasquino broke into mocking verses at these thirty-nine Cardinals. Not one of them apparently was fit to be Pope, and so they were forced to elect an absent barbarian, whose very name was unknown, and who had never set foot in Rome. '*Est locanda*' was written on the Vatican, and a cartoon of Rome as a weeping and dishevelled woman was hung on the walls. In the palace itself all was desolation and misery.

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 386.

Everywhere weeping courtiers and discharged servants were to be seen in despair at finding themselves suddenly turned adrift. A Venetian eyewitness, Cavaliere Zorzi, reckons that upwards of 4,000 Papal officials, who had given large sums for their places at court, and spent more on splendid clothes, horses, and liveries, were now left destitute, without the faintest hope of ever receiving a farthing of their salaries. To add to the general dejection, the rain fell in torrents throughout the week, and was followed by piercing north winds, snow, and frost.¹

Castiglione took a more philosophical view of the situation, but even he saw that it was full of peril. In a letter written to Federico the evening of the 9th he says :

‘ I wrote this morning in great haste and confusion to inform you of the Pope’s election. Now I must tell you that this court, which hoped to hail its Prince, is filled with disappointment at this election, although the new Pope is said to be an excellent and holy person, and we hope for all that is good from His Holiness. But what grieves every one is that, owing to his absence in a distant region, Rome must be left for some time without a Pope ; and this concerns me on Your Excellency’s account, because I see that you cannot remain long in your present position, and that Lombard affairs require prompt attention. However, I will not fail to do my utmost. To-morrow three Cardinals will be chosen to administer affairs until the Pope’s arrival. As soon as this is settled I will do my best on your behalf, although the difficulty of raising money is so great I hardly know what they can say. This evening Mons. de’ Medici is gone to see Don Juan [Manuel]. I have already had a long conversation with His Reverence, and have begged

¹ Sanuto, xxxii. 379-382, 412-416.

him to impress on the said Don Juan how important it is for His Cæsarean Majesty that V. E. should be able to defend the States of the Church. He promised me to do this, and will, I am sure, keep his word.'¹

But with the best will in the world it was impossible to find the necessary money, and the three Cardinals, Carvajal, Schinner, and Cornaro, who were entrusted with the management of affairs, were reduced to pawn the priceless tapestries designed by Raphael, and the silver apostles which adorned the altar of the Sistine Chapel. Cardinal de' Medici left by sea for Florence, fearing to fall into the Duke of Urbino's hands if he travelled by land. Cardinal Gonzaga returned to Mantua, and all the Cardinals and prelates who could find an excuse left Rome to seek shelter in their dioceses. Others went to Spain to wait on the new Pope, who was as much surprised at his own election as anyone; and during the next fortnight so many thousands took their departure that the Cardinals issued a proclamation forbidding anyone else to leave the city. In fact, this election, wrote Cavalier Zorzi, has had the same effect as a violent hurricane in a field of wheat, and Rome is left stricken and desolate.²

That winter was a dismal one for Castiglione. Few of his friends remained in Rome. Canossa was in France, Sadoletto left Rome for his diocese of Carpentras, and Bembo thanked his stars that he had retired to his Paduan villa in the previous summer. There were no carnival fêtes, no musical evenings at the palace, no pleasant suppers and literary discussions at Colocci's villa or in Sadoletto's rooms.

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.' i. 6, 7.

² Sanuto, xxxii. 383, 417.

The Belvedere was deserted, the Vatican remained dark and silent. Every one was gloomy and out of heart. Nothing but complaints and grumblings were heard. The Cardinals quarrelled among themselves, the people were discontented, and the new Pope delayed his coming.¹ No wonder that Castiglione found his position a trying one, and complained that in all his life he had never had so difficult and vexatious a task as his present mission. To add to the troubles of his official work, he was deeply wounded by a private injury which he received from the man who was most indebted to him. When Francesco Maria recovered his state, the citizens of Pesaro made certain conditions before they consented to receive him. One of these was that the castle of Novillara, which he had granted to Castiglione much against their will, should be restored to them. The Duke in his present circumstances had no choice but to accept this condition, and the Count heard, much to his indignation, that immediately after Francesco's return the citizens of Pesaro had taken possession of his castle and turned out his steward. On January 2, while the conclave was still sitting, he addressed this manly and dignified remonstrance to his former lord :

‘ MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD AND MASTER,

‘ I have heard that V. E., among other concessions to the commune of Pesaro, has also granted them the castle of Novillara, and that they have taken possession of the place in the manner in which they saw fit ; and, to confess to V. E. that which I cannot hide in my heart, this news has caused me the greatest displeasure possible. The chief reason why I valued this castle has always been that I regarded it as a proof in the eyes of the world that V. E. recognized

¹ Sanuto, xxxii. 475.

my services, and now your action in taking it from me will be held as a sign that you count me to have been unfaithful, and no longer regard me as your loyal servant. This grieves me far more than the loss of the castle, which has never been of such use to me that I need greatly regret its loss. But I should be sorely grieved to lose the reputation of having served you well, which I had endeavoured to acquire by the toil and labour of years, as many who are worthy of belief can bear witness. But since I can only suppose that V. E. has withdrawn his grant because you consider that I have failed in my duty towards you, I am prepared to give you every possible proof of my loyalty and faithful service, and can only beg you to allow me to make this clear to you. If indeed you have been compelled to act thus to satisfy the importunity of your Pesaro subjects, I beg you to show the world that you have not done this out of ill-will to me, and that you still hold me to be your servant, both on account of my past and present services and of those which I still hope to render you in the future. Neither do I think that I have ever been a vassal of whom you had any reason to complain. I could easily show you that, although I might have aspired to greater things, I preferred to continue in your service with little recompense rather than to obtain larger rewards from any other. But I count nothing in the world of any worth but my honour, and this I feel has suffered a stain which I beg V. E. most earnestly to remove.¹

‘Your devoted servant,

‘BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.’

Some days passed before Francesco, engaged as he was in warfare, could reply to this letter; but Castiglione relaxed none of his efforts on the Duke's behalf, and wrote again on the 8th to congratulate him warmly on his victories and to assure him that

¹ Archivio Gonzaga. Martinati, 62.

he had many friends in Rome who wished him well and rejoiced at his success.¹ On January 16, however, the Count received a letter from the Duke, recognizing his services, both past and present, in the warmest terms, and expressing the deepest regret for the conditions which had been forced upon him by the men of Pesaro. Castiglione hastened to reply in the following noble and generous letter :

‘ I have to-day received V. E.’s letter of the 11th, and am very grateful to you for writing as you have done. I count the fact that you signed this agreement with the men of Pesaro, which was necessary to your safety and welfare, not only as doing me no wrong, but as a signal mark of favour. For in such matters you are free to dispose both of my poor estates and of my life. But what distressed me was the impression produced by your action, which gave rise to remarks that made me blush. This would not have happened if people had known the true reason, as set forth in V. E.’s letter. But of this I will say no more. I think I have always shown you how glad and ready I am to serve V. E. on every occasion, and this I am still ready to do. Whether the results will be equal to my desires, the future will show.’²

Only one other reference to the subject is to be found in the Count’s letters to Francesco. This is a short note, written on April 24, 1522, in which he begs the Duke not to give the citizens of Pesaro certain account-books belonging to the estates of Novillara, since this would prejudice his claim, offering, however, to supply them with copies.

‘ What little income I have received from the property,’ he adds, ‘ I ordered to be spent in wood

¹ Archivio di Stato, Firenze—Urbino, i., G., 125.

² Vernazza in ‘ Accademia di Torino,’ 1811, p. 447.



and stone for the repairs of the house ; but these men have robbed, burnt, or destroyed everything belonging to me in the castle.'¹

At the same time he wrote to his steward on the subject :

' I have asked the Lord Duke not to give these account-books to the citizens of Pesaro, and have told him of the things which they have taken from the palace of Novillara, but I do not intend to ask him to give me back the place, feeling that my services speak for themselves, and being sure that His Excellency will treat me well and kindly.'²

In a letter written a month earlier, Castiglione gives his mother the following account of the transaction :

' You know what has happened about my Castello. These rogues of Pesaro were always angry that I should have it, and before the Duke entered the city made him agree to certain conditions, one of which was the restitution of Novillara. The Duke could do nothing else at that critical moment, when it was of the greatest importance that he should enter Pesaro, and so he consented, and wrote to me, making many excuses, and promising with many kind expressions that it should be mine some day, as it was before. I know that he will keep his word, since, besides my past services, I am now helping His Excellency in matters of the highest importance. And in order that you may know this, I enclose a letter from him, in which he acknowledges my services and addresses me as Count of Novillara. I have had many other letters in which he gives me the same title, but send this, as it is the first I can lay hands upon, so that you may not vex yourself, because I believe that in the end this

¹ B. Feliciangeli in 'Propugnatore,' 1892, p. 346; Oliveriana di Pesaro, Cod. 68-91.

² Serassi, 'Neg.,' i. 71.

Castello will be mine. And if the Duke does not give it to me, I think he will do himself a far greater wrong than he does me, and I should not fail to obtain others in its stead, because every one knows that I deserve to be rewarded by His Excellency, and not to be deprived of what I have already.¹

But, in spite of the Duke's promises, Novillara was never restored to its rightful owner, and it was not till fifty years after his death that Francesco's son and successor, Guidobaldo II., gave Castiglione's son another estate in compensation for the loss of his father's Pesaro castle. In this case, as in many others, it was this loyal servant's fate to experience the ingratitude of princes and to see his best services unrequited. It was a mark of his true nobility of soul that he still worked with the most unremitting ardour for the master who had treated him so scurvily, careless of reward or thanks, and, in his own words, counting honour to be the only thing worth having in this life.

¹ Serassi, i. 82.

CHAPTER XXXVII

1522

Castiglione's negotiations with the Cardinals on behalf of his master—He obtains the Captaincy of Florence for the Duke of Urbino—Return of the Duchesses to Urbino—Castiglione's defence of his conduct—Divisions in the Sacred College—Scarcity of funds—Francesco Sforza enters Milan—Federico Gonzaga repulses the French at Pavia—Troubles in Romagna.

DURING the next eight months Castiglione's ingenuity and patience were sorely tried, and it was only by dint of the most unwearied perseverance and skilful diplomacy that he succeeded in attaining the ends that he had in view. The College, he wrote to Federico, was divided into a thousand factions, and everything was discussed with the greatest heat and fury. The Cardinals of the French and Orsini faction opposed the Imperialist party at every turn, and now that the Marquis of Mantua had openly embraced this side, they did their best to be disagreeable to Castiglione. However, with the help of Cardinal Schinner, whom he calls his pillar, and the secret support of Medici, who, although absent in Florence, retained great influence in the College, he succeeded in obtaining a bull empowering the Marquis to raise money from Piacenza and the other cities which he occupied in the Pope's name. At the same time he took advantage of his confidential

intercourse with Cardinal de' Medici to open negotiations between him and the Duke of Urbino in order to obtain Francesco's recognition by the Sacred College. The conduct of this affair, as will easily be understood, needed the most delicate handling. The Duke had begun by entering into a secret agreement with the Orsini, which excited the suspicion of Medici and the Imperialists, and gave his cousin, Ascanio Colonna, a pretext for asserting his claims to the duchy of Urbino.

'I am sorry,' wrote Castiglione on January 16, 'to hear of the secret agreement which you have made with the Orsini. I do not wish to complain of V. E., but knowing that I was in Rome, and not without friends and credit among these Cardinals, if you had deigned to inform me of your ideas and actions, perhaps by this time your fortunes would have rested on better foundations than the promises of these Orsini lords. However, before the conclave began I did my best with those Cardinals who seemed likely to be the most useful, and since the Pope's election I have done the same, although, being ignorant of V. E.'s intentions, I had to work in the dark. Now all I have to say is to remind you, with all due reverence, that your best course is to make friends quickly with Mons. de' Medici, which will ensure the entire recovery of your State and its lasting settlement on solid foundations, and secure you the friendship and protection of those who can best defend you. And then these Imperialist lords will lay aside their fixed belief that V. E. acts as he does because he is in league with France, and will cease to encourage the pretensions of Sig. Ascanio Colonna. . . . I cannot write everything. But V. E. knows that I never cease to do my utmost to obtain your recognition by the Sacred College. What little influence or authority I have I employ gladly in your service, for I have no

greater wish than to see V. E. securely established in your own house and State.’¹

Fortunately for the Duke, he had the good sense to follow Castiglione’s advice implicitly, and, in spite of great opposition both from the French Cardinals and from the Imperial Ambassador, the Count succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Sacred College to a convention by which they agreed to maintain the Duke in the possession of his State on condition that he gave his services to the Church when required, and left his only son Guidobaldo as a hostage in the hands of the Marquis of Mantua. This document was signed on March 7, and six weeks later Castiglione was able to inform the Marchesana that her son-in-law had been appointed Captain of the Florentine forces.

‘The Duke of Urbino,’ he wrote on April 22, ‘is, I believe, by this time Captain of the Florentines, to the great satisfaction of all his friends and servants. I do not write to the Lady Duchesses, as I imagine Their Excellencies have already left Mantua. I have done all that was in my power to bring about this happy result, and can only thank God, who has blessed and prospered my endeavour.’

To the Duke he wrote on the same day explaining how he had disarmed Manuel’s opposition, and giving him the names of those Cardinals who had rendered him the most effectual help.

‘I really think,’ he adds, ‘that V. E.’s affairs now rest on so solid a foundation that you need have no fears in the future, and I share the satisfaction of all your loyal servants in seeing this happy fulfilment of my dearest hopes.’²

¹ Vernazza, p. 447.

² Serassi, ‘Neg.’ 71.

Throughout these negotiations Castiglione was greatly assisted by his old friend, Felice della Rovere, whose name recurs constantly in these letters, and who, in his own words, yielded to none in wisdom and affection for her kinsman.¹

The two Duchesses, who had remained at Mantua until peace and order were restored in Central Italy, were now at length able to return to Urbino, and on May 15 Castiglione wrote to congratulate both ladies on this happy event.

‘If it had been possible under present circumstances,’ he wrote to Elisabetta, ‘I would have come to Urbino at once to do reverence to V. E., and rejoice with you on your return to your State, which thing I have wished to see more than anything else in the world. So may our Lord God grant all my prayers on your behalf and give you all that your heart desires, which will be one of the greatest joys that I expect to see in this life.’²

Another old friend, Pietro Bembo, mindful of happy days of yore, sent the following graceful note to the widowed Duchess :

‘God be praised that I shall once more be able to come to Urbino, not only with that great and infinite sadness which I felt on the last three occasions, but with the same joy and delight as in the good old days when I spent several years in your house. I never hoped to live long enough to see this day, which I have so ardently desired, and feel that nothing can vex me now that the Duke has returned happily to his beautiful and honoured home, which must be the sweeter and more grateful after these years of exile. I could say much more, but will wait until we are

¹ Archivio di Stato, Firenze—Urbino, i., G., 125.

² Serassi, i. 78.

face to face, and I come to rejoice with you, and once more enjoy that serene sky and those fair regions. . . . May God make you as joyous and happy as the wicked world has made you sad and suffering in the past.'¹

But until the Pope's arrival the Duke could not obtain the investiture of the duchy, and the utmost vigilance was needed to avoid a breach between him and the Imperialist party in Rome. Ascanio Colonna lost no opportunity of instilling suspicion into Don Juan Manuel's mind, and openly asked Cardinal de' Medici to assist him in attacking Francesco Maria. Castiglione once more came to the rescue, and was able to unmask Ascanio's treacherous intrigues, and satisfy both Medici and the Imperial ambassador as to the Duke's loyalty. But there was one thing which neither Francesco's arms nor Castiglione's diplomacy were able to avert. This was the ruin of Sigismondo Varano, the young Duke of Camerino, who was once more driven out by his uncle, Giovanni Maria, with the help of the Orsini, and forced to take refuge in Rome. Here this hapless young Prince, who had married a niece of Cardinal Colonna, was attacked and murdered by a band of ruffians one June evening, when he was riding in the Campagna with only a few attendants. All Rome was shocked at this brutal outrage, which was commonly ascribed to his uncle; and Castiglione grieved bitterly for the promising youth, whom he had known from his childhood.²

After all these exertions in favour of the Duke, the Count was greatly disturbed to find how unfairly his conduct was misrepresented by lying tongues at the court of Urbino. In a long and eloquent letter to

¹ 'Lettere,' v. 39.

² Serassi, 'Neg.,' 49, 86; 'Lettere di Principi,' i. 79.

the widowed Duchess, he defended himself from these unjust imputations, and gave a full account of his share in the negotiations between the Duke and the Sacred College :

‘ If natural defects, such as being born lame or blind, deserve to be excused, it seems to me that he who is naturally negligent in writing may be more easily forgiven than he who sins out of sheer slothfulness. And since the necessity of writing to Mantua constantly compels me to shake off my natural disinclination for letters, I am the less to be blamed for not writing as often to you as I ought to do. But since it would grieve me too much that you should think I not only fail in writing, but in other ways, I have resolved to do for once what has never been my habit—that is, to praise myself. I hear that V. E. has been told that I did not take any part, either great or small, in forwarding the restoration of the illustrious Lord Duke. And little as I care for these slanderous and malicious tongues, who neither know nor desire to do anything but tell lies, I should like you to know that this is wholly false, because nothing in the world would distress me as much as that you should think evil of me. And I say that if I had not done anything for the Duke in this case, it would have been reasonable to suppose that it was from lack of opportunity ; but, in point of fact, I have done a good deal, as those Cardinals with whom I pleaded the Duke’s cause before the conclave will bear me witness. But this is of little importance. I was certainly the first to open negotiations between the Duke and Mons. de’ Medici, and to induce His Reverence to come to terms with him, and leave the Orsini, whose alliance would have been disadvantageous to His Excellency. This I had almost arranged with Mons. di Cortona, with the help of Madonna Felice and M. Gio. Maria della Porta, whom we sent with conditions to the Duke, But

the agreement was broken off by Don Juan Manuel, who hates the Duke, and holds him to be French at heart, and it seemed impossible to persuade him of the contrary, as M. Gio. Maria, whom he refused to see, is well aware; and Cardinal de' Medici did not venture to oppose Don Giovanni, who had decided to place Sig. Ascanio in Urbino with Spanish and Florentine forces in the Emperor's name. And I declare that I alone persuaded Don Juan that the Duke was not pledged to the French cause, but would be a good Imperialist, and that it was the Emperor's interest for him to be the ally of the Medici. Then, as to the captaincy of the Florentines, I was the first to mention this to Cardinal de' Medici, and wrote him four letters on the subject before I spoke to the Duke, showing him how much this would be to the advantage of his State of Florence, and how much pleasure it would give the Marquis, and much else. The Cardinal was reluctant at first, complaining that his expenses were already heavy, and that Sig. Renzo and the Orsini had hitherto held the command. Then I went to Mons. di Santo Quattro [Pucci] and the other Cardinals of the Medici party, and begged them to consider this captaincy favourably; and at my instance they wrote to Florence, and the thing was arranged, and they all said that it was my doing. Dear and illustrious Lady these matters, as you know, are of some importance; but it is enough for me that my efforts succeeded, and were of benefit to the Duke and his house and to V. E. It grieves me to feel that my actions should be wrongly interpreted by others; but I am content to feel the Duke knows the truth, to which many here can bear witness, chief among them M. Gio. Maria, who knows that all through I pleaded the Duke's cause in the College, and employed the Marquis's authority on his behalf, assuring the Cardinals that S. E. was above all desirous that they should take the Duke under their protection. His

Excellency knows how I worked with the Swiss Cardinal, whose help it was most important to secure, and is also aware of Sig. Ascanio's recent intrigues in Florence, of which I informed him, how fortunately time has shown! If my story is rather long, V. E. will excuse me. My great wish that you should know me to be what I am has made me fall into this error, since it is not my custom to praise myself. I should like the young Duchess also to know the truth. As for the Duke, he knows all that has happened; and Cardinal de' Medici and Don Juan and the other Cardinals, with whom I pleaded His Excellency's cause, are of so much importance that I am content if they know the truth, and need not trouble myself about the vulgar world, for it is impossible to be at the pains to make every one understand the truth. I humbly kiss your hands.

'ROME, June 12, 1522.'

The kind Duchess, whose good opinion the Count was so anxious to retain, certainly never lost her trust in this old servant. A few weeks afterwards she sought Castiglione's help on behalf of her nephew, Ottaviano Fregoso, who had been made prisoner by the Imperialists at the sack of Genoa in May, and very harshly treated by his captor Pescara, who dragged him first to Pavia, then to Naples, in a dying state. The Count wrote urgent requests in the Marquis's name to Lannoy, the Viceroy of Naples, begging that his prisoner might be released on parole and sent to Mantua, and advised the Duchess to approach Pescara through the Marchioness Isabella.

'Your Excellency need not thank me for what little I have been able to do on Sig. Ottaviano's behalf,' he wrote to Elisabetta in August, 'nor yet he himself or his mother, for I am only too glad to do my utmost. If you know anything more that I

can do for him or you, I beg you to give me your commands, for this will always give me the greatest happiness.'¹

But Pescara was inflexible, and, in spite of all Elisabetta and Castiglione's efforts, Ottaviano Fregoso died in captivity at Ischia, worn out by sufferings of body and mind.

So another illustrious member of the old Urbino circle passed away, a hero whom Castiglione describes as 'one of the rarest of men, religious, magnanimous, full of goodness, intellect, prudence, and courtesy, a true lover of honour and virtue, and so admirable in all things that even his enemies were compelled to praise him. The sufferings which he endured so nobly afforded the world a fresh proof that Fortune is still to-day, as she has always been, the enemy of true excellence.'²

Meanwhile the campaign in Lombardy had entered on a new phase. Early in March Francesco Sforza, the newly proclaimed Duke of Milan, came to Mantua, where his aunt Isabella received him with open arms, and on the 13th he joined the Marquis at Piacenza, and was escorted by him to Pavia. Here Prospero Colonna met the Duke, and conducted him to Milan, where the people rejoiced to welcome another prince of the well-beloved house of Sforza.

'I rejoice,' wrote Castiglione to the Marchesana, with whom he kept up a brisk correspondence, 'to hear of the coming of the most Illustrious Duke of Milan, whose hands I kiss dutifully. And I am exceedingly glad to hear that the Marquis will soon accompany him to his home in Milan, which is held for certain here. But it is a thousand years since

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.', i. 53, 86, 87, 91.

² 'Cortegiano,' Lettera ded., p. 3.

I heard from His Excellency, and I am really in despair, because every one else has letters from Milan and Piacenza, and I do not even know where he is. God grant that his secretaries may be a little more diligent in future !¹

The Count's position was no doubt a difficult one. The Cardinals of the French party were furious on hearing of the support which Federico Gonzaga had lent his cousin, and were ready to stone him, as he told Cardinal de' Medici when they heard that the Marquis had gone to Pavia. They went so far as to send the Marquis a letter, recalling him in the name of the Sacred College. This letter, however, was intercepted by Cardinal de' Medici's spies, and Castiglione promptly obtained the dispatch of another missive signed by the Imperialist members of the College, approving Federico's advance to Pavia and disavowing their colleagues' action.²

'I beg of you,' he wrote to Cardinal de' Medici, 'to do all you can to raise money to help this poor Marquis, who deserves so well, and whose services have as yet been so ill-required.'

These quarrels grew every day more violent, and Castiglione could only pray for the coming of the Pope, to which all reasonable men looked as the one hope of salvation. The accounts that reached him of Adrian VI. justified these expectations.

'Here,' the Count wrote to Isabella on March 26, 'we have several letters from Italians who are with His Holiness, and who confirm the reports that have reached Rome of his goodness and high character, his anxiety for universal peace and for the reform of the Church. They also tell us that he is determined to

¹ Serassi, i. 58, 60.

² Bergenroth, ii. 415; Serassi, i. 21.

confer no offices or benefices on any but men of real worth. He celebrates mass devoutly every morning and does many other excellent things, and, although he is surrounded by all Spain, and there is not a post worth ten ducats for which he is not daily entreated by hundreds of persons, His Holiness refuses to make any appointments or form his household until he is in Rome.

Again, on April 14 he wrote :

‘ Here gifts of corn and salt meat and victuals are being prepared, and are to be sent to the Pope in the galleys of the Sauli [the Genoese bankers], which are already laden at Naples. His Holiness has begged that the Fisherman’s ring may be sent him, which the Cardinals are reluctant to do, and which would be a great disappointment to the court and people of Rome, who fear the absence of His Holiness may be prolonged, and implore him to hasten his coming, for the consolation of Rome and all Italy. But no one knows what His Holiness will decide. Most people, however, think he will be here by the end of May, or at least by the middle of June. Certainly every one in Rome is urging him to come, and his presence is very necessary.’¹

Unfortunately, stormy weather hindered the departure of the fleet that was to sail from Naples to bring back the Pope, and political intrigues combined with natural forces to delay his arrival.

Meanwhile the news from Lombardy became every day more critical. Lautrec had once more taken the field at the head of an army largely reinforced by Swiss mercenaries, and early in April laid siege to Pavia. The city was gallantly defended by Federico Gonzaga, who with inferior numbers repulsed the enemy’s assault, and drove them back

¹ Serassi, i. 65, 69, 72.

on Monza. But Castiglione's pleasure in this good news was considerably damped by hearing that immediately after this brilliant feat of arms, the Marquis had left the camp and retired to Mantua, partly from dissatisfaction with the Cardinals and partly owing to dissensions with Pescara. The long and eloquent letter which he addressed to his master on April 26 shows his consternation at what appeared to him a fatal step.

'I am quite aware,' he wrote, 'that you have been very badly treated by the Cardinals, and do not think you could have remonstrated more vigorously than I have done in your name. But although, my dear lord, the need of money is great, I think that what remains to be done is less than what has been achieved, now that our enemies are weaker and the Pope's coming draws nearer. . . . All the world owns that you alone have been the victor in this Lombard campaign by so gallantly exposing your property, friends, State, and life, and by so doing you have laid the Pope, Emperor, and Duke of Milan under the utmost obligations. But by retiring now you will deprive the Duke of Milan of the State which you have given him, and the Church of the lands which you have defended. More than this, you will lose the glory of completing this victorious campaign at so early an age, and I know not if Fortune will ever again give you so great an opportunity, for such occasions come but rarely in a lifetime. And V. E. should be proud to serve Cæsar, who, besides being the greatest monarch in Christendom, is also your supreme lord, and looks on you with the favour that your glorious deeds deserve, and seems to have God and Fortune, as well as reason, on his side. V. E. has seen how all his enemies have been routed in this campaign of Lombardy. Sig. Renzo, with his 10,000 or 12,000 infantry, has vanished into smoke, without

even seeing the enemy, and we hear no more of the others round Bologna. You should also remember what love Pope Leo, of blessed memory, bore you, and that his only heir, Monsig. de' Medici, loves and reverences V. E. as if you were a god upon earth, and more from respect to you than from any other cause has made the Duke of Urbino, your brother-in-law, Captain of the Florentines. If V. E. turns your back on this enterprise, and God does not work miracles, Monsig. de' Medici may well lose the State of Florence. You must consider that by this action you not only abandon the service of the Pope and Emperor, who esteem you so highly, but will also injure your cousin, the Duke of Milan, who loves you dearly, and Monsig. de' Medici, who is altogether your friend. Besides this, you will lose the chance of completing this glorious enterprise, which at the cost of so much labour, expense and peril you have brought to a good end, and will sacrifice the victory which is the best reward of all your toils. And although I am quite certain that this is not your intention, your action will benefit the French, who for many years before your illustrious father's death have always hated your house. You know what an honourable and courteous recognition they gave V. E. lately in France, and how much respect they showed you when the French King was in Italy. Yet, when Pope Leo meant to make you Captain, they opposed it by word and letter, and showed plainly that in their eyes you were merely a private gentleman. Nor are they ever likely to forget that throughout this war V. E. has opposed them valiantly and brought them to great shame and dishonour; and their habit is to wish evil, not only to those who oppose them, but to those who serve them. This we have seen in the case of the Duke of Urbino, who lost his State for being too French, and all the thanks he got was that, when he tried to return to his home, the French helped to drive him out, and now complain because he has returned, and if he had

not received more help from V. E. during his exile than from them he would have been utterly ruined. Many people can bear witness to this conduct on the part of the French. So, my dear lord, consider well who it is you choose to serve, and embrace that party which will serve you best, and think it all over prudently before you decide.

'As the most affectionate servant that you have in the world, I cannot abstain from a last piece of advice, which is that I believe it will be for your good to remain at your post if possible, however inconvenient and difficult and expensive it may be. And if V. E. is still determined to leave, I will not fail to declare that you have been driven to this by dire necessity; but I have no doubt the French, with their usual boastfulness, will say that you have left from fear of their threats, and other malicious tongues, of which there are so many in the world, will seek to stain your character with false lies and throw a slur on your immortal fame.

'My dear lord, I may have written too freely, not because I think V. E. will not consider everything fully and determine wisely, but in order not to fail in the duty which you laid upon me always to tell you my mind frankly. I know not what else to say, excepting that the whole world hopes and expects to see in V. E. the instrument of God in the deliverance of Italy. And in this hope I kiss your hands.'¹

This letter is not only a characteristic example of the Count's courage and candour in dealing with his master, but also a valuable statement of the reasons which made him so strong and consistent a partisan of the imperialist cause in Italy. Nothing, it is plain from these words, could alter the deep-rooted distrust with which the French inspired him, or change his

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.', i. 25-28.

firm conviction that the salvation of Italy lay in a close union between the Emperor and the Papacy.

When Castiglione wrote this letter, Federico had already left the camp and returned to Mantua. Now, however, he followed his ambassador's advice, and, instead of throwing up his command, pleaded the advance of the Bentivogli and Rangoni on Bologna as an excuse for leaving his post. The prompt measures which he took for the defence of that city resulted in the defeat of the rebels, greatly to his credit, and Castiglione sent an animated account of his lord's action to the Bolognese prelate Albergati, who was in close attendance on the Pope. At the same time he sent his warmest congratulations to Isabella and her son.

'You know,' he wrote to the Marquis on the 29th, 'from my last letter how much I regretted your departure from Pavia. But now that this affair at Bologna has supplied you with an occasion in which you have shown to such great advantage, it seems to me that everything has turned out excellently. I can imagine the rejoicings at Mantua at your unexpected return in this victorious hour. I seem to see the delight of Madonna Illustrissima and of your brothers, of men and women of all conditions, great and small, and to hear the walls of Mantua ringing with shouts of joy and triumph. May God be praised for this, and may He bring this war to such a conclusion that your state may enjoy perpetual peace and you yourself may win immortal fame.'¹

Federico, to do him justice, was sincerely grateful to the Count for his services throughout this critical period, and Isabella did not forget how much of his success was due to Castiglione.

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.', i. 50, 76, 79.

‘I know,’ she wrote on May 4, ‘how much you will rejoice in feeling that you, more than any other, have helped my son to make this fine beginning; and I feel that it is to you he owes this command, in which he has shown so much valour and prudence.’¹

And with all a fond mother’s pride she told him how the guns which Federico had taken from the French at Pavia had been sent as trophies to Mantua, where a cannon-ball which he offered as a votive gift to the Madonna may still be seen in the sanctuary of Le Grazie, with a Latin epigram composed by Mario Equicola.²

Fortune now smiled on the imperial cause. On April 27 Lautrec’s forces sustained a crushing defeat at La Bicocca, three miles from Milan, where the Swiss showed themselves no match for the Spanish pikemen, and were driven back across the Alps. Federico could not claim a share in the laurels won by the Duke of Milan and the other Captains of the League on this occasion, but Castiglione took care to make the most of his lord’s services in pacifying the troubles which had arisen in Romagna. By dint of perpetual worrying he obtained some of the arrears due to Federico from Enkevoirt, the newly-appointed Flemish Datary, and with the help of these supplies Giovanni Gonzaga, acting as his nephew’s lieutenant, took the citadel of Ravenna and laid siege to Rimini, where Sigismondo Malatesta had once more proclaimed his independence.

‘Since Pope Leo’s death,’ he wrote on August 15 to Giovanni, ‘I have sent no less than 18,000 ducats to Mantua, besides 4,000 which Monsig. de’ Medici

¹ ‘Esenzioni,’ 48.

² Donesmondi, 139.

has handed over to His Excellency. This makes 17,000 ducats in all, and in these times may well be reckoned a miracle !¹

After these weary months of perpetual intrigues, the arrival of Count Charles Lannoy, the new Viceroy of Naples, on July 8, was a welcome relief, and the festivities which attended his short visit afforded Castiglione's pen a pleasanter theme than he had found for many a day.

'His Excellency,' he wrote to Mantua, 'made a very honourable entry, being attended by all the horsemen who had ridden out to meet him, as well as the households of the Cardinals and many prelates, and both foot and horse guards. It is true that when he entered Rome, about five o'clock, the weather changed, and a terrific storm, the worst I have seen for long, broke over the city, so that you could hardly see people's faces across the street. When the Viceroy reached the bridge there was a tremendous peal of thunder and flash of forked lightning. Immediately after that the guns of the Castello began to fire, as if in answer, and the rain fell in such torrents that the *festà* was turned into a deluge.'

The Viceroy lodged in Cardinal Colonna's palace, and was entertained by Cardinal Schinner at a banquet in the Belvedere. All the imperialist Cardinals and foreign envoys were present, and a comedy full of allusions to the Emperor's power and greatness was afterwards acted. But party spirit ran so high that, when the Colonna rode out to meet the Viceroy, the Orsini rose in arms, expecting an attack, and Cardinal Cornaro, as Legate, seized the cross and bore it in front of the procession, in order to

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.,' i. 94.

prevent bloodshed. Count Lannoy, however, made himself agreeable to all parties. He conversed freely with Castiglione both in public and private, and told Cardinal Colonna in his presence that the Sacred College had treated the Marquis of Mantua very badly. The Count ended by escorting him for some miles when he left Rome on his way to the Colonna's castle at Marino, mounted on a Barbary horse given him by Federico Gonzaga.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1522

Castiglione's correspondence with Isabella d' Este—Caradosso's relief—Pope Leo's organ—Raphael's designs—Giulio Romano—His mother and children—The plague in Rome—Alarm of the inhabitants—Procession and miracles—Castiglione in the Belvedere—The Pope lands at Ostia—His entry and coronation.

IN the midst of these grave political cares Castiglione never failed to keep both the Marquis and his mother informed of current events, of the latest news that was to be heard at the Vatican, and of the gossip that reached his ears from other quarters. His letters to Isabella especially abound in references to incidents of interest, which he describes in his usual lively and picturesque style. He tells the Marchesana of the grief with which men of all parties deplored the death of Marc' Antonio Colonna, when that gallant captain was killed by a shell under the walls of Milan. He records the end of Piero Soderini, the once famous Gonfaloniere of Florence, who, after long years of exile at Ragusa, came to die in Rome this summer. He describes the raids of the Turkish galleys along the Mediterranean coast, and tells how they sailed up the Tiber, plundered the houses at Corneto, and carried off six or seven men and women. He paints in vivid colours disasters which befell Renzo da Ceri's army in his fruitless invasion of Tuscany. One half of

his men perished of starvation, while the other half returned to die of overeating themselves in the streets of Rome. The perpetual quarrels of the Colonna and Orsini, and their alternate fortunes—‘to-day it is the Colonna who triumph and the Orsini who are defeated; to-morrow they may have another story to tell’—supply his pen with a topic as unfailing as the petty intrigues of the Cardinals, who quarrel perpetually as to their meeting-place and order of precedence. He laments the cruel sack of Genoa by his friends the Imperialists, which has excited general horror and consternation in Rome, where he foresees the likelihood of a similar calamity, if these disorders continue and the Pope still delays his coming. Or else he tells in a lighter strain how Pope Leo’s favourite, Serapica, is gone with Count Annibale Rangone to attack Bologna, clad as a nymph and armed with bow and quiver, and how in his absence a search has been made in his house, and chests full of costly robes and jewels belonging to the late Pontiff have been discovered. Castiglione himself had seen a white damask vest lined with the finest zibeline fur in the world, and an infinite number of vases and crucifixes studded with gems.

As before in Leo’s days, the Count was employed by the Marchesana and her son on every kind of commission. One day Isabella begs him to find a tutor gifted with all the talents and virtues for her scholarly son Ercole, who was destined for the priesthood, and bade fair to rival his brother’s fame in another sphere. The next day Federico sends him to harry Caradosso—*quel maladetto vecchio*—that cursed old man who always promises and never performs, and who for the last year or more has been engaged on a medal bearing Federico’s device. Then the Marquis desires him to ask some good architect for designs for the new house

at Marmirolo, which he was rebuilding on a splendid scale, and the model has to be made and sent to Mantua by special messenger. But Castiglione's greatest triumph this year was the acquisition of the famous alabaster organ which had been sent to Leo X. from Naples, and which was unsurpassed for beauty of workmanship and sweetness of tone by any other instrument in the world. Isabella, as usual, had long had her eye on this wonderful organ, and was passionately bent on obtaining it for her Paradiso, but in the confusion that prevailed at the Vatican after the Pope's sudden death this was not by any means easy to manage. In the end, however, Castiglione's ready wit and tact overcame all difficulties. He bought the organ for 600 ducats, and informed Isabella that the instrument had been taken to pieces and packed on the back of twelve mules, and was ready to leave Rome. But the custom-house officers, he regretted to say, were great rogues, and claimed no less than 200 ducats before they would allow it to pass the gates. This time the Count, fertile as ever in resources, succeeded in obtaining a patent from the Apostolic Chamber exempting the Marchesana's property from all duties, and the master of the organ set out with an escort of four horsemen to convey the mules and their precious burden to Mantua.¹

Nor were Isabella and her son the only exalted personages who claimed Castiglione's good offices in tasks of this description.

'I have this moment received a letter from Your Excellency,' he wrote to the Duke of Urbino on August 13, 'begging me to tell you the latest news,

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 58,

and to send you at the same time the letter in which Raphael described the house which Monsig. de' Medici is building on Monte Mario. I cannot send this because I left the letter at Mantua with my other papers. But to-day I have seen Don Girolamo Vagnino, first cousin to the said Raphael, who thinks he has a copy of the letter, and will be able to satisfy V. E., as he has already started to return to Urbino. Of news I have little to tell you, excepting that we are still expecting the Pope's arrival, which has been so often put off that every one is tired of waiting. . . . I do not often write to V. E., feeling sure you are well supplied with letters from Florence, from which city all our news comes now. Here we hear from the Swiss that the Most Christian King will have no more to do with them; and, as I told V. E. a few days ago, I am convinced that the designs of our friends across the Alps have no foundation whatever.'¹

So this faithful servant, careless of slights in the past and wrongs in the present, showed his old master that he was always ready and glad to serve him. That Raphael's memory was still very near his heart appears from the following request, which he addressed this May to Cardinal de' Medici on behalf of the great master's favourite scholar, Giulio Romano :

'Although my petition may seem inopportune in these troubled times, the obligation that I owe to all my friends impels me to beg Your Most Reverend Signory to do a thing which will not, I feel sure, give you any trouble, and will be a very great help to a friend of mine and a servant of your own. Giulio, the scholar of Raphael of Urbino, remains your creditor for a certain sum of money due to him for the altar-piece which Raphael painted for V. S. He does not ask for the money at once, but as he has a grown-up sister, and has found a husband willing to

¹ Oliveriana, 'Pesaro,' Cod. 68-91; 'Propugnatore,' i. 348.

marry her if he can give her a dowry, he would be grateful if you would graciously fix a term when you could make this payment. The youth who wishes to marry Giulio's sister would gladly wait eight or ten months if he could be certain of having the money by that time. So that if V. S. would deign to do Giulio this favour, besides obliging this loyal servant of yours, you would lay me under an eternal obligation. I promised to lay this prayer before V. S., not only because of the love that I bear to Giulio, but to satisfy the blessed memory of Raphael, whom I love no less now that he is dead than I did when he was alive, and who, I know, was very anxious to see this sister of Giulio's settled. And I humbly kiss Your Reverend Signory's hands.'

The same faithful affection for his friends, which was so marked a feature of Castiglione's character, prompted him to use all his influence with Don Juan Manuel and the Imperialist captains on behalf of his wife's brother, Count Marc Antonio Torelli, whose father had been unjustly deprived of the castle and lands of Montechiarugolo by his kinsmen. Castiglione obtained a promise both from the Spanish envoy and the Pope, to the effect that this fine estate near Parma, which was now occupied by the Imperial troops, should be restored to his brother-in-law, who by his advice had joined the army and followed Francesco Sforza to Milan. The subject recurs constantly in the letters which he wrote to Madonna Luigia during this prolonged residence in Rome. In the same way his tenderness for the young children whom he hardly knew finds frequent expression in his letters home, and there is hardly a letter in which he does not ask for news of the *puttini*. In his busiest moments he finds time to give minute directions as to Camillo's education.

'I am glad to hear that Pantaleone [the boy's tutor] has returned,' he writes, 'for Camillo's sake, as I am anxious that he should attend to his books and begin to learn the Greek alphabet, because children learn one language as easily as another, and at Mantua I know he can come and teach him every day. If V. S. likes to consult M. Gio. Giacomo Bardellone,¹ I am sure that he will show Pantaleone the best method of instruction.'

Two months later he returns to the subject, and says :

'As for Camillo's progress in Greek, I have received another letter from Michael, who says so much that I fear he is a flatterer ; but it appears that the boy is intelligent and fond of learning, and has a good pronunciation. As for his learning Latin, I should prefer his keeping to Greek for the present, for those whose opinion is to be trusted say that it is best to begin with Greek, as Latin is our own language, and anyone can learn it with little trouble, which is certainly not the case with Greek. So let V. S. see that he sticks to his Greek, and tell Michael that I will not forget to do what he asks, and please thank him for his letter, which I have no time to answer to-day. As for our Anna, who is, you say, inclined to have moods of melancholy, you must see that she takes those remedies which doctors order ; and please if it is really the opinion of Messer Battista Fiera, who cannot err from either lack of love or learning, that she should drink wine, I am content ; but for God's sake see that it is mixed with at least three parts of water—anyhow, for some months longer.'²

In the same letter he remarked to his mother that for once in his life he was remarkably well suited in servants, and had two well-mannered and discreet

¹ A Mantuan poet and friend of Ariosto.

² Serassi, i. 79-82.

lads among them. Excepting his personal attendant, Gio. Martino, none of his present household came from Mantua, which accounts for their being so quiet and well-behaved. With the advance of age, he had become more philosophic in tone and temper, and was inclined to take things easily. He begged his mother not to vex herself about trifles, and above all entreated her not to fret at necessary expenses, such as entertaining friends and relatives, but do whatever she pleased with his property, even if she should choose to throw it all into the Oglio. None the less, Madonna Luigia never ceased to send her son minute accounts of his affairs in Mantua and his servants at Casatico. What was more acceptable, she took care to give him particulars about his children. According to her, Camillo, who was as yet only five years old, showed signs of having a strong character, and refused to be coerced by threats, but took evident pleasure in his studies. It was a great day when, on the Feast of St. Francis—October 4—the little boy was put in breeches for the first time.

‘When I first tried on his new clothes last August,’ wrote the fond grandmother, ‘he seemed frightened, which would not have happened if he had been three or four; but this time he put them on for St. Francis’s Day, and looked very fine, and I have made him stockings and an embroidered satin tunic out of a dress that belonged to his poor mother, with a little more stuff which I bought, so that he is quite proud of himself.’

And Cristoforo Tirabosco, the Count’s trustworthy steward, wrote the same day to inform his master of the great event :

‘To-day your son, Count Camillo, wore his new jacket and breeches for the first time. You cannot

think how nice he looks in this suit. He has been to S. Francesco to-day both to mass and vespers, and I accompanied him. So he was seen by many people, and they all said, "God bless that fine and well-mannered little boy, and may God preserve him!"¹

In the previous autumn the Count had sent a pony from Rome as a present to Camillo, and was delighted to hear in the following summer that the boy was fond of the animal and enjoyed his rides. But when, that June, the Viceroy of Naples visited Mantua on his way to Rome, Castiglione gave express orders that his son was not to be so presumptuous as to go and kiss Count Lannoy's hand, lest his action should arouse misunderstandings. 'For there are,' he adds, 'so many good-natured tongues in Mantua that it is impossible to cross oneself without some one saying that it is wrong.'²

About the middle of June there was a serious outbreak of the plague in Rome. The contagion spread rapidly, and thousands died during the next few weeks. Most of the Cardinals and ambassadors took refuge in their villas at Tusculum and Albano, some fled to Viterbo and Orvieto, and there was a general panic among the inhabitants. On the one hand, a bull, said to have been tamed by magic, was sacrificed by its Greek owner to appease the dæmons of the Coliseum; on the other, processions of priests and choristers, followed by men and women with lighted torches, paraded the streets with images of the Madonna and crucifixes, chanting litanies and crying for mercy.

'Rome looks like a plundered abbey,' wrote Castiglione, 'owing to the infinite number of persons

¹ Cod. Vat., 8211.

² *Ibid.*, 8210; Serassi, i. 80-84.

who have fled from its walls. . . . Every one is leaving the city, and the few who remain keep inside their houses for fear of infection. One very cruel thing is that many poor creatures who fall ill with other ailments or infirmities are abandoned and left to die of want. So people who have the plague in their houses often keep it secret, lest they should die of hunger, and sometimes as many as five or six dead corpses are found hidden away, and are only discovered by the stench they cause. All we can do is to take every possible precaution, and commend ourselves to God.¹

In his wish to allay his mother's anxiety, Castiglione tried to make light of the danger to which he was exposed.

'I have no letters from V. S. to-day,' he wrote on August 5, 'but will not send to Mantua without writing to tell you that I and all my servants are quite well, thank God, because I fear you may be alarmed at this plague, which still continues. However, it has diminished lately, and we take the greatest precautions, employing watchers, medicines, and prayers to God. I am here in the Belvedere, an excellent place, as V. S. knows, most secluded, and I see very few people, and do not allow my servants to see others. But I have not left Rome, because so many of those who did so fell ill of fever, and leaving the city at this season of the year is very dangerous. But if the plague increases, I will in any case leave after the middle of August. I trust V. S. will not be anxious, as I take every care and put my trust in God.'

A week later he had to confess that the plague was increasing :

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 43.

‘I am quite well, thank God, and so are all my servants. The plague is making great ravages, but has not yet attacked any persons of rank. The cruel thing is that all those who fall ill from other causes are allowed to die of hunger and want, because no one will have anything to do with them, and from fear of this those who have the plague keep it secret, which is a bad thing. But the greatest precautions are taken. I think 40,000 persons have left Rome. Every day there are processions to the chief churches, and the head of St. Sebastian or image of St. Roch is carried to the infected houses, and certain prayers are said, calling on God for mercy. But what would, I am sure, make Anna cry bitterly is the sight of a troop of children, bare to the waist, who walk in procession, beating their breasts and begging God for mercy, and saying, “O Lord, spare Thy people!” and certain persons go with them to keep order and give them food to eat. Every one is moved by the prayers of these innocents, which will also, we trust, move our Lord God that He may sheathe the sword of justice, which just now seems bared in many places. The peril of a Turkish invasion is a very serious one.’

The Count evidently alludes to the formidable attack of the Sultan Soliman on the island of Rhodes, which was defended by the Knights of St. John, who after a long siege were finally forced to capitulate at Christmas.

‘There are said to be many miracles in Rome—among others, a woman bore her child who had the plague in one of these processions, and the other women knew this. But the mother, filled with ardent faith, carried the child in her arms to S. Agostino, and laid it on the altar of Our Lady, and it was restored to health at once. And many other stories of the same kind are told. I am here in the Belve-

dere, a very remote and safe place, and see very few people, so V. S. may be quite tranquil in mind.'¹

For some time it was feared that the plague would afford the Pope a fresh excuse for delaying his coming. However, on August 5 he sailed for Italy, and, after visiting Genoa to console the unhappy people for their sufferings in the recent capture and sack of the city, continued his journey along the coast. On August 27 Castiglione informed the Marchesana that her son Federico had left the camp at Bologna to join His Holiness at Leghorn, together with Cardinal de' Medici, and had embarked with him for Cività Vecchia. The next day the Pope landed at Ostia, and, after spending a night at the convent of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, entered Rome in state, and was crowned on the steps of St. Peter's on the last day of August.

For the moment the terrors of the plague were forgotten; Cardinals and ambassadors hurried back from their country houses to pay homage to the Holy Father, and, although the procession to the Lateran was abandoned and the coronation was shorn of its usual splendour, there was great rejoicing in Rome. 'The city feels that it can breathe once more,' wrote Bembo's friend, Girolamo Negri. 'The people are filled with incredible delight, and their shouts and applause made the Pope wonder what was happening. I myself saw many women weeping for joy.'²

¹ Serassi, i. 80-84.

² 'Lettere di Principi,' i. 81.

CHAPTER XXXIX

1522-1528

Pope Adrian VI.—His attempts at reform—Unpopularity in Rome—Increase of the plague—Castiglione begs to be recalled—Returns to Mantua—Correspondence with Andrea Piperario—His friends in Rome—Antiques and cameos—Giulio Romano invited to Mantua.

THE coming of the long-expected Pope proved a bitter disillusion for the men who had most ardently desired his presence. The Cardinals' hearts died within them at the sight of this austere Pontiff, who could only speak Latin, and bade them set their house in order and put an end to the scandals that made Rome the shame of Christendom. The scholars and poets of Leo X.'s court shuddered to hear this 'barbarian Pope' condemn the Laocoön and Apollo as pagan images, and order the gates of the Belvedere to be walled up. Ambassadors like Manuel and Gradenigo shrugged their shoulders at the impossibility of doing business with a Pope who behaved like a child, and knew as little of European as of Italian politics. Yet Adrian VI. was a good and devout man, and ascended the Papal throne with the most excellent intentions. The reform of the Church, the pacification of Italy, and the deliverance of Christendom from the Turk, were the objects that lay nearest to his heart. But he did not realize the

difficulties of the task. 'Nature is averse to sudden changes, and the Curia is more corrupt than ever before,' wrote Negri to Marc Antonio Michieli. Nor did the new Pope set to work in the right way. Instead of cultivating a good understanding with the Cardinals, he rated them like schoolboys, bade them shave off their beards, and behave like ecclesiastics instead of worldlings. So ignorant was His Holiness of the great traditions of the Vatican, that before his arrival he wrote to ask that a small house with a little bit of garden might be taken for him in Rome, to the amazement of Manuel, who exclaimed: 'What can the man mean, when God has given him the finest palace in Rome?'¹ Once established in the Vatican, he shut himself up with an old Flemish woman to cook his meals, and two dull and stony-faced chamberlains whom he had brought with him from the Netherlands. Each morning he took a single ducat out of his pocket and gave it to his steward to provide for the morrow's expenses. When he was asked how many grooms he would require, and heard that his late Beatitude employed a hundred in his stables, he crossed himself in pious horror, and said that four would be ample for all his needs. The Cardinals who occupied apartments in the Vatican were told to give up their rooms; the poets and musicians who fed daily at Leo X.'s table were summarily dismissed. Adrian had no use for them, and made no secret of his contempt for the whole tribe. The most popular idols of Roman society were the objects of his censures. He summoned l' Unico Aretino to answer to a charge of having slain a respectable witness who had dared to appear in a lawsuit against him, and sent officers to arrest him on the spot.² Pasquino was sternly

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 406.

² Sanuto, xxxiii. 445.

silenced; and when the wits persisted in writing epigrams against the foreign Pope, Adrian ordered the statue to be thrown into the Tiber. Fortunately, the order was not enforced, thanks to the readiness of the imperial envoy, who warned the Pope, laughingly, that Pasquino might resemble the frog, and croak as gaily in the water as on land.¹

Amid all the splendours of the Vatican, Adrian still continued to lead the life of a friar and a recluse. He rose at daybreak, said his hours regularly, and divided his time between religious exercises and theological studies. He refused, as far as possible, to grant audiences or receive petitions, and grudged every moment that was not spent among his books. Even when Cardinal Schinner begged him to look out of the window at the white horse which the Emperor had sent as his yearly tribute for the investiture of Naples, His Holiness told him that he could not be interrupted at his work.

‘When he does consent to see anyone,’ observed the Venetian envoy, ‘he says but little, and is very irresolute, from want of practice in these things. Whatever the request, be it great or small, his answer is always the same. “*Videbimus*”—We shall see.’²

A Pontiff of this description could not fail to be unpopular with the quick-witted, pleasure-loving Romans. ‘All Rome,’ wrote Gradenigo, ‘is horrified at what the Pope has done in this one short week!’ Bembo pronounced that the reign of such a Pontiff was worse than the most prolonged vacancy of the see. Even Sadoletto, who had hoped great things from so devout a man, was disappointed, and returned

¹ Jovius, ‘*Vita Adriani VI.*’

² Alberi, iii. 112; Sanuto, xxxiii. 445.

to Carpentras in the winter; while Negri wrote sadly that Rome was no longer Rome, and foretold a speedy removal of the Papal court to Avignon.¹ Adrian's policy of procrastination was still more distasteful to the imperial ministers. Manuel was so much disgusted at the Pope's alternate fits of weakness and obstinacy that he begged to be recalled, and left Rome in October. His successor, the Duke of Sessa, Gonsalvo di Cordova's son-in-law, fared little better, and his dispatches to Charles V. show how poor an opinion he held of the Pope and his favourite, Enkevoirt. Adrian was determined to assert his independence of the Emperor and maintain a steady neutrality; but he treated the imperial ministers with childish petulance, and his attempts to make friends with the French Cardinals only encouraged Francis in his ambitious designs.

Castiglione was, on the whole, more successful in his efforts to conciliate the Pope. His elegant scholarship, as well as his tact and courtesy, made him acceptable to Adrian, with whom he had prolonged interviews, during which he lost no opportunity of extolling the Marquis of Mantua's services and supporting the Duke of Urbino's claims. Federico Gonzaga had been cordially received by His Holiness as the first Italian Prince who came to pay him homage on his arrival. He held the baldacchino over the Pope's head at the coronation, and offered him the basin at the ablutions during the celebration of high mass. Before he left Rome Adrian promised to confirm his appointment as Captain of the Church, but three months elapsed before Castiglione could obtain a Papal brief to this effect. It was still more

¹ 'Lettere di Principi,' i. 84.

impossible to recover his arrears of pay, for the Pope was bent on hoarding all the gold that he could lay hands on, and declared that he could not waste money in paying soldiers, unless they were employed to fight the Turks.¹

Under these circumstances the Count began to feel that his presence was of little use at the Vatican. Many of his best friends were already gone. Some, like Manuel, had left in disgust; others had died—among these his especial ally, the vigorous and warlike Swiss Cardinal, Schinner—and every day the ravages of the plague increased. In September the Polish envoy died, and the members of the Venetian embassy were attacked. During the first week of October the deaths in Rome numbered 100 a day; by the end of the month they had increased to 150. The panic now became general, and Cardinals and envoys fled with one accord. Medici retired to Florence; the Duke of Sessa took refuge in Ascanio Colonna's castle at Marino. The Pope was urged to go to Viterbo, but he preferred to remain in the Vatican, where he lived in strict seclusion, and only conversed with the ambassadors at a window in the Sala de' Pappagalli. On October 5 Castiglione told the Marquis that the plague had attacked the households of nearly all the Cardinals, and begged for permission to leave Rome as soon as he had secured the Papal brief. But this was not yet forthcoming, and on the 23rd he repeated his request to Gian Giacomo Calandra in a letter giving a graphic picture of the state of affairs in Rome:

'Times are so bad that they could not well be worse. Any other season I should have been able to

¹ Sanuto, xxxiii. 437-483.

procure money, but now all the banks are closed. All my friends are gone. Every one I know has left Rome. Only think—the day before yesterday I sent to the Gazaja bank for 100 ducats! They are great friends of mine, and have often lent me money, but I found the house closed and several of the staff attacked by the plague. Then I sent in other directions, but only to meet with fresh refusals. Death seems to stare one in the face, and it is not pleasant to find oneself without money and with a large household of hungry mouths, all clamouring for supplies. It is unsafe to engage new servants, so that I am in sore need of help, and have already asked my mother for another 100 ducats, which I shall want if I have to leave Rome, as I think I must do. Nearly every one I know is gone, and I do not imagine that our illustrious lord values my life less than the Duke of Urbino does that of Giovanni della Porta, who has been given leave of absence, although he has not yet obtained the investiture of the duchy. It is nonsense to say that a man can always protect himself from contagion, because one must send out servants to buy provisions. And I am here in the Vatican, where there is no guard, excepting in the Pope's rooms, so all I can do is to wash in vinegar, carry perfumes in my hands, and commend myself to God—at home, not in church. The Angel of the Castello stands with his sword drawn. May God have mercy upon us all! I tell you the truth, my friend: I should be glad to be out of this, or at least to feel that I was free to go, for, were there no other cause, the sight of so many dead bodies borne to the grave without priest or cross is a strange and cruel thing. Not a day passes without some horrible sight. Only just now I saw a poor girl, about ten years old, whose father and mother were both dead, and who was left, without another creature in the house, alone with these dead bodies. I found her standing at the door crying, and there was not a single man or woman who would even take her a

glass of water. But it is vain to speak of such miseries.’¹

The Count’s request could not be refused, and a fortnight later he left Rome. He had at length obtained the long-promised agreement, and signed it in his master’s name before the Papal officials, and, after spending a few days in a monastery at Viterbo, he travelled by slow stages to Orvieto and Gubbio. It had been his intention to visit his old haunts at Urbino, and pay his respects to the Duke and Duchesses on his way home ; but one of his servants fell ill with fever at Orvieto, and on arriving at Gubbio developed symptoms of plague. This being the case, the Count reluctantly abandoned his visit to the ducal court, and travelled direct to Casatico, where he remained until he was free from infection. Then at length he joined his mother and children, who were impatiently expecting him at Mantua, and spent a joyful Christmas with his family. From there he wrote to Francesco Maria expressing his regrets at having been unable to stop at Urbino, and advising him to leave no stone unturned to obtain the investiture of his duchy :

‘ I hope,’ he adds, ‘ that His Holiness will not fail us, as, indeed, he promised repeatedly in the long interviews which I had with him before I left Rome ; but I know that Signor Ascanio is at his old games, and the Duke of Sessa’s residence at his castle of Marino may not be altogether desirable. But once you have the investiture, all danger will be over.’²

The Duke profited by this prudent advice. Early in the spring he presented himself at the Vatican,

¹ ‘ Esenzioni,’ 43.

² Archivio di Stato, Firenze—Urbino, Cl. i., Div. G., f. 241—Martinati, 68.

where the Pope received him kindly and granted him the long-delayed investiture. So Castiglione's long residence in Rome was not wasted, and the princes of Mantua and Urbino had good reason to be grateful for his services.¹

But Francesco Maria, it must be owned, hardly showed Castiglione the gratitude which he deserved. Not only were the Count's estates of Novillara never restored, but the debts which he had incurred in the Duke's service were left unpaid. After his return to Mantua he addressed a humble petition to His Excellency on the subject :

'Since during the first year of Pope Leo, when V. E. left me many months in Rome to conduct negotiations with that Pontiff, I contracted a debt of 200 ducats to the bank of the Sauli for necessary expenses, V. E., you may remember, ordered that this debt should be added to the sum which these bankers owed you for certain castles which you sold them in the marquisate of Cecca. But the Sauli have always refused to agree to this arrangement, as Ser Gabriello Guidolatto has repeatedly informed you by letter and word of mouth. Now M. Sebastiano Sauli and his brothers demand the payment of their debt, as is only reasonable, and I write these few lines to tell V. E. this, and beg you to give orders that the money should be paid. This would be a great relief to me, all the more that I am already burdened with many other debts and expenses ; and if V. E. does not choose to provide for this one, I should be compelled to pay it at great inconvenience to myself. So I once more beg V. E. to give orders to this effect, if it seems good to you, and kiss your hands humbly.'

¹ Brewer, iii. 1221 ; Sanuto, xxxiv. 54 ; Pastor, iv., ii. 112.

In order to attain his object, the Count sent a note at the same time to the young Duchess Leonora, who had lately written him a friendly letter expressing her regret at having missed him at Urbino, and begged her assistance :

‘ It would,’ he wrote, ‘ be a great kindness if V. E. would help me in this matter ; for not only does it seem unreasonable that I should have to pay this debt, as I am sure V. E. will understand, but I have lately incurred other very heavy expenses, which are a terrible burden. In any case, V. E. would do me the greatest kindness by informing me how the matter stands. Then I will do the best that I can, and my mind will be at rest.’¹

But in spite of these repeated applications the debt remained unpaid, and when Castiglione finally left Rome in the autumn of 1524 the Sauli were still clamouring for their money.

‘ It seems very hard,’ wrote Madonna Luigia, ‘ when you have so many debts of your own, that you should have to pay those of the Duke of Urbino into the bargain.’²

As a last resort Castiglione turned to his faithful friend, the Duchess Elisabetta ; but even she was unable to bring the Duke to reason, and the Count had to leave for Spain with the old debt still on his mind.

From his home in Mantua, Castiglione now watched the state of affairs in Rome with vigilant eyes, and kept up an active correspondence with Cardinal Armellino, who retained his office as Papal Treasurer, and with the Archbishop of Cosenza, Mons. Ruffo of

¹ Archivio di Stato, Firenze—Urbino, i., G., 265—Martinati, 68, 69.

² Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

Forli, the only Italian prelate who enjoyed Pope Adrian's confidence. But his most interesting letters at this period were addressed to Andrea Piperario, a young Mantuan whose family were bankers in Rome, and who was himself a secretary in the Apostolic Chamber. This cultured and discreet youth had become intimate with Castiglione during the past two years, and his official post at the Vatican enabled him to be of great use to the Count. To Messer Andrea he could safely apply for information on the most pressing questions of the hour: the likelihood of obtaining Federico's salary, the Pope's dispositions towards France and Ferrara, the French King's designs on Milan, or the Duke of Urbino's chances of being appointed Captain of the Venetian forces. From him he could hear the latest news about the little knot of friends whom he had left in Rome: his old comrade Tebaldeo, who was now living in Cardinal Gonzaga's palace; the poets Lampidio of Cremona and Marc Antonio Flaminio; and the accomplished young Benedetto Accolti, a nephew of the Aretino, who had been lately appointed Bishop of Cremona, and whose letters the Count describes as being 'a source of infinite pleasure.' And there was Castiglione's promising nephew, Uberto Strozzi, who, after the manner of young men, was very remiss in writing home, and whom Messer Andrea was repeatedly desired to chide with some asperity for his neglectful conduct. Yet another name recurs frequently in this correspondence. It is that of Agostino Foglietta, Cardinal de' Medici's Genoese secretary, whose strong imperialist sympathies made him prominent at the Vatican during the next few years, and whose abilities and honesty Castiglione had already recognized.

Messer Andrea could be trusted to do the Marchesana's commissions, to search for antiques and cameos, and send Vida's latest ode or Flaminio's new sonnet to Mantua. One day the Count asks him to find out if a big buffoon named Coco, who had been in Pope Leo's service, can be secured for the Marquis, together with a pair of Indian peacocks that used to be kept by that Pontiff in a cage in the Castello. Another time he begs him to harry the dilatory Caradosso, whose medal for the Marquis was not yet ready, and to see if Monsignor della Scala can be induced to part from a certain little panel by Raphael which Federico had long coveted, and which had already cost M. Andrea so many journeys and letters that he was half demented. The same prelate had an old Spanish hymn (*copla*) in praise of the Madonna, which Castiglione was anxious to possess, and raised as many difficulties about this curious poem as he did about Raphael's picture—may the devil take them both! In the end, however, both of these precious objects reached Mantua safely; and the Count was particularly gratified to hear that the Pope wished to send the painting as a gift to Federico—a mark of favour on the Holy Father's part that was rare indeed.¹

Castiglione now amused himself by adding some new rooms to his palace to contain the antiques and pictures which he had collected in Rome, and was very anxious that his friend Giulio Romano should come to Mantua to decorate these rooms. He had all Isabella's passion for rare and beautiful things, with little, however, of her shrewdness in driving a bargain. In one letter to M. Andrea he enters into minute particulars regarding certain

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.,' i. 101-111.

antiques which another of Raphael's pupils, Gio. Francesco Penni, had recommended him to buy, but which Giulio apparently did not much admire. This being the case, he begs his friend to hold back the 10 ducats that have to be paid to Penni—

‘all the more that Giulio has filled me with the most ardent desire for a cameo, which is, he tells me, marvellously beautiful, and can be had cheap. So I mean to buy this, after which I will spend no more on antiques, unless I should hear of any great bargain. Giulio writes that the owner of this cameo asks 100 ducats, but that it can probably be had for 40 or 50, which is more than I can afford, especially just now, when I am so short of money. But I will gladly give 25 or 30, and would not stick at a couple of ducats more if Giulio thinks well, for I would far rather have one excellent thing than fifty mediocre objects. I will also take M. Antonio da San Marino's picture, and the cameo, and the torso which Giulio has found for my marble head, and after that I will not spend another farthing.’

The cameo, a fine head of Socrates, proved fully equal to Castiglione's expectations, and he was delighted beyond words with his new treasure. But, in spite of his good resolutions, a few weeks later he returns to the fray.

‘Tell Giulio,’ he wrote on May 12, ‘that Raphael, of blessed memory, once told me that the Datary [Baldassare Turini] had a little marble satyr which poured water from a jar that he carried on his shoulders. I should like to know if he still has this marble, and means to put it up at his villa; and if not, would he let me know? I should also like to have those three blocks of stone that stood in the Cardinal of Ferrara's stable. I would pay him willingly for

these, and give him my best thanks into the bargain ! But I wish Giulio would come here, and then I could easily dispose of his statues. I should like to know if he still has that marble boy by the hand of Raphael, and what he would take for it.'¹

But Giulio still tarried in Rome, and remained proof against these urgent entreaties, until a year later the Count himself carried him off to Mantua.

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.,' i. 105, 107, 108, 111. This statue was modelled in clay by Raphael in 1516. See Milanesi's notes to Vasari's *Life of the painter*, iv. 407.

CHAPTER XL

1523

The Pope's neutrality—Plot of Cardinal Soderini discovered—Cardinal de' Medici in Rome—Castiglione accompanies Isabella to Venice—Interviews the new Doge—Treaty of Venice and of the Pope with the Emperor—French invasion of Lombardy—Castiglione serves in the campaign—Death of Adrian VI.

THE political situation underwent little change that winter. The Pope persisted in his determination to preserve neutrality, and refused to take advice from anyone but Enkevort, who was said to be in the pay of France. Nor would he provide for the maintenance of the army, although he told Castiglione when he left Rome that the troops must not be disbanded, for fear of troubles in Romagna. In vain Castiglione wrote pressing letters to all his friends in Rome on behalf of the destitute soldiers. 'It is pitiful to see these poor fellows starving,' wrote the Count to Piperario. 'May God help them!' The Duke of Sessa declared openly that he would rather risk his life in battle every day than negotiate with so feeble and irresolute a Pope. The French and their allies were equally dissatisfied. 'Nothing is done,' wrote the Venetian envoy, 'and every one is discontented.'¹ All through the winter Francis I. was preparing for war, and his partisans asserted confidently that he would soon be in Milan.

¹ Alberi, iii. 112.

‘Here we talk cheerfully of the French invasion,’ wrote Castiglione on April 12, ‘although to most of us this seems so unreasonable that we can hardly believe it.’

Liberal offers were made to Federico Gonzaga on the part of France, but his loyalty stood the test, and in spite of slanderous tongues Charles V. assured the Duke of Sessa that the Marquis was his faithful servant.¹ Castiglione’s language was still more emphatic.

‘Rest assured,’ he wrote to his friend Piperario, ‘however badly the Pope or Duke of Milan may behave, the Marquis will always remain *imperialissimo* in body and soul, and so will his mother Madonna; and if there were any need of pressure to keep him in this mind, I would not only devote sincere labour to this end, but life itself. All of which I beg you to repeat to M. Agostino, and, if he sees fit, to the Duke of Sessa.’²

But towards the end of April an unexpected incident changed the course of events. A plot by Cardinal Soderini to raise a rebellion in Sicily and deliver Milan to the French was suddenly discovered. The Pope’s distress was great. He had confided in the aged Cardinal, and believed him to be honestly in favour of peace, and now he found himself basely deceived. In his anger he ordered Soderini to be imprisoned in the Castello, and summoned his rival, Cardinal de’ Medici, from Florence. The return of Medici was in itself a sufficient pledge that Federico Gonzaga’s interests would not be neglected, and Castiglione gladly availed himself of this excuse to remain at Mantua, where he could be of more use to

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 573.

² Serassi, ‘Neg.’ i. 109, 110.

his lord, and could at the same time enjoy a spell of much-needed rest.

In May he accompanied the Marchesana to pay her vows at the shrine of the Santo in Padua and spend Ascension-tide at Venice. The little party travelled incognito, and were lodged in Ca' Barbaro, near the church of S. Vitale, in the parish of S. Stefano, the home of the distinguished scholar Ermolao Barbaro.¹ In this fine old house, which still retains its Gothic arcades and stairway leading from the courtyard to the *pian nobile*, Isabella and her companions spent a pleasant fortnight, visiting palaces and churches, libraries and studios; while her brother, Duke Alfonso, stayed in Ca' Foscari, a few doors higher up the Canal Grande. Castiglione had many friends in Venice, and one of the patricians whom he had known best in Rome, Andrea Navagero, devoted himself especially to the travellers on this occasion. He escorted the *Marchesana vecchia*, as Sanuto calls her, to the house of Titian, who had lately visited her at Mantua, and whose painting of St. Jerome she now purchased by Navagero's advice. Isabella's energy and love of sight-seeing were as keen as ever, and the Count told his lord that he had not a moment for letter-writing, all his time being spent in attending Madama Illustrissima on her excursions in gondolas or on foot.² But, after his wont, Castiglione found time to do a good stroke of diplomacy during this pleasure-trip. The old Doge Grimani had died a fortnight before, and the election of his successor, Andrea Gritti, took place on the day that the travellers reached Venice. Isabella and her companions mingled in the crowds which filled the piazza on the following morning to witness the proclamation of the new

¹ Sanuto, xxxv. 156.

² 'Esenzioni,' 30.

Doge. They were present at the solemn mass in S. Marco when the newly-elected Prince, clad in robes of crimson damask, received the standard of the republic on the steps of the high altar, and saw him crowned with the ducal cap at the top of the Giants' Stairs. Alfonso d' Este, indeed, made his way into the Sala d' Oro, where the Doge received the congratulations of the ambassadors, and, shaking him by the hand, wished him joy in the most friendly manner. Before the Marchesana left Venice, Castiglione himself paid the Doge a formal visit to convey his mistress's congratulations and thanks for his courtesy, and had a long interview, to which he alludes in the following letter :

' Since your ambassador has written at length to V. E. I have kept silence, being busily engaged in attending on Madonna. In her name I visited the new Serenissimo yesterday, and made him understand the orders that I had received from V. E. to wait upon him before you were aware of his recent elevation. . . . His Highness showed great affection for V. E., expressing himself in loving terms, as I hope to tell you soon by word of mouth. I also called on the Legate and Cæsarean ambassador, Don Alonso Sanchez, who both showed themselves to be your affectionate servants. I will satisfy others as seems best, and will say no more at present of the new Doge, but leave this and all else to your ambassador.'¹

It was a critical moment in the policy of the republic, as others besides Castiglione were well aware. Andrea Gritti was known to be an ardent partisan of France—as Richard Pace told Wolsey, 'a perfect Frenchman'²—and the English and imperial envoys, who had been using every endeavour to

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 30.

² Brewer, iii. 1448.

induce the Signory to conclude a treaty with Henry VIII. and Charles V., feared that all their labours would be undone. The French merchants in Venice celebrated Gritti's election with a splendid banquet, and a grand display of fireworks was held that evening at the French envoy's house; while soon after Castiglione's departure Canossa arrived on a mission from the French King. But neither the Bishop's eloquence nor the Doge's personal predilections were able to resist the flowing tide.

Cardinal Soderini's treachery had driven the Pope into Charles V.'s arms, and Venice followed suit. On July 29 a treaty of alliance between the Signory, the Emperor, and the King of England was proclaimed at Venice, and on the same day the Pope finally signed a defensive league with these powers. On August 5, the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, His Holiness attended mass at S. Maria Maggiore when the new treaty was proclaimed, and afterwards dined with Cardinal Carvajal in his house near the church, 'for once,' remarks Negri, 'remembering that he was Pope.'

'Now, indeed,' wrote the Venetian to his friends at home, 'I can say with Horace, "Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus," since by your prudence we may hope to see the long-desired peace of Italy at length established. I cannot tell you how ardently the whole city rejoices at this treaty, on which the salvation of our land and the whole of Christendom depends.'¹

These feelings were general throughout Italy, and the event was celebrated with great rejoicings and illuminations at Milan and Mantua. It is amusing to

¹ 'Lettere di Principi,' i. 87.

find Castiglione writing to his kinsman Canossa to apologize for the *feux-de-joie* which blazed throughout Mantuan territory, and which the Bishop chose to consider an insult to the Most Christian King.

‘Your letter of the 4th,’ wrote the Count, ‘reached me at Casatico, where I would remain far more gladly than at Mantua if I could have the pleasure of your company there. I was delighted to hear of your safe return to Grezzano, where I hope to enjoy as much of your company as you will spare me. As I have only reached Mantua this moment, I cannot give V. S. any particulars as to this treaty between Cæsar and the Venetians. I know nothing, having been so long in the country. I only heard that last night *feux-de-joie* were lighted here, which, indeed, I cannot look upon as a sign of ill-will towards France, but as one of good-will towards the Emperor, who is the Marquis’s supreme lord. . . . Besides this, the Marquis has already given so many proofs of his devotion to the Emperor that I think something more than forbidding these bonfires would be necessary to change the Most Christian’s opinion of His Excellency, and such a step would only serve to forfeit the Emperor’s favour, without gaining that of the King. However, I leave these things to those who care to trouble their heads about them, and would gladly leave many more, if it were possible. I will go at once and give your messages to the Lord Marquis and to Madonna, who will, I know, receive them gladly, as they love you well, and hope still to avail themselves of your services and enjoy the pleasure of your company. Both I and my lady mother and my young family are all well, and kiss V. S.’s hands, earnestly desiring to see you.’

For all these civil messages, the Gonzagas had some reason to be annoyed with their distinguished relative, who had flatly refused to ask King Francis

for a safe conduct for the Marchesana's youngest son, Ferrante on his journey, to Spain. Such a request, he told Isabella, would only do her illustrious house injury, adding that she herself would one day repent of leaving so dear a pledge in the hands of the bitterest enemy of France. But although Castiglione and Canossa belonged to rival factions, nothing could change their mutual regard for each other; and as soon as the Count heard that the Bishop was going to Rome as the French King's ambassador, he begged Cardinal Gonzaga to allow him the use of his palace, and sought to obtain the Pope's sanction from his friends at the Vatican. It was one of the Count's fixed principles never to allow political differences to affect his friendships, and, as he often remarks, he had almost as many friends in the French as in the Imperialist party.

‘I was expecting letters from M. Angelo da Bibbiena and Zuan Valerio in answer to mine,’ he wrote to Piperario on September 2, ‘but I suppose they are so proud and triumphant now that their dear French are really on the march, that they will not condescend to speak to any of us.’¹

The long-talked-of French invasion had now become a reality. Early in September a French army under Bonnavet descended on Lombardy, and the Marquis of Mantua took the field at the head of the combined Papal and Florentine forces; while, to the joy of the Duchess Elisabetta, the Duke of Urbino was appointed Captain of the Venetians. At length Adrian bestirred himself, and sent supplies of money for the troops; but they were not strong enough to resist the French, and were compelled to

¹ Serassi, ‘Neg.’ i. 111.

retire upon Milan. Castiglione followed his lord to the camp, and took part in several skirmishes round Lodi, which was captured and gallantly defended by the French captains, Federico da Bozzolo and Bayard. On September 24 he wrote to his mother from Pontevico, near Lodi, asking for many things—a trusty servant, as wise as Daniel, and a good muleteer, a short black or tan Spanish cloak, ‘such as all these gentlemen wear, with a lace collar at the throat and thick enough to keep off the wet.’ Ten days later he wrote again from Pavia, saying that he hoped the war would not last much longer, and that they would soon go into winter-quarters at Milan. This being the case, he should want a few fine clothes, and begged his mother to send him his black damask vest lined with marten fur, carefully packed in white cloth, a set of velvet trappings for his Arab horse, and four dozen black and gold Milanese plumes for his servants’ caps. On October 7 he wrote to the Marquis :

‘The French have done nothing ; they were under arms all day yesterday, and some of them had a skirmish with our men and were taken prisoners—amongst others, Gian Fermo Trivulzio.’¹

The campaign, it is plain, was only languidly carried on, and both parties were awaiting news from Rome. For the Pope, who had been ailing all through the summer, became suddenly worse in September, and died on the very day that the French crossed the Ticino. The Cardinals treated him badly to the last, and worried the dying man with questions as to where he had hidden his money. In vain Adrian protested that he had sent supplies to the camp, and

¹ ‘Esenzioni,’ 48.

had not even 1,000 ducats left. Even then they would not leave him alone, and treated him, not like a Pope, but 'like a private man on the rack.' At length the Duke of Sessa, shocked at these importunities, interfered, and the poor old man was allowed to die in peace. No one but his few old servants grieved for him.

'The city,' Clerk wrote to Wolsey, 'was never more glad of a Pope's death. Some light-brained fellow hung a wreath on his physician's door, inscribed with the words, "To the deliverer of his country, of the senate and people of Rome."'

In spite of his admirable intentions, Adrian had failed in all that he had tried to do. He left Italy at the mercy of foreign invaders, the chief rulers of Christendom engaged in war, and Rhodes in the hands of the infidel. The tragedy of his short pontificate was summed up in the epitaph that was inscribed, by order of the Cardinals, upon his tomb: 'Here lies Adrian VI., whose greatest misfortune was that he became Pope.'¹

Before the Pope had breathed his last, it was held for certain in Rome that Medici would be his successor. He was known to be strongly supported by the Emperor, and had been at the head of affairs during the last few months. When the conclave met on October 1, it was regarded as a good omen that he had the cell under Perugino's fresco of Christ giving the keys to St. Peter. But it soon became evident that he would be fiercely opposed. Colonna and Soderini, who had been released from prison as soon as the Pope died, were his bitter enemies, and twenty Cardinals took solemn oath never to consent to his

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 586 ; Brewer, iii. 1442.

election. On the 6th the French Cardinals arrived, and entered the conclave amid great laughter, booted and spurred, and drenched with sea-water. They were hailed with joy by the French faction, and even the imperial envoy gave up all hopes of his candidate's success.

A long struggle ensued, and for some time agreement seemed hopeless. But on October 17 Alberto Pio arrived in Rome. He came as ambassador from Francis I., having travelled by impracticable roads, and had an audience with the Cardinals, begging them in his master's name to choose a Pope without delay. But instead of opposing Medici, to the surprise of all present, he urged his choice. 'His old friendship with Medici,' wrote Sessa, 'is stronger than his party spirit; and although he is ill in bed with gout, he has succeeded in dividing the French party.'¹

In the end Colonna was bribed by the promise of the Vice-Chancellor's office, together with Cardinal Riario's noble palace, and himself proposed his rival. On the 18th of November, Cardinal Giulio de' Medici was elected 'by the inspiration of God,' and the twenty Cardinals who had sworn to oppose his election were solemnly released from their vows. On the following morning, the fiftieth day of the conclave, he was publicly proclaimed Pope, and took the name of Clement VII.

The new Pope was described by Marco Foscarini as a wise and sagacious man of forty-six, tall and well-proportioned, but of livid colour, with large eyes and a slight squint. 'He is very rich,' adds the Venetian envoy, 'with revenues of 60,000 ducats or more, and may be called lord of Florence, and is the great enemy of France.'²

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 590.

² M. Sanuto, xxxv. 209.

The imperialists were jubilant at this unexpected triumph. 'The Cardinal de' Medici is elected Pope,' wrote Sessa to the Emperor. 'He is entirely your Majesty's creature, and so great is your power that you are able to convert stones into obedient children.' Cardinal Colonna, to whose sudden change of front the ambassador evidently alluded, himself wrote to the Marquis of Mantua: 'I certainly believe that this election will be for the salvation, not only of this Holy See and of all Italy, but of the whole of Christendom.' It was characteristic of the writer and of the times, that in the same letter the Cardinal begged Federico to find him a good huntsman, being eager, he explained, to return to those pleasures of which he had been so long deprived under the pontificate of Adrian.¹

Castiglione, who had taken an active part in the last two elections, was not in Rome during this conclave. But his friend Andrea Piperario kept him well supplied with the latest news, and, in common with all the imperialists, he hailed Medici's election with great joy. A few days later he left the camp, and returned to Mantua with the Marquis, who refused to take orders from the Viceroy Lannoy, and pleaded illness as an excuse for his retirement. Federico now decided to send Castiglione to offer his congratulations to the new Pontiff.

'Since I am too unwell to kiss the feet of Your Beatitude,' he wrote to Clement, 'I send the Magnificent Cavalier, Count Baldassare Castiglione, knowing that there is no one in whom I have more perfect confidence, or whose past services will render him more acceptable to Your Holiness.'²

¹ Brewer, iii. 1442-1494; Bergenroth, ii. 590-594; Gregorovina, viii. 417.

² 'Esenzioni,' 30.



Photo, Atinari.

POPE CLEMENT VII.
BY SEBASTIANO DEL PIONBO (PARMA).

To face p. 200, Vol. II.

On November 27 the Count set out on his third mission to the Papal court. By December 9 he reached Rome, and lost no time in waiting on his friends at the Vatican.

‘Last night I arrived in Rome,’ he wrote to Federico, ‘and am lodged in the house of our Illustrious and very Reverend Monsignore.¹ As soon as I dismounted, I went straight to his lordship, and gave him your letters and showed my credentials, especially the messages which I had to give our lord the Pope, all of which met with his approval. He did not wish to alter anything, but said he should like to be present when I kissed His Holiness’s feet. Then I visited M. Gian Matteo, the Archbishop of Capua, and M. Agostino Foglietta, and left V. E.’s letters. They all three kiss your hands, and are your very loyal servants. I understand from M. Gian Matteo that the best time to see His Holiness would be in the morning, about nine o’clock. The Archbishop of Capua, indeed, wished me to see him last night, although it was already past eight. But I would not do this, out of respect to Monsignore Illustrissimo. So this morning I went with him to the Pope, and after kissing his feet and handing him V. E.’s letter, I said how much you rejoiced in his fortunate elevation in the most graceful phrases at my command. I told him that V. E.’s feelings on the subject were well known, and that you only wished to remind him that, as your services were always at his disposal before he rose to these heights, so they would be entirely at his command now that the greatest wish of your heart was realized. The Pope answered very joyfully and cordially that it was needless to prove what was manifest to all, and that, since V. E. had shown him so much kindness in the dry tree, it was unnecessary to repeat these assurances in the green. He said how much he hoped to show you that your love and kindness had

¹ Cardinal Sigismondo Gonzaga.

not been misplaced, and repeated that he could never discharge his obligations to V. E. Then I spoke of your return to Mantua on account of your illness, and how the doctors hoped to cure you soon, and begged His Holiness kindly to consider your case and let you know his wishes. The Pope replied that for the present you must only think of getting well, and that you had done enough, and had better let the Viceroy do his part. Here I took occasion to say that you did not wish to serve under the Viceroy, as he bore the title of Captain of the League, unless His Holiness would declare in a brief, or in any other way he pleased, that the Viceroy was not to meddle with the troops of the Church or of the Florentines, when you were present. His Holiness replied that he would bear this in mind, but that first of all V. E. must get well and allow these lords to make use of the troops. At my first audience I did not like to say more. To-morrow I will return to the palace, and set forth all the objects of my mission in detail. At present the Pope seems to bear you the same love that he has always shown you, and will, I hope, give you visible proof of his affection.

‘This city is filled with the greatest joy, and all the world is returning, although there is still some famine among the people. The Pope has not failed to make excellent appointments, and will have a suitable household. He goes on in his old ways, gives audiences continually, is most kind and benevolent, and keeps the same kind and genial feelings under his new robes. What his policy will be, no one yet knows. The French seem to be wonderfully well satisfied, but I do not believe that these are their real feelings. As far as I can hear, His Holiness offers to do all he can to preserve the kingdom of France from foreign invasion, if only the French will give up meddling with Italy and abandon this expedition. But if they persevere in the present war, he will do his utmost against them. I have no more to tell

V. E., because I have not yet had time to feel the pulse of the court or find out in whose hands the conduct of foreign affairs will be chiefly placed—in those of the Archbishop or of M. Gian Matteo, who, however, now he is Datary, cannot attend to them much. And so I kiss V. E.'s hands.

‘ROME, December 10, 1523.’¹

This letter is a remarkable instance of Castiglione's keen and penetrating insight. During the few hours which he had spent in Rome he had already grasped the situation and foreseen the probable trend of events. His friends were all rejoicing. Crowds flocked from all parts of Italy to pay homage to the new Pope. From his Paduan villa Bembo wrote to the young Bishop Accolti on December 11, declaring that Clement VII. would, he felt sure, be the greatest, wisest, and most honoured head who had reigned over the Church of God for many centuries past.² The bad days of Adrian were over; the Muses, which had fled before the barbarians, could not fail to return under the wing of a Medici Pope. ‘Now we shall see a splendid court and a brave pontificate,’ wrote Negri in exulting tones to his friend Michieli. ‘On St. Clement's Day, Pope Clement VII. will be crowned, and long live the *palle!*’³

The new Pope's first act was to appoint Sadoletto his chief secretary, and to send a courier to Carpentras, bearing a brief that would admit of no refusal. This alone was sufficient to endear Clement VII. to the scholars who had groaned under the Flemish Pope's yoke, and who now confidently looked forward to a revival of the once flourishing Roman

¹ Vernazza di Freney. ‘Notizia di lettere inedite di B. Castiglione. Accademia di Torino,’ 1811, p. 442.

² Bembo, Op., iii. 54.

³ ‘Lettere di Principi,’ i. 88.

Academy. At the same time, Castiglione's friend, Accolti, Bishop of Cremona, a youth of only twenty-five, learned and wise beyond his years, was given him as colleague. But the real power, as the Count saw, was placed in the hands of two men—Gian Matteo Giberti, Bishop of Verona, the new Datary, and Nicholas von Schönberg, Archbishop of Capua. Both up to this time had been reckoned as good imperialists, but now, as Castiglione noticed, Giberti was on friendly terms with the French, and his sympathies were evidently drawing him in this direction. This distinguished prelate was the illegitimate son of a Genoese sea-captain, and was born at Palermo in 1495. He entered the service of Cardinal de' Medici as a boy, and was employed by him on diplomatic missions before he was twenty. After the death of Leo X. he was sent to the court of Charles V. in Flanders, and afterwards to Spain, where he paid his respects to Adrian VI., and returned with him to Rome. Although only twenty-eight at the time of Clement VII.'s accession, Giberti had already attained great reputation for learning and sanctity, as well as for diplomatic skill, and enjoyed the confidence of the new Pope in a high degree.¹

The Archbishop of Capua was a man of Saxon birth, who had been converted by Savonarola while on a visit to Florence, and had become a friar of S. Marco. Afterwards he was brought to Rome by Leo X. and employed on important missions. Schönberg was known to be a staunch imperialist, and was much trusted by Clement VII., although, according to Sessa, he combined the levity of the man of the world with the pride of a friar, and was more fitted to write a fine letter than to govern the

¹ Alberi, iii. 128.

State. Castiglione's personal friend, the Genoese secretary, Agostino, Foglietta also took a prominent part in the management of foreign affairs, and could be counted on as another firm ally. But these influences were counterbalanced by the presence of Alberto Pio, whom the imperial envoy described as a very devil, who knows all and meddles in everything. The Count of Carpi availed himself to the full of the influence which he had acquired over the Pope by his unexpected support in the conclave, and was always at the Vatican. From the first Clerk gave it as his opinion that there was as much craft and policy in the new Pope as in any man, and Negri wrote that he feared he was somewhat irresolute, although a good man and a friend to Venice. Sessa, on his part, warned the Emperor not to count on Clement's gratitude, saying that he was timid and vacillating, and was really in the hands of his advisers, although he wished to appear independent. 'He loves Your Imperial Majesty, but is always coquetting with the French.' While he secretly sent supplies to the imperial forces at Milan, he entertained the French Cardinals at the Vatican, and, as Castiglione reported, lent a willing ear to proposals for the marriage of the king's second son with the child Caterina.¹ Thus Clement VII. early showed himself a true Medici, and entered on that career of crooked policy, of shifts and subterfuges, that was to bring irretrievable disaster upon the Papacy and the Eternal City. It was Castiglione's fate, like that of many fine souls, to be closely entangled in the meshes of this spider's web, and in the end to become himself its victim.

¹ Bergenroth, 595, 601; Brewer, 1494, 1495, 1512; Baschet-Reumont, 274.

CHAPTER XLI

1524

Castiglione at the court of Clement VII.—Victories of the Imperialists in Lombardy and retreat of the French—The plague in Rome—Castiglione gives up his military command—The Lutheran movement—Campeggio at Nürnberg—The Archbishop of Capua's mission to France and Spain—The Pope offers Castiglione the post of nuncio in Spain.

CASTIGLIONE'S third mission to Rome as Mantuan envoy opened prosperously. The Pope treated him with marked favour. His personal friends were once more in the ascendant at the Vatican, and Sadoletto returned to his villa on the Quirinal and welcomed the members of the Academy under his hospitable roof. Life in Rome seemed to have regained its old charm, and literary discussions and joyous suppers were held in the gardens on the Tiber and the Quirinal, as in the golden days of Leo. To add to the Count's satisfaction, Fortune attended the Imperial arms in Lombardy. Lannoy, the Viceroy of Naples, who took command of the troops on the death of the aged Prospero Colonna at Christmas, defeated Bonnivet on the Sesia, and finally succeeded in driving him back across the Alps. Bayard himself was mortally wounded during the retreat, and died on April 30, to the grief of foes and friends alike. But these disasters only moved the French King to fresh exertions, and

Schönberg, who was sent by the Pope to treat with Francis, found him bent on avenging his honour, and declaring that he regretted nothing but the death of Bayard.¹

‘There are letters of the 11th from the Archbishop of Capua,’ wrote Castiglione on May 25. ‘He wrote from Blois, and had seen the Most Christian King, who had heard of the death of Bayard and the defeat of his army, but would not consent to peace for anything in the world.’²

In the same letter he alludes to the Duke of Bourbon’s intended invasion of Provence, which was to prove so disastrous. Federico Gonzaga availed himself of the Pope’s permission to remain at Mantua, and did not take the field again; while the Count took occasion of his return to Rome as ambassador to lay down the military command which he had held for the last five years. In a letter of January 10 he explained his reasons for giving up what was only a nominal post, and begged His Excellency to give his company of fifty lances to his friend Messer Capo di Capino, a Mantuan gentleman who had acted as his lieutenant hitherto, and was at once beloved by his men and trusted by his superior officers. This request was readily granted, and it only remained for Castiglione to assure his lord that, although he had laid down his arms, he was always ready to take them up again at his master’s bidding, in spite of years and infirmities. ‘And in the meantime,’ he adds, ‘I will do my utmost not to prove a useless servant to Your Excellency.’³

Meanwhile a fresh enemy to the Count’s peace

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 645.

² Serassi ‘Neg.’ i. 113.

³ ‘Esenzioni,’ 67.

had arisen in the renewed outbreak of the plague, which the Romans confidently believed had gone for ever with the bad days of Pope Adrian, but which now returned with fresh severity. Every day Castiglione sent reports of the further spread of the contagion and the death of new victims.

‘The plague goes on with its cruel game,’ he wrote to his lord at Mantua. ‘To-day a poor lad of twenty-two, a handsome and charming youth, brother of Bishop Scaglione, is dead. Times seem to have changed, and we pray devoutly for the great heats, which are said to be more healthy. There is great scarcity of wheat in Rome, and the people are eating very bad bread. . . . The Pope is shut up in the Belvedere, and refuses to give audiences to any Cardinals whose houses are not free from contagion. An infinite number of persons are leaving Rome. Two days ago eighteen new houses were infected, and every day we hear of six, seven, or eight fresh cases. . . . Once more the greatest precautions are taken, and certain doctors have arisen who promise to work miracles. The Pope himself believes in certain medicines, which he sends in all directions, and it is said that these have cured several patients. Some cases have been cured by laying falcons’ feathers on the plague spot, or, where this has not yet appeared, upon the heart, a treatment which many declare to be very successful.’¹

But in spite of quack remedies and strict precautions the pestilence made rapid strides. The Cardinals left Rome, the Pope himself contemplated a retreat to Cività Castellana, and the Count begged his master’s permission to follow the example of the Duke of Sessa, and, if need be, leave the stricken city.

¹ Serassi, ‘Neg.’ i. 114, 115; Renier, ‘Lett. ined.’ p. 20.

‘As this plague is the most strange and horrible thing in the world,’ he wrote on May 31, ‘I ask V. E. now for permission to leave Rome whenever it becomes necessary, since, Mantua being so far off, your reply might not reach me in time. And you may be certain that I shall not avail myself of this permission unless it should be absolutely necessary, both because of the satisfaction that I feel in serving you and the pleasure of living in Rome. I thought of coming to Mantua, for if the plague does not diminish in the great heats, much less can we expect it to decrease in the autumn. So if I have to take my departure, I will leave most of my servants here, and come to Mantua with two or three, until we see if this calamity is likely to end; for there is no place near Rome where I could remain conveniently without fear of wanting the necessaries of life if I caught a simple fever. So V. E. will be kind enough to give me leave to depart, in case the plague does not abate its severity.’¹

These surroundings were depressing, and about the same time Castiglione wrote a sad little note to his old brother-at-arms Capino, in reply to a request from this knight, who was anxious to obtain a post for his brother as governor in the territory of Parma.

‘It is no news to me that all my troubles are as grievous to you as they are to me. God has tried me sorely this year. I pray that He may not send me any more troubles, for, indeed, I have suffered greatly, and can only try and protect myself as far as I can in the future. I will say nothing of your other kind words, for, to say the truth, I have no greater friend than you in the world—none, certainly, that I love better. As to your brother M. Antonio’s affairs, the Datary is as concerned as I am about them, and has better hopes of success than I have, although there

¹ Serassi, ‘Neg.’, l. 116.

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is no reason to distrust Monsignore Salviati. I am,
with all my heart,

‘Your brother,

‘BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

‘ROME, *May 22, 1524.*’¹

Early in June, however, the plague began to abate. The Count recovered his spirits, and remained courageously at his post throughout the summer, watching jealously over his master’s interests and keeping him fully informed of all that was happening in Rome. Very interesting are his reports of the legate Campeggio’s mission to Germany, where the Lutheran movement was assuming alarming proportions.

‘To-morrow,’ he wrote on January 9, ‘a consistory will be held, and it is expected that Cibo or Salviati, or perhaps Campeggio, will be sent as legate to Germany, where this Martin Luther’s progress is very great. He himself is of small importance, but he has more than a hundred followers, who are far more learned than he is, and who are all writing and preaching with the greatest fervour. Even women, we hear, do wonders, disputing with our friars, and professing themselves ready to be martyrs for their creed. This plague has already spread to France, and is even heard of in Spain, while in one corner of Switzerland round Bâle, every one without exception is embracing the new faith.’

The Cardinals, it appeared, were not at all eager to accept the office of nuncio to the Diet of Nürnberg. Clement’s own kinsmen flatly refused to undertake the perilous task, and Campeggio only consented on condition that if he died on the journey the Pope

¹ Ronchini, ‘Atti e Mem. d. R. dep. di Stato,’ ii. 365.

would give his son the bishopric of Bologna and find a husband for his daughter.

‘Cardinal Campeggio,’ wrote Castiglione, ‘goes very reluctantly to Nürnberg as legate against Luther, because the people there are all infuriated, and many think that he takes this journey at the risk of his life. He has begged the Sacred College to marry his daughter, if God should allow him to perish, and has asked other things, as one who is making his last will and testament. The Cardinals have promised to do all that he asks, and no one else could be found willing to go there.’¹

One of Campeggio’s retinue on this occasion was Castiglione’s old enemy, the Mantuan friar Girolamo Eremita, who was formerly employed to spy upon his actions by the Marquis Francesco, but who now professed to be the ambassador’s devoted friend and servant. The letters which Fra Girolamo addressed to Castiglione from Augsburg and Nürnberg are still preserved in the Mantuan archives, and give many interesting details of his journey. The writer dwells on the courteous reception given to the nuncio by the Bishop of Trent and the gentlemen of Brixen. He describes the frozen torrents and glaciers, the rugged mountains which they crossed on their way to Innsbruck, and the pleasure with which their eyes, ‘weared with the sight of continual fields of snow and ice, rested once more on the delicious foliage of beeches and the fresh green of junipers and larches.’ The forests of Bavaria were in all their spring beauty, and Augsburg, in its beautiful plain, reminded him of Verona. But when the Legate rode through the streets and gave his blessing to the people, he was

¹ Archivio di Torino, Codice 81 ; Renler, ‘Lettere inedite,’ 19, 20.

greeted with jeers and insults. At Nürnberg he was advised to enter the city without any display of ecclesiastical pomp, and although the Emperor's brother Ferdinand received him with great courtesy at the castle, Fra Girolamo told Castiglione that the German princes and people were most evilly disposed towards the Church of Rome, and that he for one entertained little hopes of their salvation.¹

While Clement failed to uphold the Papal claims in Germany, he was still more unsuccessful in his efforts to restore European peace. The Archbishop of Capua's mission to the courts of France and Spain proved ineffectual.

'The conditions which the Most Christian King makes,' wrote Castiglione, 'are very different from those on which the Emperor insists, especially as regards Monsignore di Borbone, whom the Emperor is determined not to abandon. But the Archbishop thinks that if the war goes on there will be much misery in France, and says he never saw a more wretched-looking set of men than these French soldiers, without shoes or stockings, and as badly clad and equipped as possible. He tells me that neither the Chancellor of Spain nor any other of the Emperor's servants has as much influence with His Majesty as the Queen-mother has with the King of France. He is also of opinion that Cardinal Wolsey is not as absolutely master of the King of England as people say, but that the King attends to every detail himself, and manages affairs in his own way. He says the same of the Emperor, and declares that the most confidential of his servants does not know his whole mind. But I need hardly say how much he praises His Majesty's goodness and knowledge, his fear of God, and regard for the Pope.

¹ *Corrispondenza di Castiglione, Archivio Gonzaga.*

... The said Archbishop also told me that he found certain malicious persons at the Emperor's court who tried to slander V. E. by saying that you would not undertake this expedition in person because you were in secret correspondence with the French. The Archbishop himself spoke to the Emperor on this subject, and found Cæsar as well disposed towards you as possible. He also told me that our illustrious Sig. Ferrante was exceedingly beloved, not only by the Emperor, but by all the grandees at court, and said that His Highness was so discreet, amiable, and talented that there was not a man who did not adore him.¹

Meanwhile the plague was still pursuing its course, and the wet and stormy summer seemed to further its progress. The Pope remained shut up in the Belvedere, and the greatest precautions were observed, to prevent the spread of the contagion. Castiglione himself, as he told his mother, ran some risk of being a victim. One night early in May, his cook took a muleteer and another servant named Giovanni Bello, the brother of the faithful Giovanni Maria, to have a carouse at a tavern. Both the muleteer and Giovanni Bello caught the plague, and did not return home. Giovanni went to die in a poor woman's house, the muleteer was taken to the hospital, while Giovanni Maria was sent by his master to nurse his brother, and told not to return to the Count's house. Castiglione prudently informed his mother of this, and warned her, if Giovanni Maria came to Mantua, not to allow him to enter the house until all fear of infection was over. At the same time he begged her, as she loved him, not to worry herself about his health, since he was perfectly well.

A month later, the death of Cardinal Fiesco, one

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.', i. 123.

of the oldest members of the Sacred College, excited great alarm.

‘Last night,’ wrote Castiglione, ‘the Most Reverend Fiesco gave up his soul to God. It is supposed that he died of the plague, because he was quite well on Friday. His attack was certainly very acute, and the doctors treated him for the plague, and bled him; and the poor old man had so little strength left that many think his life ebbed away with the blood in his veins. . . . These Cardinals are all dying very fast. Some time ago the Bishop of Grassi said that during the night of Pope Clement’s election he dreamt that he saw all the Cardinals joining in a torchlight dance, and that the Cardinal de’ Grassi, who was his father, came forward with the torch in his hand, and presently handed it to Santa Croce, who gave it to Soderini; Soderini, dancing in the Florentine fashion, passed it on to Fiesco, and he in his turn gave it to Ancona. After Ancona it was Cornaro’s turn, and if these two, who are still left alive, follow the order of their predecessors, I shall certainly believe this was not a dream, but a vision. The death of this Cardinal has frightened every one, and as soon as I have arranged V. E.’s most important affairs I intend to avail myself of your permission to set out for Lombardy.’¹

The Pope now ordered a solemn three days’ fast, which was observed with the greatest devotion :

‘There is not a single man or woman, great or small, in the whole of Rome, who has not been to confession and communion. His Holiness has done the same, so that we hope the wrath of God Almighty may be appeased and the scourge of the plague removed.’

The same religious practices were duly observed at Mantua, and Donna Luigia wrote from Casatico

¹ Serassi, ‘Neg.’, i. 120.

that a friar had come over from the convent of S. Maria delle Grazie, and had heard the confessions of the whole household, even that of the little four-year-old Ippolita, who came running to tell her grandmother that she had told the good friar all her sins, and that he had not cut off her tongue!¹

But whether owing to these devotions or to the great heat which suddenly succeeded the long period of cool and rainy weather, the plague diminished rapidly towards the end of June, and Castiglione once more put off his departure. His presence at the Vatican, and the frequent conferences which he held with the Pope, were distinctly advantageous to Federico, whose interests he was able to advance in several important particulars. Two subjects especially are constantly mentioned in his correspondence this summer. One was a protracted dispute which had arisen between the Papal courts and the Counts of Sansecolo regarding certain lands and payments. Camilla Gonzaga, the daughter of the Marquis Federico's uncle Giovanni, and sister of the nun Suor Angelica, had lately married one of these Counts, and Castiglione gladly pleaded the cause of his wife's cousin with a courage and eloquence which enraged his opponents as much as it amused the Pope. However, in the end the Sansecoloni gained their cause, and were duly grateful to Castiglione for his help. The other case concerned the Count and his mother more nearly. Count Galeotto Terzo, a cousin of Madonna Luigia, was the hereditary lord of the castle and town of Torricella, which had recently been occupied by Papal troops, and had become the subject of a tedious lawsuit. While Castiglione was defending his kinsman's rights at the Vatican, Count Galeotto

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8311.

died, leaving an infant son, who followed him to the grave within the next ten days. In the absence of male heirs, the fief reverted to the Pope, but the Marquis and Madonna Luigia urgently pleaded the claims of Galeotto's two sisters, the last representatives of the Terzo family, who were left homeless and destitute. After a prolonged correspondence and many conferences, the Pope at length granted the investiture of Torricella to the Marquis himself, a solution of the question which apparently satisfied the dead Count's family.

Both the annexation of Torricella and the vindication of the Conti di Sansecondo's rights are mentioned by the chroniclers of the Castiglione family among the most important services which Count Baldassare rendered to the Marquis of Mantua during his embassy. At the same time he obtained a reduction of the salt duties payable to the holy see, as well as a Papal brief pronouncing that sentences of the Curia dealing with Mantuan affairs should be subject to revision by the doctors of that city.¹

Another subject which recurred in Castiglione's correspondence this summer as constantly as the lawsuits of the Sansecondi or Torricella, was Caradosso's medal. Some two years before, the Marquis, as already mentioned, had ordered his device to be wrought in gold by this famous artist, and in his letters from Mantua the Count never ceased to beg his friend Piperario to harry the dilatory old goldsmith. But months and years rolled by, and still the medal was not ready. Early in April, 1524, Federico wrote to Castiglione on the subject, desiring him to remind Caradosso that he had paid down half the sum due to him in advance, and see if there were any prospect of

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 10.

securing the medal. A week or two later the Count replied :

‘That cursed old rogue Caradosso has not yet finished his medal. I go to see him every day, and he works at Your Excellency’s device all the while, and says that he is anxious to make it as beautiful as possible, because it is the last that he will ever do in his life, and he is so old that this may really be the case. But I trust that the medal will soon be finished.’¹

Caradosso, however, was as slow over his work as Leonardo, and as hard-pressed by his patrons as Raphael. Later on, in July, we find the Count complaining that it was impossible to get anything out of the old man, and that, what with the plague and the bad times, it was difficult to see anyone or accomplish anything.²

Still, he found means to amuse the Pope and retain his favour. One July day, when the heat was intense and every one’s spirits flagged, a favourite buffoon of Federico’s named Ambrosio suddenly arrived in Rome. Without delay, Castiglione took him to the Vatican, where his pranks afforded the Pope and his whole household the greatest amusement—

‘all the more because His Holiness is shut up in the Belvedere with so few of his servants, and needs some diversion. So he insisted on keeping Ambrosio there, and although the rogue acknowledged this sign of favour, he was very unwilling to remain in captivity. When he first met M. Giacomo Salviati, he asked me if he were Pasquino, and then he took it into his head that M. Agostino Foglietta was the conclave. He

¹ Archivio Gonzaga ; Bertolotti, ‘Artisti,’ 92.

² Serassi, ‘Neg.,’ i. 125.

made so many jokes that it was a miracle to hear him, and when he returns to Mantua I think he will have many more to tell Your Excellency.'

Ambrosio proved a source of infinite amusement to the Pope during his enforced solitude in the Belvedere.

'His Holiness,' Castiglione wrote, 'shows him the greatest favour. He has given him a French robe of gold brocade and crimson velvet, with hose to match, a crimson velvet cap with a large feather, and shirts and handkerchiefs embroidered in gold, velvet slippers, and perfumed gloves. So that Ambrosio can talk of nothing but the envy which these gifts will excite among the other buffoons at Mantua. The Pope takes the greatest pleasure in his society, and has had the painter Messer Andrea dressed up as Pasquino, and the two have played all manner of tricks.'¹

But all the while Castiglione kept a watchful eye on political affairs and on the news from France and Spain. Charles V. was now determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, and early in July Bourbon crossed the Var, took possession of Grasse and Arles, and laid siege to Marseilles and Toulon, which were stoutly defended by the Italian captains, Renzo da Ceri and Federigo da Bozzolo.

'Here opinions differ,' wrote Castiglione, 'as to the probable success of our Cæsarean troops, and everything depends on the English King.'

In the same letter in which he described Ambrosio's antics he gave his lord a graphic account of the French King's conversation with the Papal envoy :

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.', i. 127.

‘The King tells him that he feels greatly obliged to His Holiness because, after being his greatest enemy as long as he was Cardinal, and being the cause of all the evils which he endured in Italy, now that he has become Pope he behaves properly, and shows him no enmity, although His Majesty opposed his elevation to the Papal chair with all his power. He also charged the envoy to tell His Holiness that he did not care a straw for this Imperial army which was about to invade France, and swore that before the month of July was over he would descend upon Italy at the head of 80,000 infantry and 2,000 lances. This he bade the envoy tell the Pope from him, adding that if his words did not come true His Holiness might count him the greatest liar in the world, and unworthy to be King.’

In a cipher postscript the Count adds :

‘According to what I have heard on good authority, Signor Renzo told Monsig. di St. Pol some time ago that, if the Pope showed himself the enemy of the Most Christian King, he would soon settle him with a shot from his gun. Monsig. St. Pol replied that he hoped the Pope would keep friends with the King, but that even if this were not the case, His Majesty would never consent to authorize such a crime, but would certainly punish it. Some one who overheard the conversation repeated it to the Pope, who told Monsig. di Vendôme that he was much obliged to St. Pol for his goodwill. When the thing came to the King’s ears, he ordered Signor Renzo to make an apology to His Holiness ; but this will not be accepted, as, however much he may deny that he used the words, the person who repeated them to the Pope maintains that he heard them.’¹

Another distinguished captain who came to Rome that summer and paid assiduous court to Castiglione

¹ Serassi, ‘Neg.’ i. 189.

was Caterina Sforza's son, young Giovanni de' Medici, the famous leader of the black bands. On this occasion he made great professions of friendship for the Marquis, with whom he had quarrelled during the last campaign. But, in spite of fair words, he remained Federico's secret enemy, and in July two Stradiots who had served under him were arrested at Mantua and accused of designs on the Marquis's life. Upon this Giovanni broke into a furious rage, and Castiglione vainly endeavoured to act as mediator between the offended princes. Federico, on his part, had just grounds for complaint against Medici's lawless soldiery, who had seized the Marchese Spinetta Malaspina and his daughter-in-law, and refused to release them, in spite of a strong protest from the Pope, who told Castiglione he was much displeased at the brutal violence of his kinsman's bands.

In the midst of these arduous and varied duties the Count suddenly received an offer which was to change the whole tenor of his life. Clement VII., as we have seen, had been brought into close and frequent relations with Castiglione since his accession, and had formed a high opinion of his character and capacity. He now determined to employ the Count on a mission to the court of Spain. Already in May the Pope had consulted the Emperor on the subject through his ambassador, the Duke of Sessa, and had found that the Count would be highly acceptable to His Imperial Majesty.¹ Two months later his mind was finally made up, and on July 19 he sent for Castiglione and formally offered him the post. The Count was evidently highly gratified by the way in which the proposal was made, and lost no time in

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 644.

asking his lord's leave to accept the office of Papal nuncio to Spain.

The next day he addressed the following letter to Federico :

‘I had been kept in the house two days by a slight stomach complaint, the result of the great heat and of the abundance of good melons which I have lately enjoyed, when last night I received a summons from His Holiness, who, with many all too kind and honourable expressions, told me of the love which he had long borne me, and of the confidence which he placed in me. After expatiating on this theme for some time, he said that he wished to give me a proof of the trust which he reposed in me. Finding it necessary to send a gentleman of quality to the court of Cæsar, in order to treat of affairs pertaining not only to the Apostolic See, but to Italy and the whole Church, he had, after careful consideration, decided that no one could serve him better than myself, and begged me to accept this office, which was the most important that he had to give. I kissed the feet of His Holiness, and thanked him for placing such confidence in me as to think I could serve him in so important a task, and for choosing me among so many of his servants, who are far more capable than I am. And I said that this of itself, not to speak of my old devotion to His Beatitude and the house of Medici, would compel me to enter his service and place my life at his orders, but that I could not dispose of myself in this or any other way without the leave of V. E., whose subject and servant I must always remain. The Pope replied that he had thought of all this, and that the fact of employing one of your servants on so important a mission would of itself do V. E. great honour, and prove to the whole world how closely you are allied with him, adding that in the present state of affairs you ought to be gratified to feel that one of your servants should

be so near Cæsar, and able to use His Beatitude's authority for the benefit of Your Illustrious Highness. After a long conversation, we came to the conclusion that His Holiness should write to V. E., and that there was no doubt you would conform to his wishes in all ways. I thought I would anticipate his letter, so that V. E. should know how the matter stands, before receiving any letters or briefs from His Holiness. To me the idea is altogether new, and I never should have dreamt of such a thing. I was aware that many favourites of His Holiness's chief ministers were scheming to obtain this post, and I, on my part, am rather anxious for repose than for fresh labours. Still, I would not refuse this offer, seeing the Pope's firm resolve, and considering the advantage which this may be to V. E.'s service.

'When I receive your answer, my mind will be made up. His Holiness would like me to start very soon. We hear that Mons. della Rocchia was at Asti on the 16th, and as soon as he arrives in Rome, I must set out at once, and will come straight to Mantua to kiss your hands and receive your commands. Meanwhile I will do my utmost to arrange the affairs of the Counts of Sansecondo and whatever else may require attention.

*'From Rome, July 20, 1524.'*¹

At the same time Clement addressed a formal letter to the Marquis, begging to be allowed to send his good servant the Magnifico Baldassare Castiglione on an important mission to His Cæsarean Majesty. It was impossible for Federico to refuse such a request, and he realized to the full the advantages which he was likely to derive from the Count's presence at the imperial court. Accordingly, he wrote immediately from the baths of Caldero, where he had gone to recruit health, and graciously gave

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.', i. 133.

the Count the permission which he craved to undertake the office of Papal nuncio to Spain.¹ Castiglione's fate was now decided, and he applied himself with fresh zeal to political business, so that he might leave his lord's affairs in good order at his departure. Notwithstanding all his love for Rome and his friends in the Eternal City, the prospect of fresh scenes still possessed a strong attraction for him, and the call to a distant land stirred the old spirit of adventure that had long lain dormant in his breast.

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 32.

CHAPTER XLII

1524

Madonna Luigia's anxieties—Quarrels with her neighbours—The child Livia—Castiglione's last weeks in Rome—Commissions for the Marquis—Giulio Romano—Retreat of Bourbon from Provence—Castiglione leaves Rome—Correspondence with Canossa.

WHILE Castiglione was doing his master's business, and daily growing in favour with the Pope, Madonna Luigia deplored his absence from home, and poured out her griefs in frequent letters from the solitude of Casatico. Advancing years and failing strength were beginning to tell upon the brave old lady, but every line of her letters breathes the same caution and foresight, the same watchful care for her son's interests. There is, as usual, a great deal about her troubles with servants and tenants, and the difficulty of raising money to pay the Count's debts and supply him with necessary funds. There is a great deal, too, about the children's health and lessons, coupled with the refrain which comes in as regularly as a Greek chorus: 'Would to God you were at home!'

'We are all well here in the country,' she wrote in July; 'but to-day I have bad news from town. The husband of our Isabella, M. Francesco, has been very ill for the last week with fever, so that there is little hope of his recovery. If this goes on, I shall have to go to Mantua, which will be very inconvenient,

because I must take the children with me, since I cannot divide my household. The other day, when I went there to bring poor Count Galeotto's little son, I left Gio. Martino in charge, and when I returned I found all the servants in the greatest indignation. He had given kicks and bad words to men and women alike, and turned everything upside down, so that I cannot run the risk of such a disturbance again. But perhaps our Lord God will turn the heart of this good youth. Pantaleone has been advised by the doctor to take baths, so he will be leaving us, and the son of Maestro Antonio has had to go to Mantua, as I wrote before, on account of his father's illness. This is rather unsettling for Camillo, but he reads over what he has learnt every day, and I keep an eye on him. Anna goes on saying the office daily and reading Donatus. With Ippolita one can do little, unless she chooses to learn. I am careful to look after the plantations and fruit-trees, and hope you will be much pleased with these, especially with the shrubs, which are doing very well. Several of the fruit-trees have suffered from the drought, but I will have them replanted before the winter, and hope they will recover. I am glad to hear that you have good melons and peaches, which is more than we can say. Here at Casatico the melons are very poor and the peaches not yet ripe, which may be just as well for the children's health.¹

A few weeks later Camillo fell ill with a fever and rash, and the anxious grandmother was filled with alarm, and thought of taking the child to Mantua for advice. Eventually, however, she sent to town for a young doctor, who prescribed simple remedies, and ordered the child to be rubbed with oil, and in course of time both fever and rash disappeared.

The affairs of the unfortunate Ippolita Terzo were

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

another cause of constant anxiety. **Madonna Luigia** showed this poor lady every kindness in her sorrow at her son and grandson's death, and went to Mantua herself to attend the funeral of the poor little heir, who only survived his father nine days. But when it came to helping Ippolita with money, and repaying a loan which her family had advanced to Count Baldassare, **Madonna Luigia** stoutly declared that this was impossible, and told her son that he must provide the funds. In proof of this statement, she drew up a formidable list of her liabilities at Mantua and Casatico, ending with the usual cry: 'Would to God you were at home, and then things would go far better with us all!'

Again, on July 23, she wrote :

'**Francesco Piperario** begs to be paid every day, and with good reason ; but I know not how to satisfy him. I have sold several loads of corn, but the price falls every day, and the expense of waggons and horses is serious. I have had a good deal of trouble with our labourers about carting this grain. I had agreed to pay half the expense of the journey to Desenzano, which would not be farther than Mantua. But they would not hear of this, saying that they would have to buy food and spend the night away from home, which would cost more than going to Mantua, and declaring that the stones on the road break their carts, together with many other complaints. So that for this and many other reasons I earnestly wish you were at home. But I know how vain it is for me to beg you to return.'¹

The most serious incident which happened at Casatico that summer was a quarrel between **Luigia's** servants and those of her neighbour, **Federico**

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, fol. 218-220.

Gonzaga da Bozzolo, which at one time threatened to assume serious proportions. In the twelfth century a reservoir, known as La Cavata, had been constructed by the citizens of Cremona to prevent the waters of the river Oglio, and other streams that descend from the mountains on the Lake of Garda, from inundating the low-lying lands between Cremona and Mantua. The waters of this reservoir were of the greatest value for purposes of irrigation to the inhabitants of the district, and the vineyards and orchards of Casatico owed their fertility chiefly to this cause. The gates of the dyke at the entrance of La Cavata were jealously guarded by Madonna Luigia's servants, but the men of S. Salvatore, a village farther down the Oglio, belonging to Federico of Bozzolo, opened these gates whenever they saw an opportunity, and allowed the waters to flow down over their meadows.¹ In July, while the family at Casatico was devoutly engaged in observing the penitential exercises prescribed by the Pope on account of the plague, they were surprised by an unexpected visit from the Count's brother-in-law, Marc Antonio Torelli. True to her traditions of hospitality, Madonna Luigia gave the young man a cordial welcome, and did her best to provide him with amusement in the way of hunting and fishing.

‘Your brother-in-law remained here five days,’ she wrote to her son on July 13, ‘and is going to Mantua to-day. He has been out hunting, and I have done what little I could to give him pleasure. By good luck, while he was here, the men of S. Salvatore came one night to open the reservoir, as they are so fond of doing. I had lately caused a strong dyke to

¹ D. Bergamaski, ‘Storia di Gazzuolo,’ p. 14.

be made, with a heavy wooden bar across the gates, so that they could not be opened easily. Hearing that these men were prowling about, I sent out all our servants, together with those of the Count, who caught them in the act and gave them a good beating. Among them was that insolent factor of Signor Federico's, who went home furious, and threatened to complain to the Lord Marquis. I at once sent a messenger with a letter to Cristoforo at Mantua, begging him to see the Sindaco, which he did without delay. The Sindaco tells him that we did quite right, and that if the fellow likes to complain to the Marquis I had better let him do so. I seem to be always fighting over these waters, and as soon as I have gained one battle another begins, so that I am never left in peace. As it is, our mill can hardly grind at all, and we are obliged to use some of the water for our meadows, especially in the Brolo, where the young fruit-trees are planted, and this leaves hardly stream enough to turn the wheel.'¹

Unluckily, the matter did not end here. In the absence of Signor Federico, who was fighting for the French King, the factor complained to his wife, Signora Giovanna Orsini, who, furious at this insult, appealed without delay to the Marquis for redress. The case was referred to the Sindaco of Mantua. Fortunately, this officer was friendly to Castiglione, and, after examining the witnesses produced by Madonna Luigia, bade her leave the matter to him. Not content with this, however, Giovanna Orsini wrote angrily to Luigia, who replied as civilly as she could, expressing her regret at the occurrence, and throwing the blame on the servants.

'None the less,' she wrote to Baldassare, 'I have given orders that La Cavata is to be carefully closed

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, fol. 221-227.

and guarded, and have taken every possible precaution to preserve our water-supply, which is scanty enough as it is.'

The Sindaco was all on her side, but the lawsuit dragged on many months, and Madonna Luigia was required to produce old agreements with Federico's father, Gianfrancesco Gonzaga, and lay them before the court.

'I hope the affair may go well for us,' she wrote to her son on July 28, 'and will not cease to do my utmost; but, none the less, I wish very much that you would come home and see to all these things.'¹

When Madonna Luigia wrote these words her son's return was nearer than she dreamt. On August 4 the Count informed her of his new prospects, evidently in some trepidation as to how the news would be received:

'I write in some anxiety, lest you may be displeased by what I have to tell you, although I do not think you can have any real cause of vexation. So I beg you to consider this well, and believe that our Lord God has brought this about for my advantage, and this for many reasons which I hope to explain when we are together. I hope this may be very soon. His Holiness has thought well to send me to Spain to the Emperor's court, to treat of universal peace between Christian nations. I would not accept his offer until I had consulted our Lord Marquis. Now His Excellency has written to the Pope, saying that he is well pleased that I should serve him. So I have accepted the office in the hope of gaining merit in the eyes of God, as well as praise and honour from men, and perhaps may be of real use.

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

I pray you to share my satisfaction, and to be of good cheer, because I trust this may bring me repose of mind. I do not suppose I shall leave here before the end of August, but will say no more to-day, only commend myself to you and all our family.’¹

Madonna Luigia took the news more quietly than might have been expected. She was gratified at the honour done to her son, and proud that he should be chosen by the Holy Father for so important a task.

‘I know the mission is most honourable,’ she wrote on August 10, ‘and believe it to be a useful one, but cannot pretend to say that it is not a blow to me at my advanced age. However, I will try not to grieve myself or to make you grieve, but will do my best to be of good courage, as I have done before, and pray God to give you a good journey. There are, indeed, several things here which I hope you will settle before you start for Spain, as I will explain when, by God’s will, we are together, and can talk them over.’²

One of these matters was the future of the mysterious child Livia, who had been placed in her charge before Castiglione left Mantua, and whose presence was evidently a source of great annoyance to his mother.

‘One thing only I will write about to-day, because I think that you might do something to arrange the matter at once. It relates to that child Livia, whom I beg and implore you most earnestly not to leave on my hands. I do not wish you to turn her out of the house on the spot; but at least let me feel that this burden may be lifted off my shoulders within two or three months after your departure. If you knew the trouble and vexation which I suffer on her account,

¹ Serassi, i. 86.

² Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

you would not, I think, allow this state of things to continue. Every day she behaves worse, and never leaves these poor children alone, and if she was not carefully watched would really hurt one of them. There are many other reasons which move me to say this, on which I will not dwell now. But the chief and most important thing I have to say is that I will not have her any longer in my house. I have done a great deal for love of you, which I would not have done for anyone else, and must beg you now to make some other arrangement for her. It seems to me that Madonna Margherita Cantelma would be the best person to take charge of her, next to Madama¹ and her father,² because she knows the whole story.'

Later on Luigia returns to the charge, assuring her son of her absolute discretion in the matter, and promising not to breathe a word without his leave to Madonna Margherita or anyone else.

'I only mentioned her,' she adds, 'because she has spoken to me several times about the child, and has told me that Livia's mother [Isabella Boschetti] had repeatedly started for Mantua to see her child, but that her husband had made her turn back each time halfway. She also said that the lover had promised to take his mistress to see the child, and bring her here himself some day, and a great deal more in the same strain. And since I know that she is so friendly with you, I thought that you might very well propose this to Madama and the father. He ought to approve of it, as this plan would enable him by degrees to bring her to his own house, where Madama might arrange a suitable marriage for her in due time. This is my idea. You must settle whatever seems best to you, as long as you relieve me of the responsibility, which is a great and serious anxiety.'³

¹ Isabella d' Este.

² Federico Gonzaga.

³ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

After this we hear no more of Livia, and conclude that before the Count left home the child was placed with Margherita Cantelma, or in some other suitable home.

Meanwhile, Castiglione was busy winding up affairs in Rome and trying to leave his master's business in good order. On the last day of July he succeeded in obtaining 1,000 ducats from the Papal treasury, and handed the money to Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa of Pescara, in payment of a debt which Federico owed to her lord. The Marquis of Mantua had, it appears, made himself responsible for the ransom of Teodoro Trivulzio, a captain in the Venetian army, who had been taken prisoner by Pescara at Milan in 1521, and during the last year Vittoria had applied repeatedly to Mario Equicola and to Federico himself for the money.¹ The Marchesa was spending the summer at her brother Ascanio's castle of Marino, and was, as we learn from other sources, in constant communication with Castiglione. Her husband's cousin, young Alfonso d' Avalos, afterwards well known as the Marchese del Vasto, was also in Rome during this summer, and is often mentioned in the Count's letters. Castiglione now sent the Marchesa's receipt for this sum to Mantua by l'Abbatino Lodovico Gonzaga, together with a brief committing the Papal banners to Federico's charge.

'I have written three times to Giovanni Borromeo about these Papal standards,' remarked the Count, 'but have had no answer, and do not know if he has yet sent them. At least, I hold the brief in my hands, and will send it by the Abbatino, who will, I rejoice to think, be able to bear me witness that the slowness with which most things are accomplished

¹ Ferrerio, 'Carteggio di V. Colonna,' Lettera i.

at this court does not always proceed from your ambassador's negligence.'¹

The Abbatino also took charge of a fine crossbow which the Portuguese envoy was sending to the Marquis, as well as of the embroidered trappings for Federico's Arab horse, which had been ordered months before, but which the Maestro, who was in Castiglione's opinion as great a liar as Caradosso himself, had never yet finished. A set of Spanish hangings, embroidered with intricate devices, which the Marquis had ordered for the decoration of a hall in his new palace at Marmirolo, were at length completed by the end of August, and sent to Mantua, in order that they might be hung up before the summer was quite over.

Two artists are frequently mentioned in Castiglione's letters this summer. One was a Spanish goldsmith named Guildam, who had left Mantua owing to a quarrel with the court officials, but whose rare talent had made him indispensable to Federico. After much bargaining, Guildam consented to return on payment of a salary of 800 ducats and all expenses, and as a proof of his skill gave the Count an exquisitely worked gold cross, which he had been unable to finish before he left Mantua. The other was Raphael's distinguished scholar, Giulio Romano. Castiglione, as we have seen, had long been endeavouring to bring this master, whose services Federico was exceedingly anxious to secure, to Mantua. On August 29 the Marquis wrote :

'The Abbatino tells us that Messer Giulio, the painter, wishes to come here, and we have the greatest possible anxiety to make use of his noble genius

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.', l. 137.

in the art of painting. So we beg you to employ all your influence to bring him with you to Mantua, and our works at Marmirolo shall wait until we have the advantage of his advice. So let him come without fail, in order that our buildings may not remain too long unfinished.¹

On September 5 the Count replied :

‘I will not fail to do my utmost with Giulio the painter, and hope in any case to bring him back with me to Mantua, because he himself has the greatest wish to accompany me, and is only waiting to be paid for the new hall which he has painted for the Pope, and which is most beautiful.’²

Castiglione’s thoughts were turning homewards, and on the very day that he accepted the Pope’s offer, he wrote a gay letter to the Marchesana, saying that he hoped soon to kiss her gracious hands, and come and dine in her delicious loggia on the lake at Porto, a spot far dearer to him than all the grandeurs of imperial Rome. Isabella in return sent him her warmest congratulations, and told him how eagerly his presence was awaited in the loggia which he praised in such fine phrases.

‘I long more than ever to enjoy your Illustrious Highness’s loggia,’ he wrote one hot August evening, ‘and grieve to think how seldom I shall be there now. When I am in Spain I shall long to be back there with you, but shall console myself by doing Don Ferrante good service, until God allows me to return home and find the repose that is sorely needed at my time of life.’³

¹ Gaye, ‘Carteggio,’ ii. 156.

² Serassi, i. 138.

³ Luzio e Renier, ‘Mantova e Urbino,’ 556.

After this, the chief political incident which the Count had to record was the arrival of the Emperor's long-expected envoy, Monsignore della Rocchia, or, more correctly speaking, Gerard de la Plaine, Sieur de Magny et de la Roche, who was sent to Rome by Charles V. to discuss terms of peace, and, if possible, obtain money from the Pope.

'I visited Monsignore della Rocchia in V. E.'s name,' wrote Castiglione on August 20, 'and assured him of your devotion to Cæsar. His lordship was very cordial, and told me that the Emperor loved and trusted V. E. more than any other Italian prince. He also spoke very warmly of Don Ferrante, telling me how much he is beloved by the Emperor and all the grandees of Spain. The said Mons. della Rocchia has paid the Pope two visits, and seems to me a discreet and modest gentleman. The Archbishop of Capua is about to start with the post, on the journey which I hope to take in ease and comfort, and I think that he and I will both set off very soon.'¹

But these expectations were disappointed. In the first place, Alberto Pio's demands were so extravagant that hopes of peace seemed vain, although Sessa wrote that the Emperor's want of money made a truce absolutely necessary. Then De la Roche himself fell ill of fever, and died on August 31, before he had been a fortnight in Rome. This untimely event interrupted the progress of negotiations, and Francis I., encouraged by the failure of Bourbon's attempts to take Marseilles, obstinately rejected all proposals of peace.

'Mons. della Rocchia came in an evil moment to Rome,' wrote the Count on September 5, 'for, as I

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.', i. 138.

told you before, his illness proved very serious, and within a week has ended his life, to the regret of every one here, because he was so excellent a man, and because, too, his death is a grave obstacle to peace negotiations. . . . The Imperialists here rejoice at the conclusion of the Emperor's marriage with the Princess of Portugal, which will bring money to his coffers, if only in the shape of a wedding gift from the people of Spain to the new Queen. On the other hand, the French boast that the King has a mighty army, and wagers are being already laid in Rome that before six months are over Milan will belong to France.¹

Castiglione's old friend the Bishop of Bayeux, who was taking a few weeks' holiday in the country, wrote two letters to the Count during August on the prospects of peace, which, in his opinion, was as far off as ever. His own sympathies were altogether with the French King; but no difference of opinion could sever the bonds which knit the two friends together. As M. Baldassare wrote, it was always a pleasure to receive the Bishop's charming letters, which the Datary pronounced to be as good reading as any novel.

'The greater your occupations,' wrote Canossa on August 7, 'the more I value your letters—most of all because they are a proof of your love for me, of which I cannot, indeed, doubt, but of which I can never be assured too often. I thank you, both for taking the trouble to write and for the hopes that you still entertain of this future truce, which I personally desire extremely both for the public good and for the Pope's honour. But, to tell you the truth, I am very doubtful about it, and fear that matters have already gone too far.'

¹ Serassi, 'Neg.,' i. 141.

The writer then proceeds to set forth his reasons at length, declaring that His Most Christian Majesty will not suffer the traitor Bourbon's name to be mentioned in any treaty with the Emperor, and that he will never consent to surrender his claims on Milan. As for Bourbon's Provence expedition, that, in his opinion, is a fatal mistake, which will be clearly shown when the King descends on Italy, as he presently will, with a great army. 'But events,' he adds, 'will soon prove the truth of my words, and I will say no more, feeling that even to you, my Lord Count, I may have already said too much.'

Castiglione replied in a long and eloquent letter refuting these arguments, declaring that Cæsar could not abandon Bourbon without infamy, and hinting that the French invasion, although it would doubtless bring ruin and misery to poor Lombardy, might not prove as successful as the Bishop anticipated. As for the folly of Bourbon's expedition, the Count remarked that he did not see why Italians and Spaniards need suffer more from the cold of September in Provence, which was a temperate region, than French and Swiss suffered from November frost and snow in Lombardy.

'Your lordship,' he concludes, 'evidently intended to stir me up to write more than in my usual brief fashion. I have, as you see, accepted the challenge, and if I had more paper I would write more, not to contradict your statements, but to obey your commands. Mons. Datario, who has read V. S.'s letter, but not this reply, commends himself warmly.

'ROME, August 18, 1524.'

'My departure will certainly take place early next month.'

Once more Canossa returned to the attack, and in eloquent periods pointed out the fallacy of Castiglione's reasoning, maintaining that no man was more hated in France than Bourbon, and no man more beloved than the King. The real cause of the war, he justly remarked, lay in the natural enmity and vainglory of these two young monarchs, each of whom wished to become more powerful than the other.

'I confess,' he adds, 'that V. S. is right in saying that the more certain is the prospect of victory, the less inclined are the contending parties to lay down their arms; but in this case who can tell which of the two is likely to be victorious? To my mind, it will be France; and the result will, I think, show you that I am right. I have been a bold man to trouble you with so long a letter at so busy a time, but I hope you will keep it to read at leisure on your journey in one of the hostleries of Spain.

*'From GREZZANO, August 31, 1524.'*¹

Canossa's confidence in the French King's cause was widely shared in Rome. Another of Castiglione's intimate friends, the Venetian scholar Gian Francesco Valerio, wrote a confidential letter from Rome to the learned doctor Querini in the same strain:

'I, for one, expect nothing from either the King or Emperor. Two insuperable difficulties lie in the way of peace: one is Milan, the other Bourbon. My own belief is that Marseilles will not surrender, and that the King will invade Lombardy. And if it is true that the nearer we are to victory the less inclined we are to abandon a cause, I believe that in this case the King is nearer to victory than Cæsar; and if I did not fear that Fortune which renders these

¹ Serassi, ii. 161-166.

Spaniards so proud, I should be certain of it. No more now, my Querini! For once I have lifted the mask from your eyes and mine. And it will be a truly supernatural miracle if things do not turn out as I expect.'¹

Rome was full of wild rumours, and every one spoke as he wished. On September 17 the Duke of Sessa left Rome suddenly for his castle in Calabria, owing to the sudden illness of his wife, who gave birth prematurely to a child, and died a few hours afterwards.

'She was a very noble lady,' wrote Castiglione, 'and a worthy daughter of her great father.'² The Duke is inconsolable at his loss, and his family feared at first that he would die too.'

The ambassador recovered eventually, but it was many weeks before he could attend to business. He wrote to the Emperor on November 1, saying that he was the most miserable man in the world, and begging to be relieved of his duties. Much had happened in the interval. As Canossa and Valerio prophesied, Bourbon's invasion of Provence ended in a disastrous retreat, and by the end of September Francis I. crossed the Alps.

Meanwhile, Castiglione was still wrangling with Cardinal Armellino over Federico's salary, but was determined not to leave Rome until the money was in his hands. It was not, however, till October 1 that he was able to send the Marquis an order on a bank at Bologna for 8,000 ducats, and to tell his lord that he was bringing the remainder of the sum to Mantua himself.

¹ Sanuto, xxxvi. 632.

² Gonsalvo di Cordova.

Throughout these weary weeks, Madonna Luigia was impatiently expecting her son. She complained that he never wrote, and supposed he was trying to prepare her for his distant journey to Spain. Things were not cheerful at Casatico. Money was scarcer than ever. The harvest had not been a plentiful one, yet corn was all too cheap in Mantua, and it was impossible to send any more grain to Desenzano, owing to a report that the plague had broken out there. Under the circumstances, she could only do her best to pay Ippolita Terzo, as her son desired, and satisfy the most pressing claims.

‘I must say,’ she wrote at the end of August, ‘that I had hoped the Pope would give you a large salary for this journey to Spain, and that you would not have to spend much of your own money, but only your time and labour. However, I will do all that is possible to satisfy your needs, and, if I can do no more, at least I will pay the interest of the money you borrow. I know that you have already pawned our silver and bronze dishes, so that little of value is left us, but, as I said, I will do my best.’¹

Then, with an effort to comply with his entreaty, and look on the brighter side, she tells the Count how eager his kinsmen and friends are to accompany him to Spain.

‘Ercole Cusatro was here the other day to see Camillo, fearing that he might be worse, and begged me to ask you to take him with you on this journey. It would indeed be a great relief to me if you could take him, as I should feel more tranquil if I knew that one of your own family were with you. In any case, I suppose you will take Lodovico;² and, from

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

² Lodovico Strozzi, the Count's nephew, who had been some time in Rome with him.

what Messer Tommaso, who is here to-day, tells me, it appears that he looks forward to this greatly. . . . As to the others, you must do what you think best. But I should be glad to think that some of our friends were with you, in case any accidents might befall you, in which case it would be bad to be left alone with servants. I hope you will let me know when you leave Rome, that I may have time to send to Mantua and get provisions in before your arrival, although it is true that I send in for something or other every day. Still, I should be glad to know when I may expect you for certain. As to our water-supply, I will only say that it is coming down only too fast, owing to the heavy rains, and the mill is working at a furious speed. May God keep you from harm! As for Mantuan news, your *compatrie*, M. Gio. Giacomo, will give you the latest report of the health of the city, which he can tell better than I.'

On September 6 she wrote in a more cheerful strain :

'A day or two ago I received your letter of August 27. To-day another of the 80th reaches me. I did not answer the first, expecting it would not arrive till after you had started; but, as you say that you are still uncertain of the precise day of your departure, I thought I would write a few lines just to tell you we are all well, thank God, and very glad to hear the same of you and all your household. I am still in the country, because there is a good deal to be done here; but as soon as I hear you have started I will go to Mantua. . . . Here we have very heavy rains, and our mill has an abundance of water. I will write no more now, but keep all I have to say until we meet, which, please God, will be very soon. Both I and your children expect you impatiently, but with mingled feelings, joyous and at the same time fearful at the thought of your journey to Spain

as the Pope's nuncio. . . . Camillo and the little girls greet you, and await your coming with great delight, and Ippolita says every day: "I do wish these Popes and lords would not send him away so often, and never allow him to stay at home with us!" May God keep you from harm and give you a good journey!

'Your mother,

'LUIGIA CASTIGLIONA.'¹

Ten days later the Count found time to answer his mother's anxious inquiries:

'I write hurriedly to say that I hope every day to leave Rome; but still find myself here, although I really think I shall start in five or six days. In reply to yours of the 6th, I promise to let you know when to expect me, and to give you plenty of time for making the necessary preparations. Keep well meanwhile, and I will try and do the same. If you are told the Pope had given me a salary of 150 ducats, do not believe it, because it is a false report, which has spread all over Rome. It is true that the office of Papal Collector in Spain, which has been given me, is useful and honourable, and carries with it important powers, but as yet there has been no talk of a salary. Our Lord God must do what He wills with me.'²

On October 1 he sent his mother a last note, announcing the day of his departure, which was at length fixed:

'The day after to-morrow I leave Rome, please God, and hope to come to Mantua by way of Loreto, where I have a vow to perform. V. M. might order rooms to be prepared, and more especially stables, and I think it will be necessary to make use of M. Tommaso's stables, and perhaps of those belong-

¹ Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211.

² Serassi, i. 86.

ing to our other neighbours, because I expect to bring twenty-eight or thirty horses with me. Please order straw and a little corn for the horses. You shall hear from me three days before my arrival, and I will let you know the exact date. Meanwhile I commend myself to you and all of ours with all my heart.

*' In Rome, October 1, 1524.'*¹

On the evening of the 4th he sent the Marquis the last letter that he was ever to write from Rome :

*' I wrote to V. E. on the 1st. To-day I have only to say that I start to-morrow, please God, and take the road to Loreto. I have spoken to His Holiness at length on the prospects of your coming here. He will, I am sure, treat you with great honour and see you with the greatest pleasure, and I have prepared the way for your coming as far as possible. I hope your visit will be very successful and you will be satisfied as to the future of Don Ercole and, if you do not obtain your request at once, will at least receive so positive an assurance that there can be no room for doubt. I wish I could have been here during your visit, but in any case this matters little, knowing the love which the Pope bears you. I will tell V. E. more by word of mouth, and kiss your hands meanwhile.'*²

Three days later Castiglione left Rome, the city where many of his best years had been spent, and which he was never to see again. He received the Pope's last orders, and bade farewell to Sadoletto and a few other old friends. Then, taking with him the painter Messer Giulio, to adorn the palace of Mantua, he left for Loreto, where he stayed on his way home, to pay his vows to Our Lady and ask her blessing on his journey to Spain.

¹ Serassi, i. 87.

² *Ibid.*, 'Neg.', i. 145.

CHAPTER XLIII

1524—1525

Invasion of Lombardy and capture of Milan by Francis I.—Siege of Pavia—The Pope concludes a secret treaty with France—Castiglione leaves Mantua—His interviews with the Duke of Milan, the Viceroy, La Trémouille, and Francis I.—His journey to Lyons and arrival at Madrid—Battle of Pavia and capture of the French King.

BEFORE Castiglione returned to Mantua, the Marquis Federico had, as we have seen, announced his intention of coming to Rome in person. A fortnight later he actually started to pay his respects to the Pope. But when he reached Bologna he heard that Francis I. had entered Milan, and hurried back to Mantua to watch the progress of the campaign. On October 28 the French King proceeded to attack Pavia, and being repulsed by the Spanish captain, Antonio de Leyva, and his strong garrison, decided to blockade the city. The Viceroy Lannoy, paralyzed by want of money and provisions, lay near Cremona, awaiting the reinforcements which Frundsberg and Bourbon were to bring from Germany. Both parties now turned to the Pope, who for the moment seemed to hold the balance in his hands. While Sessa pressed him to declare himself openly in favour of the Emperor, Canossa arrived in Rome early in November, and exerted all his eloquence to induce His

Holiness to come to terms with Francis. Clement temporized after his wont. He assured both monarchs of his affection, and was liberal in promises, but did nothing. Neither party was deceived, and both were equally indignant with him. 'The Pope,' wrote Sessa on November 30, 'is at the disposal of the conqueror.' 'We have a most kind and excellent Pope!' wrote Canossa to the Queen-mother of France. 'If Pavia surrenders, he will be on our side.'¹

As the hopes of the Imperialists waned, Clement inclined visibly towards France. The Datary Giberti was sent to negotiate with the King, who promised His Holiness Parma and Piacenza, and asked permission for the Duke of Albany to march through the Papal States on the way to Naples. After prolonged negotiations, the Pope signed a secret treaty with France and Venice, and on December 12 agreed to all the King's demands. But he still dissimulated with the Emperor, and assured the Duke of Sessa that his only wish was to restore peace.²

Such was the state of affairs when Castiglione took leave of his mother and children, and set out on his journey to Spain. His instructions were to wait on the Viceroy and the King of France in turn, and assure both of His Holiness's goodwill, and at the same time report accurately on the respective strength of the two armies and their probable chances of victory. He received a safe-conduct from Francis, through the Datary, whom he met at Parma early in December, and from whom he learnt that the Pope was in communication with the King. This excited his suspicions, and, as he remarked to Cardinal Salviati,

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 681; 'Lettere di Principi,' ii. 64.

² Bergenroth, ii., 684.

the Papal Legate in Lombardy, made him feel very doubtful as to the Pope's intentions.

On December 17 he left Mantua and travelled by way of Brescia, to avoid bad roads and visit the Viceroy at Soncino. At Brescia he found the Duke of Urbino, now Captain-General of the Venetian forces, who had retired into winter-quarters by command of the Signory, and was told that a treaty had been made between the Pope and Venice, and that both parties were on friendly terms with France.¹ The next day he went on to Cremona, and, finding that the Viceroy had crossed the Po to Monticelli, delivered his credentials to the Duke of Milan, and assured His Excellency of the Pope's resolute intention to stand by him.

Beatrice d' Este's son made a very favourable impression on his father's old courtier, who was charmed by the young man's modesty and good sense. But he did not find it altogether easy to answer Francesco Sforza when he expressed his surprise that the Pope, who as long as he was a Cardinal had exerted himself warmly on his behalf, should do so little to help him now, and should no longer appear to realize the imminent danger to which he was exposed by the French invasion. All that Castiglione could say in defence of the Pope's action, was that His Holiness was compelled to observe a strict neutrality, and to submit to much of which he could not approve in the Most Christian King's actions. The Duke ended by begging the Count to commend him dutifully both to Cæsar and to the Pope, and once more expressed his confident belief that, if only His Beatitude would declare himself openly on his side, the present difficulties would be removed.

¹ Sanuto, xxxvii. 335.

On the 20th, Castiglione presented himself to the Viceroy, accompanied by the Duke of Milan's chief secretary, Girolamo Morone, by Bernardino della Barba, the Papal envoy, and by the Abbot of Najera, that able Spanish priest who accompanied the imperial generals throughout the campaign, and sent daily reports to the Emperor. The usual compliments were repeated on both sides, but in the course of the interview Lannoy took care to impress upon the Count that as soon as the German reinforcements had arrived, his army would be much stronger than that of the French, and would number at least 10,000 infantry, all keen and ready for battle. Morone, on his part, pointed out that the French could not possibly send an expedition to Naples, defend Milan, besiege Pavia, and at the same time maintain a sufficient army round the King's person to fight the Imperialists. Both leaders laid great stress on the Emperor's genuine desire to reinstate the Duke of Milan in his dominions, and declared that only the Pope's word was needed to deliver that prince from his present troubles. The Protonotary Caracciolo, who was laid up with catarrh, and whom Castiglione visited in his bedroom, was still more frank in his remarks, and told the Count he could not conceive how His Beatitude could suffer the Most Christian King to send troops to Naples, and run the risk of bringing war into the Papal States.

The Pope's boasted neutrality, the Protonotary maintained, was no true neutrality, because it encouraged the French and injured the Imperialists, as might be seen by the delays of the Venetians, who, following His Holiness's example, had not yet sent their forces to join the Viceroy. But, however harmful this conduct might be to the Emperor's cause.

Caracciolo bade the Count tell the Pope that his monarch would triumph in the end, as his grandfather Maximilian had done before him, and that as long as the French were in Italy there could be no hope of peace. All of this was faithfully reported to Rome by Castiglione in a letter addressed to the Datary, ending with the following words :

· I have written a very long letter, and know that if Mons. de Bajus were to see it he would say it is a complete dialogue ; but by the Protonotary's especial request I have put down all that he said, without troubling to add my replies. So I will say no more, but kiss V. S.'s hands.

‘ CREMONA, *December 20, 1524.*¹

From Cremona, Castiglione pursued his eventful journey to Milan, where he spent Christmas, and found the French Viceroy, La Trémouille, still more affable than the imperial leaders. The King had sent orders that special honours should be paid to the Papal nuncio, and Castiglione only evaded the formalities of a public reception by entering the city some hours earlier than he was expected. From the moment of his arrival, however, he was besieged with visitors, and in the evening La Trémouille himself called, but did not get off his horse, hearing that the Count was at supper.

‘ On Christmas Day,’ wrote Castiglione from his next halting-place, the Certosa of Pavia, ‘ I went to visit the Viceroy, who received me with great honour, and told me that before I left Italy I should hear great news of His Majesty's victories, and much more in the same style. To-day, being the 26th, I

¹ Archivio di Torino ; Martinati, 85.

went to the camp near Pavia to pay my respects to the King.¹

So for the second time in his life the writer of the 'Cortegiano' came face to face with his royal admirer. Nine years had passed since their last memorable meeting at Bologna, and it would be interesting to know if on this occasion King Francis renewed his request that Castiglione would give the world his long-promised book. But whatever private subjects may have been discussed during the interview, the Count in his letter to Giberti only records the conversation which he had with the King regarding public affairs.

'I gave His Majesty the Pope's brief and explained the object of my mission—*i.e.*, that the sole intention of my visit to the Emperor and of all His Holiness's actions was to further the common peace of Christendom without respect of any particular person, and that His Beatitude had as sincere a regard for the honour and greatness of His Majesty as for those of any other Prince. The King replied with the utmost courtesy, and assured me with many well-chosen words that he felt quite sure His Holiness had the most excellent objects in view, and would be a good Father to all mankind; and that he on his part would always be his most obedient and affectionate son, and would not fail to place all his affairs in the Holy Father's hands. And here he sought with infinite excuses to justify his action and explain the reasons of this war, assuring me that those who accuse him of troubling the peace of Christendom are wrong, because he only claims what belongs to him by right. . . . He spoke in this manner at great length, always showing the greatest reverence for His Holiness, and expressing a confident hope of victory, without any fear that he should want money. . . . He ended by

¹ Vernazza di Freney, *Accad. di Torino*, 1811, p. 442.

begging me to explain the excellence of his intentions whenever I might have an opportunity, and desired me to say that I had heard them from his own lips. So I left the King's presence.'

After this interview with Francis, Castiglione conversed with several old friends whom he found in the French camp. Among them he especially mentions the Papal Legate, the well-known prelate Aleander, who had been lately made Archbishop of Brindisi; his Mantuan neighbour, Federico da Bozzolo; young Giovannino dei Medici, the Pope's kinsman, who had lately gone over to the French with his dreaded black bands; and the *Gran Scudiero*, our old friend Galeazzo di San Severino, who was soon to lose his life on the fatal field of Pavia.

'All of these,' adds Castiglione in his letter from the Certosa to the Datary, 'speak of the King's affairs as being most prosperous. And, indeed, Pavia is very closely besieged by the French, although now and then those in the city make a sally, as they did in my presence to-day, when a troop of foot-soldiers marched out through a breach in the walls and attacked the camp vigorously. The King himself is very gay and confident, and determined, as you will see by his words, to carry out his enterprise to the bitter end. These French lords are proud of themselves—not without reason, since the Imperialists have not attempted to oppose the arrival of Sig. Giovannino with fresh ammunition or the passage of the Duke of Albany. But you will hear all this from Monsignore di Brindisi, who is, I know, most diligent, and does not allow anything of importance to escape his notice. This evening I came here to the Certosa. To-morrow I shall be in Milan, the next day at Vigevano, and will not fail to keep V.S. informed of my progress day by day. I beg you to write to me sometimes, for

since I was at Parma I have had no letters, and expected to find some for me in the Legate's hands. But if anything of importance takes place no doubt you will let me know. Once more I tell you that, although the French King and his nobles speak so bravely, I hear they are very short of money, as may be seen by the cruel way in which they are exacting gold from the Milanese. Several merchants have been thrown into prison and shamefully ill-treated. Milan is very much discontented, and the French are far more afraid of the Imperialists than they allow.

*'From THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA,
December 26, 1524.'*¹

Four days later Castiglione reached Turin, where, by the Pope's desire, he waited on the Duke of Savoy, and begged this prince to help His Holiness and use his influence with the two warring monarchs to restore peace. The Duke, in reply, professed the most ardent wish to further His Holiness's designs, and offered to go to the French camp or to Rome, if this could be of any service. But at the same time he bade the Count tell his master that he was convinced that the Most Christian King would never make peace until he had conquered Milan.

'With this,' wrote Castiglione to the Datary, 'I left His Excellency, and to-day, which is the first of the New Year, I have arrived at Susa. I am delighted to hear that the Archbishop of Capua has reached Lyons, and hope that he will give me the latest news, not only from Spain, but also from Rome, as since V.S. left Parma I have had no letters, either from you or yet from Rome.'²

From Susa the Count continued his journey across the Mont Cenis pass, and sent letters from Alpine inns

¹ Vernazza, 450.

² *Ibid.*, 451.

to two of his friends in Rome—Vittoria Colonna and Andrea Piperario. On January 9 he reached Lyons, and, as he had expected, found the Archbishop of Capua staying with the Queen-mother on his return from Spain. Here a great surprise awaited him. The whole city was *en fête*, and both court and people were rejoicing over the proclamation of the new treaty between the Pope and the French King.

‘I arrived here in Lyons two days ago,’ he wrote on January 11 to Cardinal Salviati at Modena, ‘quite well, thank God, and found Monsignore di Capua. He is expecting the return of a messenger whom he sent to Rome, and from whom he hopes to hear whether he is to continue his journey to Rome or else go to England. I shall wait here until this messenger arrives, and hope he may throw some light on this strange state of affairs. Here Madame¹ and all this city are filled with joy because of the news that the Pope and the Venetian Signory have entered into a league with the Most Christian King, and promised to be friends with his friends and fight against his foes. The conditions have not yet been announced, but processions and great rejoicings have been held, and the French feel these tidings to be of the greatest possible importance.’²

The news was a great blow to Castiglione. To him it seemed almost incredible that the Pope should break all his pledges to the Emperor, and declare himself on the side of France. This ill-judged action added fresh complications to the difficulties which he had to encounter on his mission to the Spanish court. Yet there could be no doubt that the news was true. On January 5 the alliance of the Pope

¹ The Queen-mother, Louise of Savoy.

² Archivio di Stato, Firenze ; Carte Stroziane, f. clix. ; Martinati, 70.

with France and Venice had been publicly proclaimed in Rome. 'On the eve of the Feast of the Adoration of the Kings,' wrote Sessa, 'the Pope signed the treaty with the King of France, thus making sport of more kings than one!'¹ No wonder Charles V. was furious when he heard of the Pope's treachery. 'I will come to Italy myself,' he exclaimed before the Florentine envoy, 'and be revenged on all those who have wronged me—above all on that villain of a Pope!'² The Dukes of Ferrara and Savoy, emboldened by the Pope's defection, now openly declared themselves on the French side. The Viceroy was without money and provisions for his army, and Sessa was in despair.

'The Pope is your enemy,' he wrote to the Emperor. 'The Venetians are every bit as bad, and the fate of Naples depends on the result of the campaign in Lombardy. In fine, affairs in Italy are in a most critical state.'

The Pope not only allowed the French troops to march through his States, but himself entertained their leader, the Duke of Albany, a brother-in-law of Lorenzo de' Medici, at the Vatican.

Only Castiglione's friend, the warlike Abbot of Najera, kept his head, and still wrote bravely and cheerfully from the Viceroy's camp:

'The Pope is evidently filled with fear at the Emperor's greatness. Of the Duke of Ferrara, all that need be said is that he is a Frenchman at heart, as he has always been. The Duke of Savoy has

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 690.

² Brown, 'Calendar of Venetian Letters,' iii. 93; G. De Leva, 'Storia documentata di Carlo V.,' ii. 233.

declared himself an ally of France. So much the better ; he has been one all his life long.'

Bourbon and Frundsberg now arrived with fresh troops, who vowed they would die rather than return without relieving Pavia. Antonio de Leyva and the garrison were full of courage and confident of receiving speedy help. More than all, the Marquis of Pescara, who had greater influence with Spaniards and Italians than anyone else, had succeeded in firing the whole army with his indomitable spirit. 'All the soldiers in the imperial army are animated by the greatest eagerness for battle, and each one of them feels certain that he will be the man to wound the King and take him prisoner.' So the Abbot of Najera wrote to the Emperor when the two armies came face to face on the eve of the battle of Pavia.¹

Meanwhile, Castiglione had left France and was pursuing his journey across the Pyrenees. Bad roads and wintry weather delayed his progress, but he was at Perpignan on February 2, and at Barcelona on the 9th. On the 24th he wrote to the Archbishop of Capua from Saragossa, repeating his entreaty for instructions from the Pope, and saying that he had little to report, saving what fragments of news he had picked up in the cities through which he passed. Everywhere he was met by the news of the Pope's alliance with France, and of the indignation which the Holy Father's conduct had excited at the Spanish court. This, however, did not prevent due honour being paid to the Papal nuncio. At Saragossa the Archbishop rode out to meet him, and insisted on entertaining him in the episcopal palace during a whole week.

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 692-695.

‘In this city,’ he wrote to Schönberg, ‘as in every other place where I have stayed, I have tried to justify His Holiness’s action with regard to the Most Christian King as the result of necessity, because all the world believes the lies that are spread abroad by the French. When I reach the court I shall see how the land lies, and shall be able to act accordingly. The Emperor has quite recovered from his attack of fever, but is still rather weak. We hear different accounts of his probable departure from Madrid. Some say that he will go to Toledo, others to Valencia, others, again, that he will come into these provinces to meet the Cortes. The people here object to giving him money unless he comes in person to keep up this old custom of his predecessors. If he comes, people say that His Majesty will easily raise 1,500 ducats in Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia, and so it is expected that he will come here before long. Twelve hundred ducats have just arrived in gold from the Indies. A large number of foot-soldiers are marching towards Perpignan to join Captain Rogendorff. Every one says that His Majesty is resolved to carry on the war vigorously, and is making great and prompt preparations. But I only repeat what I hear every one saying. No doubt here, too, there is great dearth of money. I hear by letters from Madrid that there is no fresh news from Italy at court. I know not if this is true, or if they wish to keep me in the dark. Anyhow, I can tell V. S. no more, since I am not in the secrets of the court. When I get there I will try and write more fully. The length of the journey and many obstacles have hitherto delayed my arrival at Madrid, which I ardently desire.’¹

The situation of the Papal nuncio was not an easy one, and it needed all the Count’s eloquence to allay the natural resentment of the Emperor’s ministers and justify the Pope’s tortuous policy. Fortunately

¹ Archivio di Torino; Martinati, 86.

for Castiglione, before he reached Madrid an event had taken place which changed the whole face of affairs. On February 24, the Emperor's birthday and the Feast of St. Matthias, the imperial generals, being without pay or provisions for their troops, led a desperate attack on the King of France's fortified camp in the park of Mirabello. At midnight the army began to move, and by daybreak three breaches had been made in the walls. The French horse, led by the King himself, charged the assailants, and drove them back with shouts of victory. But Pescara brought up the serried rows of his Spanish cross-bowmen, and Frundsberg charged with his German *Landsknechten*, while Leyva fell on the enemy in the rear. Then the Swiss turned and fled, and the confusion became general. The noblest French warriors perished in the mêlée. Veterans such as La Palisse and La Trémouille were left dead on the field. Admiral Bonnavet breathed his last in the Abbot of Najera's arms. The gallant San Severino fell from his horse mortally wounded. 'Leave me,' he said with a smile to a young knight who rushed to his assistance. 'Go to the King's help, and tell the world that I died honourably.' Francis himself was wounded and made prisoner. His horse was killed under him, and his life was only saved by the Viceroy, who hastened to his assistance. The Prince of Navarre, Montmorency, St. Pol, the Bastard of Savoy, the redoubtable Lescun, and Federico of Bozzolo, were all made prisoners. On that same evening, when Castiglione was in Saragossa confiding his anxieties to his friends in Rome, the Abbot of Najera was writing his memorable dispatch to the Emperor from the Castello of Pavia.

¹ P. Giovio, 'Vite di xix. Uomini illustri,' p. 242.

‘The victory is complete. The King of France is a prisoner. The whole army is annihilated. . . . To-day is the Feast of the Apostle St. Matthias, on which five-and-twenty years ago Your Majesty was born. Five-and-twenty thousand times thanks and praise to God for His mercy! Your Majesty can from this day give laws to Christians and Turks at your pleasure.’¹

Castiglione reached Madrid late in the evening of March 11, and found the whole city rejoicing over the great news, which had only been made known in the last twenty-four hours. All eyewitnesses give the same account of the wonderful self-control and modesty with which the young Emperor received the announcement of his great and unexpected victory. Gaspare Contarini, the Venetian Ambassador, and Soardino, the Mantuan envoy, both describe the thrilling moment when the breathless courier, Don Ruy Diaz, reached the palace at Madrid, and was ushered into His Majesty’s presence. Charles V. turned pale, and slowly repeated the messenger’s words: ‘The King is a captive in my hands, and we have won the battle.’ Then without another word he retired to his bedroom and fell on his knees before a picture of the Madonna. The next morning he ordered thanksgiving services and processions to be held, and walked in silence to the shrine of Our Lady of Atocha; but no salvos were fired or public rejoicings decreed. When the ambassadors and courtiers came to offer their congratulations, he received them graciously, but without the least change of countenance, and replied quietly that he desired to render glory to God, and trusted that he should now be able to restore the peace of Christendom.

¹ Bergenroth, ii. 709; Sanuto, xxxviii. 11-15.

‘I assure Your Grace,’ wrote the English envoy, Sampson, ‘there was no more semblance in him of arrogance or change of manners to joy effusively in word or countenance than if no such thing had chanced. I think this will induce God to give him another victory. I have learned more by this moderation than by all the books that I have ever read or am likely to read.’¹

Castiglione’s letters confirm the accuracy of these descriptions. Three days after his arrival he wrote to his friend Andrea Piperario :

‘MY DEAREST M. ANDREA,

‘On my arrival at this court, the 11th instant, I found five letters from you awaiting me, all of which gave me the same unfailling pleasure, and were the more valued because of the distance that separates us. I will not repeat my thanks, and will only tell you that all Spain realizes the greatness of this victory. Every one has shown greater signs of rejoicing than His Majesty, whose modesty on this occasion has been beyond belief. I feel no doubt that the news was as little expected in Italy as it was here.

‘I arrived here after receiving great honour all along the road, and more especially in this city. Although it was very late in the evening when I reached Madrid, many lords came out to meet me by order of His Majesty, whose hands I kissed on the following day. He welcomed me most cordially, and spoke very kindly of His Holiness, so that I hope the tricks and intrigues of the French have not succeeded in this quarter. However, as yet I can say but little on the subject, as I have not yet had any opportunity of conversation, except on general topics, with the Chancellor.’²

¹ Sanuto, xxxviii. 204-207 ; Brewer, iv. 98.

² Gattinara.



Photo, Jacobs, Bruges.

CHARLES V.

BY B. VAN ORLEY (BUDA-PESTH).

To face p. 258, Vol. II.



The remainder of the Count's letter was devoted to private affairs, and contained messages to his chief friends in Rome :

'I have received the answer to Trissino,¹ but should be glad to have his own "Study of Grammar" and Bembo's "Prose," as well as Maestro Lione's "Book on Love." I enclosed a letter to the Marchesa di Pescara in the one which I wrote to you from the Mont Cenis, and hope that you received it safely and delivered it to her. If so, please ask for an answer. If the Duchess of Urbino comes to Rome, please remind Her Highness of the 200 gold ducats which are still owing to me, and half of which I should like paid to the Sauli. If she does not come to Rome at present, I should like you to write and beg her in my name to use her influence with the young Duchess to see that these ducats are soon paid, as I had destined them to discharge any liabilities in Rome. I am sorry to hear that M. Agostino has the gout, but think his illness will be cured by this new medicine, which, if I am not mistaken, will have been a bitter pill to our Valerio !'

In other words, the news of the victory of Pavia could not fail to rejoice the heart of that good Imperialist, Messer Agostino Foglietta, while it must have been equally displeasing to that strong French partisan, Zuan Francesco Valerio.

'I do not write to Monsig. di Bajus,' the writer continues in the same strain, 'because I should not like him to think that I wish to dwell on things which are displeasing to him ; so I will only kiss his hands, without any elation, in order to imitate the Emperor's extraordinary modesty. Kiss the hands of the Datary for me, and also those of the Archbishop of Capua, who is back in Rome by now, I expect. If our Lady

¹ A treatise on language by Firenzuola.

Felice is in Rome, I beg you to go and kiss her hand for me, and tell her that I have arrived here safely.

‘MADRID, *March 14, 1525.*’¹

The next day Castiglione was admitted to a second audience, in which the Emperor spoke freely of the Pope’s negotiations with the French King. The Count, in return, told His Imperial Majesty that he only heard these reports when he arrived at Lyons, and assured him that many of the rumours which had reached Madrid were false. Charles replied with a smile that God had made him a king of men, but not a king of tongues, and remarked, with a shrug of his shoulders, that after the nuncio left Rome he supposed His Holiness had changed his mind and decided to make friends with France.

In a letter which Castiglione addressed to the Archbishop of Capua a day or two later, he speaks more fully of the ill feeling which the Pope’s conduct had excited at the Spanish court. After saying that he arrived at Madrid simultaneously with the great news, and describing the kind reception which he had met with, he goes on :

‘Every one says that if I had come at any other time I should have had a still better reception. Here our affairs are much discussed, and more harm than good is said of us. The Emperor, however, always speaks respectfully of the Pope, and so do the Chancellor and a few other men of high position, to whom I have explained the motives of His Holiness’s action, and who own that he could hardly have acted otherwise. But in general people speak evil of us, and blame the Emperor’s ministers in Italy, who, let us hope, will be forgiven for the sake of these recent

¹ Scraasi, i. 147.

successes. Here every one holds V. S. to be an ardent Imperialist and the Datary to be a very strong Frenchman; and much harm is said of His Holiness, which distresses me greatly, as no words of mine produce the smallest effect. For my part, I trust in the excellent nature of Cæsar, who in all his good fortune has behaved with the modesty of a truly religious man. None the less, I confess that I am a good deal troubled in mind. I think it would be a great thing if the Pope could take the first occasion of showing that his feeling for Cæsar has not changed. I, for my part, will do my utmost to make him realize this.

'MADRID, *March 18, 1525.*'¹

The last paragraph of this letter shows the excellent impression which Charles V. had made upon the writer at this first interview, and goes far to explain the confidence which he never lost in the Emperor through the troublous times that followed. Whether this confidence was altogether justified is a question which it is hard to answer in the light of later events, and which was to cost Castiglione himself much perplexity and anguish of heart.

¹ Archivio di Torino; Martinati, 87.

CHAPTER XLIV

1525

The last phase—Castiglione in Spain—His correspondence with Schönberg—Intrigues of Canossa and Giberti—Vacillation of the Pope—Honours paid to Castiglione at court—His friendship with Gattinara, Contarini, and Navagero—Letters to friends in Italy.

WE have followed Castiglione through the successive changes of his eventful career. We have seen him holding high office at the chief courts of Italy, illustrious alike as soldier and courtier, as poet and scholar; trusted and honoured by dukes and princes, by kings and Popes; revered and beloved by the wisest men and the noblest women of his age. With his arrival at Madrid we enter on the last phase of his existence. The four remaining years of his life were spent in Spain, where he held a more exalted post than ever before, as the representative of the Head of Christendom at the court of the greatest and most powerful monarch in the world. The moment was a critical one in the history of the Papacy and of Italy, and the arduous nature of his new duties, the difficulties and perplexities which surrounded him, are revealed in his correspondence.

Besides the frequent dispatches which he sent to the Datary Giberti and to the Pope, he wrote by every post to the Archbishop of Capua, who, in spite

of his imperial proclivities, remained a confidential minister of Clement VII., and had an important share in the management of foreign affairs. A large number of these letters were published by Serassi in the eighteenth century, while many more have been recently brought to light by Signor Martinati and other writers.¹ These documents give us some idea of the crooked policy of Clement VII., and of the perpetual intrigues which made Castiglione's life a burden to him and often drove him to the verge of despair.

Through all this tangled web one thing alone is clear, and that is the sincerity and honesty of the nuncio's own dealings. From first to last he was actuated by the same motive—a passionate and single-minded desire to maintain the peace of Italy and effect a close and lasting alliance between the Pope and Emperor. The trust which he reposed in Charles V., the very candour and nobleness of his own character, may have sometimes blinded his eyes to the duplicity of the imperial ministers, but it is impossible to read the nuncio's correspondence during these anxious years without being convinced of his stainless honour and loyalty.

Castiglione's first task on his arrival at Madrid was to deliver a brief to the Emperor from the Pope, congratulating him on the victory of Pavia. Charles V. replied in suitable terms, but there was an ironical ring in his words when he expressed his gratification 'that the common Father of the faithful should deign to

¹ These are chiefly taken from copies contained in a codex preserved in the Turin Archives, which as Sig. Renier has pointed out, were probably made by Marliani in 1573 from the original manuscripts placed in his hands by Castiglione's son Camillo. See R. Renier, 'Notizie di Lettere inedite del Conte B. Castiglione.'

congratulate him on the defeat of his foes.' Clement, indeed, was paralyzed with terror when the news of the French King's disaster reached him. This man of 'little heart and feeble will,' as the Venetian envoy called him, clutched eagerly at the first straw held out to him, and on April 1 signed an agreement with the Viceroy Lannoy, by which he promised to pay 100,000 ducats towards the maintenance of the imperial army on condition that Reggio and Rubiera were restored.¹ But as neither parties performed the conditions agreed upon, the treaty remained a dead letter. Three months later Cardinal Salviati, a strong Imperialist, was dispatched to Spain as Legate, in order to assist Castiglione and bring about a lasting treaty with the Emperor. But at the same time Clement was lending a willing ear to Canossa, who returned to Rome that summer and exerted himself actively on behalf of the captive King. Giberti, on his part, encouraged the French ambassadors with secret assurances of the Pope's goodwill, and justly excited suspicions in the Emperor's mind which Castiglione was unable to dispel.

'I am grieved from my heart,' he wrote to Schönberg, 'to see the Emperor's bad opinion of the Datary, which is even worse than I imagined. He calls him a dastardly wretch, and uses language regarding him that is quite unlike His Majesty's usual moderation. His anger will certainly be great if the Datary should be created a Cardinal. But you will, of course, keep this quiet, and behave with your wonted prudence. What you write from Rome fills me with concern, and I fear that all we do here is undone over there. For the love of God, remind His Holiness how much more Cæsar is to be trusted

¹ Grethen, 'Die politischen Beziehungen Clemens VII., zu Karl V.,' 1523-1527, pp. 61, 68; Pastor IV., ii. 198.

than anyone else. It is true that he often employs bad ministers; but their distance from court, our present anxieties, and the difficulty of conducting negotiations from here, are real and sufficient excuses for their mistakes. For my part, reason and experience alike convince me of the Emperor's honesty, of which I am as certain as I am of my own existence. Therefore I entreat V. S. both for the Pope's service and for the universal good, be vigilant, and do not allow His Holiness to act with precipitation.'¹

Castiglione himself, as he constantly repeats in his letters to Rome, had every reason to be gratified with the reception that he met with at the court of Spain. His experience in this respect was unlike that of the Venetian secretary, Zuan Negro, who complained that Italians were looked upon with suspicion and treated very badly by the Spaniards, whom he condemned as a rude, uncivilized nation, without culture or courtesy.² The author of the 'Cortegiano,' on the contrary, met with civility and honour wherever he went.

'Although everything here seems strange,' he wrote to the Marchesa Isabella before he had been a month at Madrid, 'I am getting used to Spanish ways, and these lords seem glad to see me.'³ Not only was he treated with marked kindness by the Emperor—who from the first showed a warm liking for the new Papal nuncio, and afterwards admitted him to a considerable degree of familiarity—but ministers and courtiers were all courteous and friendly. Sessa wrote from Rome: 'Count Baldassare Castiglione is doing good service, and in all his dispatches shows himself a true friend to the Emperor.'⁴ The Imperial

¹ Archivio di Torino; Martinati, 91.

² Sanuto, xli. 342.

³ Luzio in 'Giorn. St. it.,' 1900, p. 74.

⁴ Gayangos, 'Calendar of Spanish Letters,' iii., part ii., 610.

Chancellor, Gattinara, discussed public affairs freely with him, making no secret of the difficulties of his position and of his aversion to Lannoy. An Italian by birth, and a wise and far-seeing statesman, Gattinara was the one man who respected the independence of the different Italian States, and honestly sought to give peace to this distracted country. 'It is beyond all doubt,' wrote Castiglione, 'that there is no one here who cares so truly for the welfare of Italy as the Chancellor.' When the news of the victory of Pavia reached Madrid, the Venetian Ambassador, that great Churchman and true patriot, Gaspare Contarini, told Gattinara solemnly that he was destined to play the part of Joseph at the court of Pharaoh, and deliver his own people. Unfortunately, the influence of Lannoy, the victor of Pavia, was now supreme. Although Charles refused to accept the Chancellor's resignation, he adopted the policy recommended by Gattinara's rival.

Besides forming new ties, Castiglione was fortunate in finding several old friends at the court of Spain. Contarini had lived in Rome during Leo X.'s reign, and was on intimate terms with Sadoletto and Canossa, who had lately urged the Pope to make him a Cardinal, declaring that he was the holiest and most learned man of his age. The close of his embassy in Spain was now drawing near, but he was to be succeeded by another distinguished Venetian, his old friend Andrea Navagero, who was still dearer to Castiglione. Another fellow-countryman whom Castiglione met at the court of Charles V., and who is often mentioned in Navagero's letters, was Soardino, the Mantuan envoy, with whom the Count had naturally much in common. Here, too, he found the Marquis Federico's youngest son Ferrante, who

had spent the last year in Spain, and was a great favourite with the Emperor and the whole court, as Castiglione hastened to assure his mother. The Count had sent a letter to Isabella immediately after his arrival at Madrid, according to his promise. Now he wrote again from Toledo, reminding the Marchesa of her old wish to visit the shrine of S. Jacopo of Compostella, and telling her this was the moment to carry out her intention.

‘I seem to hear you laugh,’ he adds with a spark of his old gaiety, ‘and tell me that I wish to remind you of that accursed love of travel which a certain Prince of the house of Este bequeathed to all his race! But, honestly, I think the journey would please Your Excellency. I fear, however, that La Brogna will not approve of my suggestion, because she wishes to return to Mantua, and will count the pardon of Santa Croce more precious than that of S. Jacopo.’¹

A few other letters which the Count addressed to different friends in Italy during this summer have been preserved. On his arrival at Madrid he wrote to Pescara’s cousin, Alfonso d’ Avalos, the young Marchese del Vasto, who was afterwards to become Charles V.’s favourite minister, and with whom he had made friends in Rome. Alfonso had expressed great admiration for the book of the ‘Cortegiano,’ which Vittoria Colonna had lent him, and now the Count, whom he had lately met in Lombardy, hastened to congratulate him on the laurels which he had won at Pavia :

‘MY DEAR AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIGNOR,

‘I think that, after sending a letter on February 18, you did not write to me again before

¹ Luzio e Renier, ‘Mantova,’ 258.

the battle which took place on the 24th. So the glorious hand, which had shortly before traced those characters for my pleasure, soon afterwards took part in this famous victory which has thrown all others into the shade. I thank our Lord God, and can hardly tell you how greatly I rejoice to think that the most honoured knights in the world have reason to envy you, and feel that, not only in this life, but after death, your name will cast its splendour upon your descendants. Once more I rejoice to think that my confidence in your lordship has been so fully justified by your deeds, and kiss your hands, with the renewed assurance that you have no more affectionate servant than myself. May God keep and prosper your most excellent person !

*'From MADRID, March 14, 1525.'*¹

A few days later the writer sent similar congratulations to Vittoria Colonna, whose husband was acknowledged on all sides to be the hero of the victory :

'MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LADY,

'I cannot but give you some outward sign of the pleasure which your illustrious consort's glorious victories have given me ; and yet I feel that a letter is too common a form of expression to be used on so joyful an occasion. But since I can still less show my joy by fireworks, festivities, music, dancing, or the like, I have come back to this commonplace mode of expression, hoping that V. S. will see into my heart and understand what words can never say. Just as you desired some one to write the "Cortegiano," and I, in my eagerness to do your pleasure, understood and felt this without a word or sign from you, and became obedient to your unspoken command, so I am sure that your spirit must know what I feel but cannot

¹ Serassi, i. 167.

say, all the more because your divine genius is able to penetrate farther than other human thought and can attain to the knowledge of things that are hidden from common mortals. So I beg you to ask yourself, and to believe what your heart must know already—namely, my boundless devotion to your person, and the great satisfaction that I feel in your joy and in the glorious renown of your lord, who exults in his two Vittorias; because I am sure that you will not be deceived in that which the whole world sees reflected in my soul, as in the purest crystal.

‘MADRID, *March 21, 1525.*’¹

Three months later, when he had followed the court to Toledo, Castiglione addressed a graceful letter to an accomplished Milanese lady, Margherita Trivulzio, Countess of Somaglia, who wrote to remind him of his promise to lend her the manuscript of the ‘Cortegiano.’

‘Indeed,’ he tells her, after many protestations of gratitude and devotion, ‘I am more anxious than you can be that you should see my book, and if I had remained in Italy you would have received it before now. But this long journey has prevented me from doing this and many other things. I am still expecting the book, which I left in the hands of some of my friends in Italy; but as soon as I receive it I will see that V. S.’s wish is satisfied, and it will be a great delight to me to feel I am talking with you while I am still so far away, and may hope some day to be near you again. Of the Lady Beatrice, your daughter, I will only say that I am with good reason her affectionate servant, because her own perfections receive additional charm from the fact that she is your child, just as V. S. gains from being the mother of this delightful daughter. So I beg of you

¹ *Serasi*, i, 168.

to tell her, what she can only know through you, that I am an ardent worshipper of her charms, and am firmly convinced that beautiful souls love to dwell in beautiful bodies. Please God I may one day be able to serve her! I deserve no thanks for my remembrance of V. S. and the Lady Beatrice, because this can only be a pleasure, and if I could do anything for you the satisfaction I should feel would be my best reward. I kiss both your hands, and beg you to send me a letter, which would be a real refreshment in my labours here; and if in your letters there should be a few lines from the hand of the Lady Beatrice, it will be a great joy to me.

'TOLEDO, June 16, 1525.'¹

This Margherita Trivulzio, on whose approval Castiglione set such great store, was an old friend of his family, a cousin of the veteran Marshal, Giangiacomo, and a niece of the accomplished Cardinal, Agostino Trivulzio. One of four fair sisters, Margherita had been among the numerous ladies proposed to M. Baldassare as a bride in former years. In 1516 she became the wife of Count Somaglia, who represented the Duke of Milan at the French court, but spent most of her time at Crema or at the castle of Somaglia, near Piacenza. A strong partisan of the Sforza herself, Margherita had many friends in Venice, and did the Doge and Signory good service by sending them the latest reports from France. Castiglione's other correspondent was the Marchesa Ippolita Fioramonda of Scaldasole, a young and beautiful Pavian lady, whose cruelty was the despair of all the bravest cavaliers in Lombardy. Paolo Giovio records how the Marchesa was in the habit of wearing a sky-blue satin vest embroidered with

¹ Serassi, i. 169.

gold butterflies, as a sign to her lovers not to come too near, lest they should be scorched by the flame of their vain desires. During the siege of Pavia this lady distinguished herself by her valour, and took an active part in the defence. After the victory of the Imperialists, Monseigneur de Lescun, the brave French captain, who had long wooed the fair Marchesa in vain, was borne into her house mortally wounded, and breathed his last there, 'content,' writes Giovio, 'to die in the arms of his dear lady and only mistress.'¹

Castiglione was evidently a great admirer of the Marchesa Ippolita, to whom he afterwards sent one of the first copies of his 'Cortegiano.' Now he gave Camillo Ghilino, the Duke of Milan's secretary, the following letter, which the Envoy delivered into her hands on his return from Spain :

‘MOST EXCELLENT LADY,

‘If you cared as much to be remembered by me as I desire above all else to be remembered by you, you would count this letter no small proof of my devotion. But since V. S. has shown all the world that, besides your other excellencies, you are full of heroic courage, and, like Hippolyta the Amazon, are not only beautiful, but valiant, I fear you may be too proud of your brave deeds to remember some of your servants. So I have written to you, and have begged my dear friend M. Camillo Ghilino to intercede with you for me, by word of mouth, and tell you that I am as much yours in Spain as I was in Milan and Pavia. When I stayed in the camp of the besieging army at Pavia the other day, those walls, those ramparts, towers, and guns, all seemed to speak of you, knowing as I did that you were within the city, and had dared to resist so mighty a prince as the King of France. But now that you have

¹ Paolo Giovio, 'Dialogo delle Imprese,' p. 12.

conquered, I feel sure that no one else will ever be so bold as to dare to fight with you again. I beg V. S. to deign to believe Messer Camillo as if he were myself. And if you are not the most unkind lady in the world, you will wish that I, too, were with you in Milan; for the said M. Camillo will tell you what a great difference there is between enjoying your sweet company and being here in Spain. I kiss your hands, and hope soon to hear that the blessed fruit which has ripened under Lombard skies has been gathered by some one worthy of so great a prize.

'TOLEDO, *June 21, 1525.*'¹

Messer Baldassare was still, it is plain, a polished courtier, and knew how to win a fair lady's heart as well as in his youthful days at Urbino. But sterner duties demanded his attention, and the letters which he wrote from the court of Spain to his friends in Italy were few and far between.

¹ Serassi, i. 170.

CHAPTER XLV

1525-1526

The court at Toledo—Francis I. brought to Spain—Gattinara threatens to resign—Illness of the French King—Charles V. visits him at Madrid—Terms of peace discussed—Treaty of Madrid—Intrigues of the Pope—Morone's conspiracy—Castiglione's protest against the Papal policy.

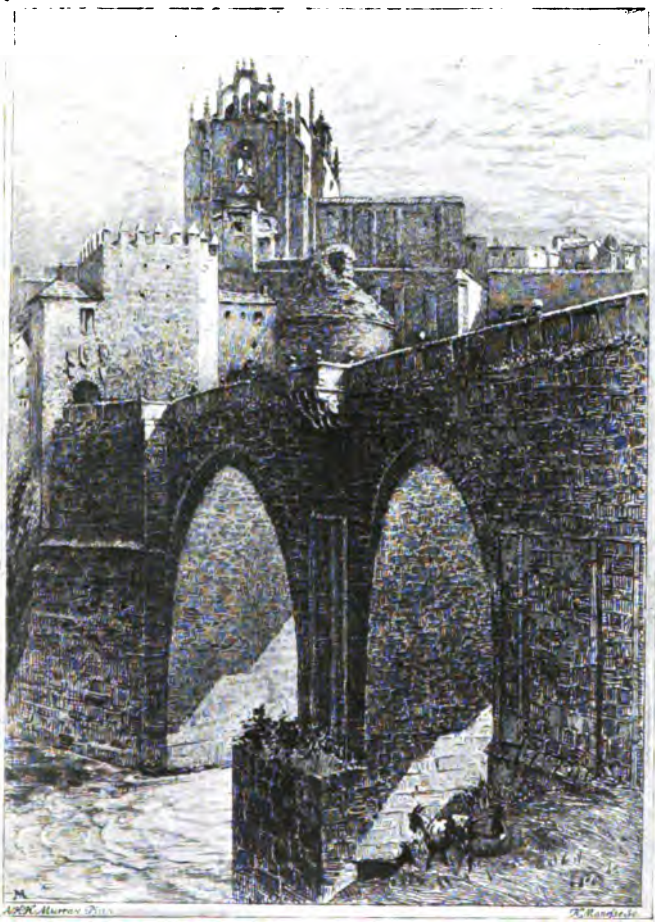
A MONTH after Castiglione's arrival the Emperor left Madrid for Toledo, and entered the capital of Old Castile in state on April 27. The representatives of the city guilds rode out to meet him, followed by the doctors and jurists, clad in crimson velvet, and attended by a guard of peasant archers in green liveries, bearing pennons and crossbows, and sounding fifes and drums. Charles, who was mounted on a bay horse and attired in silver brocade, received the keys of the city at the gates, and rode through the streets under a canopy of crimson and gold, borne by the chief magistrates. The Grand Equerry, Cesare Fieramosca, rode in front of His Majesty, bearing a drawn sword in his hand, and immediately behind came the foreign ambassadors, with the nuncio at their head. So the stately cavalcade wound its way through streets hung with tapestries and thronged with thousands of spectators, to the cathedral which crowns the rocky heights. Here the Emperor alighted, and, after kneeling in prayer at the high

altar, witnessed a singular representation, ending with the flight of a white eagle, which, descending from the vault, placed a crown on His Majesty's brows. Charles then proceeded to the Alcazar, and a brilliant display of fireworks and illuminations concluded the day's rejoicings.¹

Six weeks later Castiglione had the pleasure of welcoming his friend Andrea Navagero, and rode out to meet him with Don Diego, the son of Columbus and Admiral of the Indies, when he reached Toledo on June 11. The Venetian travellers had experienced every kind of peril and hardship on their journey. A terrible storm overtook the ship in which they sailed to Barcelona, and while Navagero mused, as he watched the waves, on the truth of the poet's line, 'Montes aquarum,' the frightened sailors fell on their knees and made their confession to some friars on board, a thing which they had never done during forty years of life at sea! When at length they reached land safely, the ambassador and his suite had great difficulty in finding lodgings, and so scanty was the accommodation in the different towns where they stayed that it became necessary for the party to divide and travel by different routes. Beds were scarce and food and wine bad, while, to add to their discomfort, the heat was intense, and the secretary, Zuan Negro, complained loudly of the miseries which he had to endure in this barbaric land. But Navagero was deeply interested in the Spanish churches and convents, and pronounced S. Girolamo at Saragossa to be equal to the Certosa of Pavia.

During the next three years Navagero's companionship was Castiglione's greatest joy and consolation, and frequent allusions to Messer Baldassare are to

¹ Sanuto, xxxix: 51.



From a drawing by A. H. Hallam Murray.

TOLEDO.

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he found in the charming letters which the Venetian scholar addressed from Spain to his son-in-law, Bembo's 'dolce Ramusio si cortese e si caro.' Together the friends visited the ruins of Moorish palaces and mosques, and the gardens with their myrtles and roses, their orange and lemon groves, which, as Navagero was obliged to own, were more beautiful than any in Italy. Here they discussed the problems dear to humanists—the merits of Vida's or Flaminio's verse, the respective theories of Trissino and Bembo on language. They recalled the happy days when they explored the ruins of imperial Rome with Raphael and Bembo, and, as they read the letters of their more fortunate friends in Venice and Rome, thought with a sigh of the land from which they were exiled.

Toledo itself made a profound impression on the Italian ambassadors. The imposing site of this ancient city, founded, it was said, by Tubal, the grandson of Noah, and encircled on three sides by the 'golden waters' of the Tagus; its stately Alcazar reared on the rugged heights of the brown sierra by the great Cid Campeador; above all, its magnificent Cathedral, are eloquently described by Navagero.

'The Cathedral here,' he wrote to Ramusio, 'is very large and beautiful, full of tombs and chapels, where an infinite number of masses are said daily. The priests are robed in the most sumptuous vestments of gold brocade and embroidery, and the altars, tabernacles, and mitres are adorned with pearls and gems, so that it must certainly be the richest church in Christendom.'¹

¹ D. Atanagi, 'Lettere di xiii. Uomini illustri,' 670-675; A. Navagero, 'Viaggio in Spagna,' 20-£.

On the feast of San Giovanni, that day dear to Italian hearts, both Castiglione and Navagero were present at a grand tournament held on the green Vega beyond the city walls. Charles, who was as expert a jouster as any cavalier in Spain, rode at the head of one troop, clad in white satin and cloth of gold; while another troop, wearing suits of black and gold, was led by Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, son of Federico, the last King of Naples. This was followed by a bull-fight on the piazza in front of the Alcazar, and another tilting-match, in which the Emperor and his kinsman again broke lances, while the ambassadors looked on from the palace windows. His Majesty's skill and agility excited the admiration of all present. Only, as Zuan Negro remarked, the bulls were craven creatures, who turned tail at the first onset of the toreadors, and made poor sport.¹

But the chief events of this summer at Toledo were the arrangement of the Emperor's marriage with the Infanta Isabel of Portugal, and the arrival in Spain of the captive King of France. The Portuguese alliance had long been popular with the Spanish people, and the dowry of 800,000 ducats offered by the King of Portugal, together with the liberal promises made by the Cortes, finally decided Charles to abandon his proposed marriage with Henry VIII.'s daughter Mary, and wed the Infanta. The coming of Francis I. was more unexpected and less generally popular. The Viceroy had embarked at Portofino with his royal captive, intending to sail to Naples, but at the King's urgent request he suddenly altered his course, and landed at Barcelona on June 20. The Emperor himself told Castiglione that Lannoy

¹ *Sanuto*, xliv. 289.



Photo, J. Kuhn.

FRANCIS I.
BY JEAN CLOUET (LOUVRE).

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had taken this step entirely on his own responsibility, but that the action met with his full approval.

Pescara and the other imperial generals in Lombardy, however, were furious with the trick which the Viceroy had played upon them in order to gratify his own vainglory, and there can be no doubt that this sudden move excited universal alarm in Italy. Sessa told the Emperor that no sooner was the news known in Rome than he noticed a great change in the Pope's countenance, and Bourbon and Leyva warned Charles that the Viceroy's ill-judged action would drive His Holiness to combine with the other Italian powers against him.¹ Castiglione alludes to both these subjects in an interesting letter which he wrote to the Archbishop of Capua on July 5 :

‘ First of all I must tell you that to-morrow, which is the 6th instant, we expect the Viceroy, who has left the Most Christian King in Valencia, and has sent word to Cæsar that it will not do to put him in prison, as this would make him desperate, and would ill repay the confidence in His Majesty that he has shown by begging so earnestly to be brought to Spain. So the Emperor has left him in charge of the Viceroy, and allowed him to remain at Valencia for the present, as the Most Christian King suffered from sea-sickness on his journey. Before long, however, I expect he will be removed to another place. When the Viceroy was in Tarragona with the King, the foot-soldiers mutinied for lack of pay, and tried to kill the Viceroy, who first hid himself in the King's room, and then fled from the city and remained all night in the camp ; upon which the Spaniards set fire to the palace gates, and one man fired a shot from his crossbow at the window where the King was

¹ Gayangos, iii., part i. 202, 229.

standing, and narrowly missed him.¹ The ladies of Barcelona, we hear, paid the greatest honours to the King on his arrival. There all the world awaits the coming of the Viceroy, and no business will be done until he arrives. The Most Christian King is said to have promised him 200,000 ducats and the countship of Asti, and has written a love-letter to Queen Eleanor,² which the Viceroy sent her secretly. The Marquis of Pescara has written a letter to Cæsar attacking the Viceroy violently, and it appears to me that every one hates the Viceroy excepting the Emperor, Don Cesare Fieramosca, and Don Ugo Moncada. Both the Chancellor and Confessor³ blame him very much. Here it is held for certain that the union of the Emperor with the Infanta of Portugal will take place, and it seems to me that we shall soon hear of the conclusion of this affair, which is a thing greatly desired by all Spain. Cæsar will, I think, try and keep friends with England, but is anxious to be released from his promise of marriage to that Princess, since King Henry is unwilling to give him either his daughter or her dowry at present, and the Emperor cannot carry on the war without money. However, when the Viceroy arrives this shell will burst, and many others too.⁴

The Count's information was correct. On the following day Lannoy arrived, and was received by the Emperor with the greatest honour, and lodged as his guest in the Alcazar. But this roused the Chancellor's indignation to such a pitch that he refused to attend the Council, until Charles sent his Chamberlain to bring him to the palace, and, throwing his arms

¹ Sanuto, xxxix. 304.

² The Emperor's sister and the widowed Queen of Portugal, whose hand was promised to Bourbon, but who eventually married Francis I.

³ The Bishop of Osma.

⁴ Martinati, 88.

round his neck, succeeded in pacifying his anger and inducing him to remain.

Gattinara himself told Castiglione that he had asked the Emperor's leave to resign his office. Charles, however, refused to hear of this, and the Chancellor reluctantly consented to remain at his post.

Early in August Francis was removed to Madrid in charge of the Viceroy, and lodged in Charles's own palace. Never was a royal guest more royally entertained than this captive monarch. When he landed at Barcelona, the court ladies crowded to meet him, and presented him with bouquets of flowers. On his way to Madrid he was magnificently entertained by the Duke of Infantado, the representative of the proud race of Mendoza. A series of banquets, tournaments, and bull-fights was given in his honour, and the Duke presented his guest with costly gifts of plate and sumptuously-arrayed horses and mules, led by Moorish servants in blue and white satin liveries. At Madrid a strong guard was kept at the palace gates, but the King was allowed to move freely about the town, and visit churches and attend parties given in his honour. He hunted frequently in the neighbourhood, and received so many visitors that, as Soardino remarks, he might have been the reigning King of Spain.¹

In the early days of his captivity at Pizzighettone and Genoa, Francis was always pleasant and joyous, ready to talk and laugh and discuss Martin Luther's heresies or any other subject with his gaolers. At Madrid every one was at his feet, and courtiers and ladies alike echoed the sentiments of the Governor of Brescia, and exclaimed that it was a thousand pities so charming a prince should remain a prisoner. In spite

¹ Sanuto, xxxix. 482 ; xl. 26-29.

of these alleviations, however, captivity agreed ill with this restless, pleasure-loving monarch, and in September he had a serious attack of fever, which alarmed friends and foes alike. A report was even spread abroad that he was dead, and consternation prevailed both in Rome and Madrid.

Towards the end of August the Emperor set out on a hunting expedition in the forests of Segovia, leaving the court at Toledo, as it was impossible to accommodate so many persons in any other city. There was a general impression that Charles would take this opportunity of going to Madrid and paying a flying visit to the French King. But he gave up his intention, and was on his way back to Toledo, when, on September 18, news reached him that Francis was dangerously ill and that his end was hourly expected. Without a word the Emperor turned his horse's head and rode as fast as he could go to Madrid. Here he alighted at the palace doors and entered the room where the King lay surrounded by his weeping servants. On being told of the Emperor's presence, Francis raised himself and greeted Charles with the words: 'Your Majesty, you see here a King who is your servant and slave.' The Emperor, moved by the sight, embraced him affectionately, exclaiming: 'My dear friend and brother!' He sat by the bedside some time, holding Francis's hand, and begging him to take care of himself and get well, since his devoted sister, Madame d'Alençon, had arrived, and he would soon be set free. From that moment the sick man's condition began to improve. Charles returned the next morning, and meeting the beautiful Duchess, 'la Marguerite des Marguerites,' in tears, on the stairs, kissed her on the cheek, and led her to her brother's

bedside with many kind and cheering words. Then he returned to Toledo and began to discuss terms of peace with the French ambassadors.¹

But he still insisted on conditions which Francis had repeatedly rejected, notably the cession of Burgundy, which the captive monarch declared he would never surrender as long as he lived. Negotiations dragged on through the autumn, and it was only on January 18 that the Treaty of Madrid was finally signed. The French King surrendered all claim to Milan, Genoa, and Naples, resigned the suzerainty of Flanders, promised to cede Burgundy to the Emperor, and to marry Eleanor of Portugal. His two sons were to be sent to Madrid as hostages, and he himself took a solemn oath on the Gospels in Lannoy's presence, and vowed that he would return to prison if these conditions were not fulfilled in six weeks.

Gattinara was in bed with the gout at the time, and had to be carried to the Alcazar in a litter to sign the treaty before it was sent to Madrid. He protested vigorously to the last, and told the Emperor frankly that the King would never keep his word.

‘The good Chancellor is in despair,’ wrote the Mantuan envoy, ‘at these proceedings, in which he sees the ruin of Italy, and told the Emperor boldly in council that he is mistaken if he imagines that he can crush our nation, for the people will rise against him as one man. No one believed him, but all the same he is right. Once these two monarchs are friends, it will be the easiest thing in the world for Cæsar to descend upon Italy, and God knows what will be the fate of our poor country.’²

Soardino's fears were shared by Castiglione, whose spirits sank lower day by day as he strove to grapple

¹ Sanuto, xxxix. 482; xl. 118. ² *Ibid.*, xl. 551, 616.

with the Pope's secret intrigues and the open violence of his enemies. Yet both sides continued to exchange fair words and outward profession of friendship. The legate, Cardinal Salviati, arrived at Toledo in October, and was received with the utmost cordiality by the Emperor. The charm of the great monarch's manners and the wisdom of his words made a profound impression upon the Pope's kinsman.¹

To Castiglione Charles spoke even more earnestly of his goodwill, saying: 'I do not wish to make Italy mine, but to be one with Italy.' But the discovery of Morone's conspiracy at Milan fell like a bomb in the camp. This able Milanese statesman sought to strike a blow at the Emperor, and secure Francesco Sforza's independence by forming a league between the Italian States. Clement VII. gave the movement his secret support, and at Giberti's suggestion the crown of Naples was offered to Pescara.² But the brilliant Spanish captain, although disgusted with Lannoy's conduct and the Emperor's apparent neglect, was too loyal and honourable a man to join in a plot against his master, and revealed the secret to his colleagues. On October 21, Leyva arrested Morone, who confessed everything, while the unfortunate Duke of Milan was made a scapegoat for the sins of others, and besieged in his own Castello. A few weeks afterwards Pescara died, begging the Emperor with his last breath to pardon Morone, who was accordingly released before many months were over.

'If, as many think, the Marchese was poisoned,' wrote the Abbot of Najera to Charles, 'the man who committed this crime sinned grievously against God,

¹ G. Molini, 'Doc. di st. ital.,' i. 191.

² Grethen, 83.



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ELEANOR OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE.
BY JEAN CLOUET (RODEN COLLECTION).

To face p. 282, Vol. II.

and also against His Imperial Majesty by depriving him of the best servant and most faithful subject that ever prince had.’¹

The Emperor atoned for his past neglect by writing a letter of condolence to Pescara’s widow, Vittoria Colonna, and Castiglione expressed his sympathy with this illustrious lady in pathetic words.

But once more the Pope’s systematic double-dealing was clearly revealed, and both the legate and Castiglione felt that their credit at the Emperor’s court was seriously impaired.

‘I am very much annoyed,’ he wrote on December 9, ‘to see the mutual suspicions which have sprung up on both sides, and do not know which party is the most to blame. I quite understand that His Majesty’s mind has been poisoned by the enemies of Italy, and chiefly, in my opinion, by the Viceroy, Pescara, and Don Ugo. The Chancellor’s illness has been most unfortunate, although the poor man has done, and still does, his utmost in spite of his serious malady. He is indeed a good Italian and a true servant of the Pope, even though he has not been very well treated as to his Cardinal’s hat. The Emperor asks if any Cardinals are to be made this Christmas. We could only reply that we did not know. Things are taking a strange turn, and I feel so confused that I hardly know what to do next. It is becoming more and more difficult to understand the Emperor’s intentions, and it seems to me that it is the same over yonder. Neither the Legate nor I know the Pope’s wishes, and we have to negotiate in the dark. However, I will not fail to do my best to find out the true state of affairs; and if men refuse to tell me the truth, I will pray God to give me the spirit of prophecy.’²

¹ Gayangos, iii., part i. 513.

² Serassi, ii. 3-8.

To add to the Count's troubles, he fell ill in November, and suffered from repeated attacks of fever. But his pen was active as ever, and his reports of conversations with the Emperor and his ministers are full of interest. The Mantuan captain Capino was one of the numerous messengers who were sent by the Pope to the court of Spain during this winter, and Castiglione not only enjoyed his old comrade's company, but acquired much information from him regarding the state of affairs in Rome.

'M. Capino,' he writes in a postscript to the last letter, 'tells me that V. S. is afraid I may have resented the Legate's coming. I assure you that this is quite untrue; on the contrary, it has been a great relief to me, since my illness has made it impossible for me to negotiate either great or small things, and the mere effort of writing these few lines brings back the fever. And although I am no longer a child, and am still a reverend gentleman in long clothes without enjoying a farthing of the Church's revenues, I have no doubt that in time His Holiness will give me some proof that my services are acceptable to him. And even if I knew the contrary, I should still continue to do my duty, as I have always tried in the past. The Chancellor, I know, is annoyed at the delay regarding his red hat; none the less, this good old man, who is the best and most kind-hearted of creatures, neglects no opportunity of doing service to the Pope, the Duke of Milan, and all Italy, so that I feel sure it would be an excellent thing if he could be made a Cardinal. And even if the Pope becomes the Emperor's open enemy, which I trust may never be the case, this might prove more advisable than we can realize now. I think that in the end this treaty between the Emperor and France will be concluded, and that the Most Christian King will marry Queen Eleanor, and the Dauphin her

daughter. Monsignore de Bourbon¹ is in despair, and talks at random. One day he tells me that he has come here to serve the Pope, the Venetians, and Italy. Another time he declares that Italy is behaving badly, and will bring down the Emperor's wrath upon her, and that he will be the instrument of her chastisement. He reproaches the Legate and myself with doing him bad offices with His Holiness, the reason being that we are trying to arrange the affairs of the Duke of Milan, whose duchy he is bent on getting for himself. To my mind he is not very wise; not that I blame him for entertaining this ambition, but because, in my opinion, he behaves with little prudence. There is a rumour that the Marquis of Pescara is dead, and many at this court rejoice. The treaty with Francis will certainly be soon concluded. There are few men in the Emperor's household, whether great or small, who have not been bribed by the Most Christian King, down to the very pages of honour! Many people, who are held to be good judges, say that before His Majesty has been six months out of prison, he will make war on the Emperor more vigorously than ever, and that they will become the bitterest enemies.²

The spirit of prophecy for which Castiglione prayed seems to have descended upon him when he wrote these words. His fears as to the renewal of war between Charles and Francis were all too true, and Bourbon was to be the instrument of the awful vengeance that soon fell upon Rome and the Papacy.

On the same day he wrote a private letter in cipher to his friend Andrea Piperario, who, together with Archbishop Schönberg and Agostino Foglietta, were

¹ The Constable of Bourbon arrived at Toledo on November 19, and was received with great honour by the Emperor.

² Serassi, ii. 9.

all good Imperialists, and as such were in disgrace with the Pope at this moment :

‘I am excessively annoyed at the way in which affairs are conducted in Rome, and fear they will make the Emperor lose patience. I hardly know what to advise ; but if only M. Agostino could be induced to go and see the Pope in concert with the Archbishop of Capua, perhaps things might be remedied. If they go on as they do at present, I see ruin staring us in the face. Please decipher this part of my letter and show it to M. Agostino, but not the rest. Tell Mons. the Archbishop not to despair, however badly he is treated. I, as his friend and servant, beg him to go on doing good, all the more because others do wrong ; and if men fail him, God will reward him. I will persevere in my task, and he must do the same, shutting his eyes to those things which he is not meant to see, although I know that nothing is hidden from him. The Legate is doing his utmost to prevent a rupture between the Pope and Emperor. Please God people are not trying to effect the contrary over there ! To-day the Emperor told me that he wondered to see the Pope, who when he was Cardinal de’ Medici acted as if he were Pope, being content, now that he is Pope, to let another govern in his stead—alluding to the Datary. I replied that it is necessary for great princes to have ministers in whom they believe, and that His Majesty also had servants who were allowed to act as they chose—as, for instance, the Viceroy, who manages Italian affairs. His Majesty also complained that all his friends at the Vatican were in disgrace, especially the Archbishop of Capua. This, I remarked, was not quite true, as the dispatches all came from his hand. Commend me infinitely to the said Archbishop, and assure him that I sympathize with him for being compelled to negotiate in this manner, and hope he feels with me for the same cause. None the less, as

long as I live I will not cease to do my duty and serve my master, and I beg him to do the same; and, what is more, I am certain that he will.'¹

The suspicion with which Charles regarded Giberti had been naturally increased by the part which the Datary had played in Morone's conspiracy. 'Can God allow the Pope always to listen to that cowardly traitor, Gian Matteo?' said the Emperor one day to Navagero, who justly remarked in his dispatches that this was strong language on the part of so discreet and courteous a prince.²

A fortnight later Castiglione had another prolonged interview with the Emperor, and held an animated dialogue with His Majesty on Italian affairs. The Count enumerated the Pope's causes of complaint, and laid stress on the harsh treatment of Francesco Sforza by his lieutenants, Pescara and Leyva, the exactions of the Spanish soldiers, and the sufferings of the unhappy Milanese. Charles excused himself as best he could, saying that since the Duke had been involved in Morone's conspiracy, it was necessary to make an example of him, but promised to comply with the Pope's wishes as far as possible. There was a pause of some minutes, after which Charles turned to Castiglione: 'And if I do all this for the Pope, what will His Holiness do for me?' 'All that a good Pope can do for a good Emperor,' promptly replied the Count.³

On the Feast of St. John, two days after Christmas, Castiglione accompanied the Emperor to mass at the Franciscan church of San Juan de los Reyes, the richly decorated shrine on the steep hillside above the Tagus, which Queen Isabella had raised to com-

¹ Serassi, ii. 9, 10.

² Brown, iv. 473.

³ Serassi, ii. 11-17.

memorate the triumph of the Christians over the Moors, then in all its pristine splendour. As they rode side by side, Charles conversed freely with his companion, and the Count made use of this opportunity to urge His Majesty to lose no time in executing his kindly intentions towards the Pope and the Duke of Milan. On New Year's Day the Emperor sent for him again; but the Count was in bed with a return of fever, and remained unable to attend to business for several weeks.

But persistent rumours reached the court that the Pope and other Italian powers were about to make war on the Emperor, and deprive him, not only of Milan, but of Naples. This disturbed Castiglione so much that he took the bold and unprecedented step of addressing an appeal to the Pope himself, begging His Holiness to pause before it was too late, and consider the awful risk of waging war on so powerful a monarch :

‘ MOST HOLY FATHER,

‘ When Your Holiness deigned to choose me to serve you in Spain on this important mission, I ventured to think that you recognised in me, beside the wish to serve you, greater powers than I possessed. Encouraged by your confidence, and trusting more to your judgment than to my own, I have sometimes dared to tell you my opinion of affairs. And since I have not thought this to be wrong in the past, I feel it to be much less the case now, when negotiations are in so confused a state that it will be hard to disentangle them for a very long time. Therefore I beg Your Holiness humbly to forgive me, and attribute this presumption on my part to pure zeal for your service, protesting that, after having told you my opinion, I will never cease to bow my will to that of

Your Holiness, and will not deviate a single line from that which you deign to command.'

After this peroration, the writer assures the Pope that there is no reason to fear either the Emperor's excessive power or his supposed designs on Milan, and declares that he is ready to stake his life on the absolute sincerity of His Majesty's pacific intentions. He proceeds to draw a vivid picture of the ruin which a war with the Emperor would bring upon Italy and the Apostolic See, and to show how easy it would be for Charles to do irreparable harm, not only to the Pope's temporal power and dominions, but to his spiritual jurisdiction, by supporting Luther and stirring up tumults against the Church in Germany.

'Therefore, Blessed Father, I do not see that we have sufficient resources, nor yet do I recognize any just cause for making war on the Emperor. For to defend oneself is always legitimate, but to begin a war is not only wrong for every one, but most of all blameworthy on the part of those whose duty it is to promote the welfare and prosperity, the peace and tranquillity, of nations—above all, of a country that has suffered from so many calamities as our unhappy Italy. If once she is plunged into this fire, she will be at the mercy of those barbarians, who have always hated her, and are eager to return to that land where many of their race have perished, less from thirst for conquest than from desire for vengeance. Therefore, Holy Father, watch over Italy as your obedient child and servant, and by preserving peace and remaining united with Cæsar you will be able to satisfy your holy desires, and gain glory here and merit in the eyes of God. But without union with Cæsar I do not think the universal peace of Christendom nor a crusade against the infidels nor any other lasting good can

be attained. . . . If God wills to send us a new war as a punishment for our sins, at least let it not be said that Your Holiness was the first to take up the torch, and by lighting this fire close the road to peace, and open it to an invasion of the Turks, which shall entail the final slavery of Christendom. Surely the high reputation for goodness and piety which Your Holiness has acquired throughout the world, and which to my joy is nowhere greater than here in Spain, demands that you should not be the first to sow war or declare yourself the enemy of a prince who has never shown you anything but goodwill and kindness. Neither should it be forgotten how in the hour of victory Cæsar behaved with the utmost moderation towards those who, instead of helping him, as they were pledged to do, turned against him, in order to ally themselves with a king who had always opposed them, and who, now that he has lost both his army and his liberty, still shows the same fiery and vindictive spirit, and breathes threats from prison against those who have never injured him. I felt that I must, once for all, deliver my conscience by addressing this letter to Your Holiness, not in order to appear eloquent or use fine phrases, nor yet out of hatred or love to any monarch in the world, but solely from a sense of affection and loyalty.

‘May our Lord God allow me to spend my life in your service, as I desire above all else, and so I humbly kiss Your Beatitude’s most holy feet.’¹

Whatever the Pope may have thought of Castiglione’s bold appeal, he certainly did not follow his advice. Flattering tongues nearer home had already prejudiced him against the nuncio, and the Count had good reason to complain of the slights and rebuffs which he received from Rome. This winter, after a long and vexatious lawsuit with Spanish officials

¹ Serassi, ii. 23.

and frequent appeals to the Emperor, he at length succeeded in recovering the sum of 20,000 ducats that were due to the Apostolic Chamber. As Papal Collector he had the right to retain a tenth part of this sum, but had, in point of fact, only kept 1,000 ducats to repay the money which he had borrowed in Rome before starting on his journey. Now, to his surprise, the Datary informed him that the Pope objected to his action, and wished to deprive him of this modest remuneration. The Count felt the injustice bitterly, more especially as he was still suffering from frequent attacks of fever.

‘I hope soon to recover my health,’ he wrote to the Archbishop of Capua on February 4, ‘all the more that my illness has been a long and tedious one, and is chiefly ascribed by the doctors to my unwillingness to put aside these negotiations, especially those relating to the affairs of the Apostolic Chamber. . . . But at least I have ensured its honour and authority. Indeed, if this had not been done, the smallest and most miserable clerk in Spain could have snapped his fingers at the Nuncio and the Papal claims. And yet His Holiness grudges me a paltry 1,000 ducats! It appears to me that this is a proof that he is dissatisfied with me, which would be the greatest vexation and trouble that I could have in the world, since I am sure that I have done nothing worthy of blame. I implore V. S. to relieve my mind on this point, and tell me if His Holiness is content with me or not. For the rest, I am writing fully on the matter to the Datary, being well aware, as V. S. has often said, that this is not an axe for your grindstone, although good workmen can turn their hands to many trades. Once more I beg V. S. to satisfy me in this respect, because I am very sick at heart, feeling that I am punished where I deserve to be rewarded, a thing that would annoy me at any

time, and is particularly vexatious in my present weakness, when a small pin-prick hurts a great deal.¹

But it was Castiglione's fate throughout his life to meet with scanty recompense or gratitude from the masters whom he served, and it was not till after the nuncio's death that Clement VII. realized all the nobleness of his character and saw how true and loyal a servant he had lost.

¹ Serassi, ii. 28.

CHAPTER XLVI

1526

Release of Francis I.—The Emperor enters Seville—His marriage solemnized—The Empress Isabel—Castiglione and Navagero at Seville—Gattinara's protest—Execution of the Bishop of Zamorra—The Emperor seeks absolution from the Pope—His interviews with Castiglione—Rumours of Papal intrigues with France—The court leaves Seville.

ON the evening of February 18 the Emperor arrived at Madrid, and spent four days in friendly intercourse with the French King. He was accompanied by all his chief ministers—saving the Chancellor, who refused to be of the party—and by the legate and most of the foreign ambassadors.

‘I have seen the Most Christian King,’ wrote Zuan Negro to his old father at home, in high glee at his good luck. ‘Indeed, I count myself very fortunate, for it is worth going a thousand miles to see such a prince; and if I was devoted to His Majesty before, I am much more so now. He is a splendid-looking man, taller than you are, and most liberal and affable, in fact, adorned with all the virtues that you can wish to see in a king. He is pleasant and friendly to every one, and has plenty to say on every subject. One morning I saw His Majesty make the sign of the cross over more than fifty persons affected with scrofula, and it is indeed wonderful how many he has treated since he has been at Madrid.’

The opinions of King Francis that were expressed by other ambassadors at Madrid, however, were not all so favourable. A French courtier warned Queen Eleanor not to marry him, because of his amorous propensities, which would make her the most jealous of wives, and told her that his mother, the Regent, was a terrible woman, who would treat her like a maid-of-all-work.¹

Meanwhile Castiglione had remained ill at Toledo.

‘You will have heard from the legate,’ he wrote to Archbishop Schönberg, ‘of the visit of the Emperor to Madrid, of the release of the Most Christian King and his marriage to Queen Eleanor, and of Bourbon’s departure for Italy. It is supposed that the Emperor has promised to make him Duke of Milan; but many people say that this will not be done if Italy objects, especially as the King is doing his best, through the Viceroy, who hates Bourbon, to prevent this. Opinions differ, but most people think that France will not keep his promises. I did not go to Madrid to see the Most Christian King, as every one else did, because I am not yet well. But I hope the fine weather will soon set me up. I am starting for Seville now. The Legate will have told you of the King’s first meeting with the Queen, since he was present on that occasion. The Most Christian King, his friends say, has left Madrid in a discontented mood. This treaty is chiefly the work of the Viceroy, who has arranged affairs to suit his own fancy. Now he goes to France to escort the King, and afterwards will come to Italy. I spoke to him at length before he left, and he expressed his earnest wish to oblige the Pope, and trusts the treaty between His Majesty and His Holiness will soon be concluded. I told him that he must put his shoulder to the wheel. In the last few years he has defeated three French

¹ Sanuto, xli. 89, 44; Brown, iii. 458.

armies, made the King a prisoner, brought him to Spain, made peace between those two monarchs, and restored the Most Christian King to his dominions. So it would appear, he said, that nothing of importance can be done in Christendom without His Excellency's help. He does not deny this, and seems very anxious to conclude this treaty, and also tells me that he will in any case come to Rome and kiss the feet of His Holiness.

'TOLEDO, February 18, 1525.'¹

From Madrid the Emperor turned southwards to Seville, where he had decided to celebrate his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. Castiglione left Toledo on February 24, and travelled with Navagero by Guadeloupe to Seville. It was a disagreeable and fatiguing journey. The roads were bad, the hostelries worse, and Zuan Negro's patience was sorely tried. Andalusia, he confessed, wore a more smiling aspect than Castile; but in his eyes no part of Spain was to be compared with the worst hole in Italy. At length, however, on March 8, the ambassadors reached Seville, and two days later rode in the imperial procession when Charles entered the city. The Emperor himself wore his ordinary suit and cap of black velvet slashed with gold, but the yellow liveries of his guards, the sumptuous crimson and purple robes of the Genoese merchants who came to meet His Majesty, and the beauty of the street decorations, atoned for this lack of pomp. Seven triumphal arches adorned with painted panels had been erected along the road; the houses were hung with costly tapestries and brocades; windows, roofs, and balconies were crowded with ladies; and more than 100,000 spectators thronged the streets.

¹ Serassi, ii. 28, 29.

The legate rode on the Emperor's right hand under the same golden baldacchino, with Castiglione immediately behind at the head of the foreign ambassadors. Military salutes and gay blasts of music from trumpeters and pipers rent the air; but what struck Castiglione most was the immense applause with which the multitude greeted their victorious Emperor, as he rode through the streets bearing an olive-branch in his hand. After the customary visit to the Cathedral, whose lofty tower and beautiful bells greatly impressed the Italian envoys, Charles walked to the neighbouring palace, changed his dusty travelling clothes, and went straight to the rooms where the Empress was awaiting him. Isabel met her lord half-way down the stairs, and bent to kiss his hand; but Charles refused to allow this, and, embracing her tenderly, led her into the hall, where they conversed together for some minutes. Then the marriage took place in the beautiful little chapel built by Isabella of Castile, and decorated with blue and green Moorish tiles. The legate joined the hands of the bridal pair and pronounced them to be man and wife, after which they supped together, and ladies and courtiers joined in music and dancing. At midnight they heard mass in the chapel, and received the nuptial benediction from the Archbishop of Toledo.

A week later the ambassadors were received by the young Empress, whose charming manners impressed them very favourably. Zuan Negro looked with interest at this youthful Princess, who was said to have chosen as her motto, '*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus,*' and had now attained her object. He describes Isabel as small and slight, with a very white skin and a remarkably intelligent expression. She received the envoys graciously, spoke a few minutes with

each in turn, and knew exactly the right word to say to each of her guests. This description of the short-lived wife, to whom Charles was so tenderly attached, agrees well with the delicate features, fair complexion, and red-gold hair of the portrait that Titian painted after the death of the Empress Isabel. The original portrait, which the Emperor himself described as painted by an artist of small account, is still preserved in Florence, while the superb work of art which Titian evolved from this commonplace likeness remains one of the glories of the Prado. The Portuguese courtiers who came in the Empress's suite did not by any means find the same favour as their mistress in the Venetian secretary's eyes. He describes them as black and ugly, with bad faces and ill-formed limbs, and declares that they were still prouder than the Spaniards and far more disagreeable.¹

During these few weeks Castiglione enjoyed a brief respite from political cares and diplomatic correspondence. The change to the soft climate and sunny gardens of Andalusia proved beneficial to his health. He enjoyed the bright spring days, and pronounced Seville to be the most delightful place in Spain. His friend Navagero grows enthusiastic over its broad streets, noble palaces, and splendid churches, and calls the Moorish Alcazar the most perfect summer residence in the world. The Venetian scholar was charmed by the lovely *patio* planted with orange and lemon trees, and watered with running streams flowing from marble fountains in the centre of the palace. These cool and shady groves reminded him of his own gardens at Murano—dearer to him, as he often repeats in his letters, than all else in the world. From Barcelona he had forwarded some young

¹ Sanuto, xli. 154, 344, 358.

carouba-trees to be planted in these gardens, at the same time begging his son-in-law to see that the new cypress-hedge was properly set, and the roses trained to grow on a trellis along the walls, after the fashion which he admired in Spain. Now he sent Ramusio seeds of oranges, and of a flowering shrub with a blossom between a white rose and a cistus, adding :

‘ You will wonder that I have time to think of such things in the midst of all my work ; but I am a true epicurean, and should like to spend my whole life in a garden. Therefore, as you love me, dear Ramusio, take care of my garden and tend my flowers while I am absent from home.’¹

The magnificent Cathedral, with its countless chapels, porticoes, and cloisters, filled the Italian visitors with fresh wonder and admiration. Together these three friends, Castiglione, Navagero, and the Mantuan Soardino, ascended the lofty Giralda tower by the inclined plane that reminded them of the Campanile at Venice, only that it was easier and better lighted, and enjoyed the vast prospect from the summit. They sought out the Roman thermæ and amphitheatre described by Pliny, and visited the delicious gardens of the Certosa on the banks of the Guadalquivir. As they lingered in the myrtle-groves and rested in the beautiful loggia, fragrant with the scent of roses and orange-blossom, the tired statesmen envied the fortunate Carthusian fathers, who only leave these enchanted regions to go to paradise.

Another thing which interested both Castiglione and Navagero deeply, was the sight of the curiosities and treasures that arrived almost daily at Seville from the New World. This city, as Navagero told his son-in-law, was the centre of the trade with this

¹ Atanagi, 676-680.



Photo, Anderson.

LA GIRALDA, SEVILLE.

To face p. 298, Vol. II.

newly-discovered country. Indeed, so many of the men had lately gone to the West Indies that the place was almost depopulated, and business was to a great extent in the hands of the women. Large stores of corn and wine, of clothes and boots, were sent out, and in exchange vast quantities of gold were received, of which a fifth part, often as much as 100,000 ducats a week, was the Emperor's due. But already the supply was beginning to fail, and no longer satisfied the rapacity of the Spanish merchants. Here, too, at Seville was the house of the Indies, where all the imports that came from these distant lands were collected. The President of the Council, the great traveller, Pietro Martire, welcomed our ambassadors warmly, and showed them the costly presents which Fernando Cortes had lately sent over for the Emperor—the massive ingots of gold, the priceless ropes of pearls, the richly-wrought daggers and crossbows, the bowls and caskets of precious metal, that arrived almost daily from Mexico. Even more interesting were the strange animals and plants that came in the caravels from the New World—live tigers, beautifully spotted leopards and panthers, ginger, pepper, and spices, and some curious roots called 'batatas' (potatoes), that were good to eat and tasted like chestnuts. Then there was a luscious fruit, something between a quince and a peach, and not unlike melon, called 'banana' or bread-fruit, which Navagero sent to Contarini at Venice, together with a beautiful dead bird of some unknown kind. But the strangest sight of all was that of two lads, sons of the Emperor of Mexico's Grand Master, who had black hair, broad faces, and flat noses, and whose skin was of a grayish hue. They were accustomed to go without clothes, but were by no means devoid of intelligence, and

played *palla* in their own fashion, using a piece of knotted bark as a ball, and striking it with their bodies instead of with their hands or feet.¹ All these things were minutely described in Navagero's letters for the benefit of his beloved Ramusio, who was engaged in compiling his great book of travels, and was especially anxious to obtain an account of the recent conquest of Mexico and Peru. According to the French historian, Armand-Baschet,² Ramusio kept up an active correspondence with Castiglione himself, whom he had known in Rome through their mutual friend Bembo, and who frequently sent greetings to him in Navagero's letters. But no trace of these interesting documents has so far come to light, and the nuncio was too much absorbed in political affairs to find time for private correspondence.

This brief holiday was soon over, and hardly had the sound of the marriage-bells died away before Castiglione was once more engaged in long interviews and fresh wranglings with the Emperor and his ministers. On the 18th the Count had an audience with His Majesty to offer condolences on the death of his sister, the Queen of Denmark. The news had arrived some days before, but the funeral honours and court mourning had been deferred until the close of the wedding festivities. That day Charles was in a softened mood. He spoke regretfully of his sister, showed great anxiety, not only to put down the Lutherans and resist the Turks, but to restore peace in Italy. He told Castiglione that he had no doubt the Most Christian King would keep his word, and that he had said to Francis, 'Whichever of us breaks these promises will be rightly held to be a

¹ Atanagi, 680-686; Navagero, 'Viaggio in Spagna,' 17.

² 'Alde Manuce,' p. 7.

bad man' (*un méchant homme*). The Emperor's confessor further informed the Count that, when the two monarchs were alone, Charles had told Francis that, in spite of the long strife between them, he had never borne him any personal ill-will, and begged him, if he failed to keep the promises which he had made, at least not to break his word to his sister, an injury, he said, which he could never forget or forgive. The French King, in reply, took a solemn oath to keep faith in this and all other respects. But Gattinara, who heard the Bishop's story, only shook his head at these fair words.

'The Chancellor is well, thank God!' wrote Castiglione; 'but his illness has been most unfortunate, and I am sorry that he is still so much dissatisfied, and either can or will not hide his displeasure. He has asked leave to go to Italy again, but the Emperor ordered him to come here instead. This conduct, unluckily, as I happen to know, annoys the Emperor, and leads to sharp words, which excite fresh vexation on both sides. The other day, when His Majesty asked the Chancellor to sign the French treaty, he refused, saying that he was not compelled to do anything that he knew would injure His Majesty. When the Emperor remarked that he would not hesitate if this alliance were for the Pope's benefit, he replied that His Majesty was mistaken, and protested that nothing now would induce him to accept the cardinalate. He ended by saying that he would return the seals, and then His Majesty could do as he pleased. The Emperor retorted that, if he sent back the seals, he would not restore them. "I shall deem that to be a favour, Your Majesty," replied the Chancellor, "for nothing will induce me to put the seals to a document that I hold to be wrongful." This softened the Emperor, who said that, since the Chancellor's authority was so great, he would promise

him never to appoint another in his place. In reply, Gattinara begged him not to wait for his death, but to allow him to resign immediately, and take the reins of government in his stead. So the dispute ended, and, as I said, the Emperor calmed down, and told the Chancellor that he knew he had not treated him as he deserved, but would presently atone for his neglect. Still, I fear that some bitterness remains. However, the Chancellor still holds office, and wields the same authority, but declares loudly that the King of France will not keep his promises. As yet we do not know what has happened, and if the King has returned to France, but we expect to hear every minute.¹

This graphic account of the quarrel between Charles and his Chancellor agrees with the statements of Guicciardini and Varchi, who both take note of Gattinara's resolute refusal to sign the Treaty of Madrid, without giving further particulars.

This was the first Easter that Castiglione spent in Spain, and he was impressed by the devotion with which the holy season was observed at court. The Emperor and Empress spent Holy Week in strict seclusion. The ministers and grandees were all at their devotions, and no business was transacted. But on Tuesday in Holy Week all Seville was startled by the unexpected news that Antonio d' Acuna, Bishop of Zamorra, one of the foremost leaders in the recent revolt of the communes, had been strangled in the fortress of Simanca by the Emperor's orders. This fiery old man of eighty had first blinded the governor of the castle by flinging a handful of hot ashes into his face, and had then stabbed him with his own dagger. Armed with his victim's sword, the prisoner sallied out of his cell, only to meet the governor's son,

¹ Scraasi, ii. 30, 31.

who at once raised an alarm. The Bishop was seized, and a few days afterwards executed by an Alcalde whom Charles had dispatched from Seville without waiting for the Pope's permission. This breach of the Church's privileges naturally created a sensation throughout Europe, and Charles V. sent a courier to Rome without delay to crave absolution at the Pope's hands. Meanwhile he remained at home in strict seclusion, and would not enter a church or spend Holy Week as he had intended, in the monastery of St. Jerome. He even refused to take part in the tournament given at Seville that Easter in honour of his marriage, and, in spite of his well-known love of jousting, only looked on at the sport from the Empress's daïs. In his letters to Rome, Castiglione laid great stress on the dutiful respect for the Pope's authority and true repentance shown by the Emperor for his hasty act, in which most of his subjects only saw the just punishment of a rebel murderer, who was unworthy to hold the office of Bishop.

'This being the case,' adds the Count, 'it is to be hoped the Pope will reply kindly to His Majesty, reproving him with paternal affection, and commending the respect which he has shown for the Apostolic See. I think that a reply of this kind will be very proper, especially in the present state of affairs.'¹

This time the nuncio's advice was followed, and a courier bearing the Emperor's absolution reached Seville on the last day of April.

On May-day morning the Emperor attended mass at the Cathedral, and told Castiglione, as he walked with him from the palace to the church, how much

¹ Serassi, ii. 35.

satisfaction he felt at receiving absolution. He also begged him to obtain the same pardon for the servants who had executed his orders, saying that the fault was altogether his own. After this Charles spent three days in retreat at St. Jerome's monastery, where he confessed and received communion; and having, in the nuncio's words, given the world 'this admirable example of a Christian monarch's behaviour,' he joined freely in the court's festivities. On May 6 a splendid tournament was held, in which His Majesty, richly attired in tan velvet and jewelled armour, with flowing plumes in his hat, rode out at the head of a brilliant company of knights, and broke lances with the most gallant of his subjects. That day one of the prizes was carried off by young Ferrante Gonzaga, 'a brave and gentle cavalier,' wrote our friend Zuan Negro, 'who will become a very valiant man.'

Throughout his stay at Seville the Emperor saw Castiglione frequently, and discussed political matters with the utmost frankness. The Count told him boldly that Leyva's harsh treatment of the Duke of Milan and cruel exactions had aroused great indignation in Lombardy, and had inclined the Italian powers to make common cause with France. Once more he implored him to delay no longer if he wished to retain the Pope's friendship. Charles apparently took this warning to heart, and a few days later told the Count that he was going to send Don Ugo di Moncada to Italy with orders to withdraw the troops from Milan and come to terms with the Pope and the Venetians. The choice of Moncada was not altogether to Castiglione's taste, although it was supported by the Chancellor, who remarked cynically that Don Ugo might as well begin the business, and that he would follow later to remedy his mistakes. But

Don Ugo, although more polished in his manners than most of the Spanish captains, was a violent and unscrupulous man, who had served under Cesare Borgia in his youth, and had been trained in a bad school.¹ Now he openly advocated Lannoy's policy, which was that Italy should be treated as a conquered province. But anything, in Castiglione's eye, was preferable to war, and he urged the Emperor to hasten his envoy's departure, and not allow trivial matters to interfere with a mission on which the ruin or salvation of the world might depend.

Meanwhile all manner of rumours were in the air. The legate had received no letters from Rome for two months. Some dispatches had gone astray; others had been intercepted by Andrea Doria and the French fleet, and the Count was by no means satisfied with the messengers employed by the Vatican. There was a Castilian lady, a certain Signora de Belvis, who boasted that she had been of infinite use to the Pope, and was on intimate terms with all the Cardinals, but lost no opportunity of making mischief between the Emperor and the legate. In the Count's opinion, Signora de Belvis was a lying and malicious woman, who ought never to have been trusted with important dispatches. Yet, in spite of Castiglione's warning, the Datary still sent this woman to and fro on confidential business, and the Count was obliged to conceal his disgust and trust his letters to her keeping. This being the case, it was not surprising if the legate and nuncio were often the last persons at court to learn what was happening in Rome. On April 23 the Emperor told Castiglione that he had seen a letter from Italy in which it was

¹ Alberi i., ii. 58.

confidently asserted that the Pope had formed an alliance with France, and was only waiting to see what the King would do. Another just cause of resentment at the court of Spain was the mission of Castiglione's friend Capino to France. This envoy, who had so lately been at Toledo, was now sent by the Pope to meet the King of France at Bordeaux and congratulate him on his safe return to his own land.¹

The period of six weeks, at the end of which Burgundy was to be handed over to the Emperor, had now almost expired, and as yet no word of the ratification of the treaty was heard.

'If French affairs turn out as every one here expects,' wrote Castiglione—'*Non stant fœdera facta metu*—the Viceroy's influence at this court will certainly dwindle away. The Emperor treats the Chancellor with the greatest kindness, and seems very much pleased with him; while his enemies say that His Signory, having always declared the Most Christian King would repudiate his engagements, is delighted to see how true a prophet he has been.'²

The great and unusual heat this spring hastened the removal of the court from Seville. 'It has been as hot here this March and April as it is in Italy in July and August,' wrote Navagero; 'but, as is commonly the case, this year is said to be an exceptional one.'³

On the night of May 18 the marriage of the Duke of Calabria with Queen Germaine, widow of Ferdinand the Catholic, was solemnized in the Emperor's presence. The bride had lately lost her second husband, the Marquis of Brandenburg, and is described as 'fat, lame, and ugly,' but richly dowered,

¹ Grethen, 97.

² Serassi, ii. 38.

³ Atanagi, 686.

and her union with the last of the Aragon princes of Naples met with the Emperor's full approval.

The next morning, at break of day, Charles and his wife left for Granada. Late on the afternoon of the 18th the legate received an important dispatch from the Pope with regard to the Turkish invasion of Hungary, and begged the Emperor for an audience. Charles replied that most of his household had already left the palace, and that he was unable to remain at Seville another day, and had filled up every hour until his departure. But he consented to receive an informal visit from the nuncio. Castiglione, it appears, had gone home to dinner, being still on invalid's diet, when he received this summons, and hastened at once to the palace. Here he briefly delivered the Pope's message, begging the Emperor to come to the rescue of his brother-in-law, the gallant King Louis II. of Hungary, explaining the measures that were proposed for his relief. Charles replied that the news cut him to the heart, but that he had neither men nor money to send against the Turk, and would need all he had for his own defence. 'If you knew,' he added, 'what I hear from people in Italy, you would not be surprised.' The Count ventured to suggest that he might well entertain suspicion of the French, but the Emperor said that he still believed the King would keep his promises, upon which Castiglione could not repress a smile. Charles proceeded to repeat the rumours that reached him of the Pope's intrigues with France, and an animated discussion followed, in which Castiglione had need of all his eloquence. Finally, as the hour was already late, he left the Papal brief in the Chancellor's hands, to be read to His Majesty at leisure, and took his leave, sorely troubled and perplexed in spirit.

‘The rumours that come from Italy,’ he wrote that night to Schönberg, ‘are many and varied, and if it were not that such reports are generally idle, they would greatly disturb the Emperor. As it is, they naturally excite suspicion. What the truth is I know not. Often they seem to make my brain reel, for there are actually persons here who say that the Pope has most certainly entered into an agreement with France. I trust in His Holiness’s good judgment, and feel sure that he will always take the best course, and choose the path which leads to peace and tranquillity. If he were to ally himself with France, war must of necessity arise, because it is the natural desire of the Most Christian King, who seeks glory for himself and vengeance for past reverses. And if war follows, it is certain that, whoever wins or loses, the result will be equally ruinous. The Pope can hardly wish to see the Most Christian King lord of the world, since in past times he was deeply offended by His Holiness; while if he loses, he will share his ruin. In any case, the Pope will thus make an enemy of the Emperor, who now is full of good-will towards His Beatitude, if I am not the most ignorant man in the world.’¹

So Castiglione wrote to the minister of Clement VII. on the eve of the proclamation of the League of Cognac, the final and decisive step that was to involve the Pope in a disastrous war and bring irretrievable ruin on Rome and Italy.

¹ Serassi, ii. 45, 46.

CHAPTER XLVII

1526

Francis I. repudiates the Treaty of Madrid—League of Cognac concluded—Castiglione at Granada—The Alhambra and Generalife gardens—The Pope's brief—The Vatican and Borgo sacked by the Colonna—Cesare Fieramosca's mission—Battle of Mohacz and death of Louis of Hungary—The court leaves Granada.

FROM the moment that Francis I. crossed the Bidasoa, and, leaping on his horse, cried, 'I am once more King!' the vows and promises which he had made in prison were blown to the winds. His days were spent in hunting and feasting, first at Bordeaux, then at his birthplace, the castle of Cognac, where he halted on the way to Blois. His family and friends came from all sides to welcome him; the Pope and Doge sent envoys nominally to congratulate him on his release, but in reality to form a secret alliance against the Emperor. Lannoy arrived at Cognac on May 8, only to find that the Treaty of Madrid remained a dead letter. The Council refused to cede Burgundy, and Francis had no intention of fulfilling the solemn pledges that he had given. His marriage with the Queen of Portugal was indefinitely postponed, and Eleanor returned in deep dejection to Burgos.¹

Castiglione's friend, Margherita Trivulzio, who had joined her husband at Cognac, gives a lively descrip-

¹ Grethen, 98-100.

tion of the Viceroy's arrival in the midst of the rejoicings in honour of peace with England, and of his alarm at the attentions which the King paid to the Papal and Venetian envoys.¹

But worse was to follow. On May 22 the new League between the Pope, the King of France, Milan, and Venice was signed. The King of England was declared Protector of the League, and the Emperor was to be allowed to join on condition of releasing the French King's sons and recognizing the Duke of Milan. Failing this, war was to be made upon him, both by land and sea. Lannoy was justly indignant at this treacherous conduct. 'Would to God,' he wrote to his master, 'that I had never taken any part in this business, and that Your Majesty had allowed me to lay down my office at Toledo, as I begged leave to do !'²

On May 14 Charles left Seville with the Empress to visit Cordova and enjoy some hunting in the neighbouring forests ; but on receiving the Viceroy's letters from Cognac, he summoned the Chancellor to join him, and proceeded to Granada without delay. Meanwhile, Castiglione had availed himself of the Emperor's absence to visit Cadiz, and see the white-walled city from which Columbus sailed to discover the New World. At the end of a week he returned to Seville, to wind up some ecclesiastical affairs, and then travelled by slow stages to Granada. Here he found the legate and Navagero in great consternation. The Emperor was known to have received important letters from Rome, and the wildest rumours were abroad. Under these circumstances the legate and nuncio decided to crave an audience

¹ Sanuto, xl. 402 ; Brown, iii. 549-557.

² Gayangos, iii., part i., 707.



Photo, Anderson.

HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS, GRANADA.

To face p. 310, Vol. II.

from His Majesty and learn the truth from his lips. Accordingly, on June 19 they climbed the steep hill of the Alhambra, the renowned fortress-palace of the Moorish Sultans, and were received by the Emperor in the great Hall of the Ambassadors. In this magnificent apartment, richly decorated with Arab work, and commanding one of the noblest views in the world, a heated discussion took place between the Emperor and the Papal representatives. Charles produced letters from the Duke of Sessa describing his interview with the Pope, who confessed that he had sent an envoy to treat with the French King, and utterly declined to await Don Ugo's arrival before proceeding further. The legate could only protest that he had received no letters to this effect, while Castiglione vainly tried to allay the Emperor's anger, and ventured to remind him that his prolonged delays might naturally have alarmed the Pope. But in his secret heart the Count was sorely vexed.

'You may imagine how much pleased every one here is with the Pope,' he wrote to his friend Piperario, 'and consequently how amiably disposed these grandees are! Personally, indeed, I have nothing to complain of, for I am treated with greater honour and kindness than I deserve. I expect the Archbishop is as much annoyed as I am; but we must both of us have patience. It is true that I am the most to be pitied, since I am here. But as in this strange world of ours things often take an unexpected turn, it is still possible that the tricks of perfidious France may end in drawing the Pope closer to the Emperor. For if Fortune gives the Most Christian King a chance, I have no doubt that he will deceive His Holiness. And the same may be said of Eboracensis.¹ But I beg you to find out if

¹ Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York.

the Pope is satisfied with me, and what these Frenchmen say of my conduct, as I am well aware of their malice. Commend me to M. Agostino Foglietta, and tell him that I am full of anxieties, but that the Emperor still treats me kindly.¹

The legate, having entirely failed to attain the object of his mission, now left Spain, Soardino returned to Mantua, and Castiglione and Navagero remained by themselves at Granada throughout the summer and autumn. Fortunately, the ancient Moorish city was a pleasant place of residence, full of strange and wonderful sights. When Granada was conquered by the Catholic King, the Moorish inhabitants were allowed to retain their religion and customs during the next forty years. The upper quarter of the town, including three parts of the population, was accordingly still occupied by Arabs. The men in turbans and the white-veiled women, with their embroidered robes and hair and eyebrows dyed black, were objects of great interest to the Italian visitors. The industry and cleverness of the Moors, their silk-worm culture and weaving-looms, their beautiful houses and well-watered gardens, filled Zuan Negro with admiration. He pronounced them to be infinitely preferable to the proud and lazy Spaniards, who call themselves *hidalgos* and boast of their noble birth, but leave the soil uncultivated, and, when they are without bread to eat or a roof over their heads, are content as long as they can wear a velvet mantle and keep a mule in the stable, and two or three servants to wait upon them. Since the conquest of Granada the wealth and prosperity of the city had declined rapidly, and Zuan Negro

¹ Serassi, ii. 60.

declared that the Christians who lived in the plains were far less civilized and more like barbarians than the Moors. Now, the period of forty years' grace had almost expired, and in a few months' time the Inquisition was to be set up in Granada. 'Then,' remarked the Venetian secretary, 'there will be a fine burning!' Many of the wealthier Moors had already gone to Africa, and several of their houses were deserted. Navagero looked sadly at these charming homes, with their fountains and gardens of myrtles and musk-roses, and thought with a sigh of the cruel doom that hung over them.¹

It was a steep and toilsome ascent from the Calle de los Zurradores (leather-dressers), where the ambassadors lodged, in the house of one Juanadras, to the Emperor's palace of 'La Lambra,' and both the nuncio and the Venetian envoys were often obliged to take this journey in the heat of the day. But the wonders of the Moorish palace afforded them perpetual delight, and Zuan Negro came to the conclusion that, whatever were the crimes of these infidel kings, they had at least been men who knew how to enjoy life. This was Charles V.'s first visit to Granada, and he was so deeply impressed by the beauty of the Alhambra that he began to build winter-quarters within the precincts of the Moorish citadel for his own residence. Many of the rooms still bear his motto, *Plus outre*, on the beams of the roof, and are adorned with Raphaelesque paintings, in the manner of the Vatican loggie, a style of decoration that may have been suggested by Castiglione. Navagero gives a glowing description of the famous halls, with their exquisite tiles and Arab carvings, of the Tower of Comares and Court of the Lions, with its

¹ Sanuto, xli. 750 ; Navagero, 26-32.

fine marbles, its fountains of running water, and myrtles trained on trellises along the walls—a ‘deliciously cool spot on the hottest day.’

The tombs of the Catholic Kings in the Capella de los Reyes, wrought in delicate alabaster by a Genoese master, also attracted the notice of our ambassadors. They looked with interest at the brocade hangings that covered the coffin of King Philip, the Emperor’s father, and saw the sumptuous but still unfinished tomb of the Great Captain,¹ against whom Castiglione had fought in his youth. While Zuan Negro grumbled at the change from the excessive heat of Seville, and caught cold by wearing a taffeta vest, Navagero and Castiglione revelled in the loveliness of the Generaliffe garden, on the mountain heights above the Alhambra. They spent the summer evenings among those green courts and myrtle-groves, where rabbits peeped out from banks of verdure and the headlong waters of the Darrò foamed in the gorge below.

‘Nothing is lacking,’ wrote Navagero to his son-in-law, ‘to complete the charm and perfection of the spot, save the presence of a scholar capable of appreciating its beauty. Such a man might live here in peace and quietness, engaged in the studies and occupations that make a good man happy, and in which he would be content to spend his days without seeking for wealth or fame.’²

But this blessed leisure which the Venetian statesman coveted, and which Castiglione longed for in vain, was not to be theirs long, even in this enchanted land. All around them the tumult of war began to make itself felt, and preparations for raising men and

¹ Gonsalvo de Cordova. ² Atanagi, 686-690 ; Navagero, 20-22.

money were actively carried on, although, as the Count remarked, 'Everything moves slowly in Spain.'

Before engaging in hostilities, Charles consulted the chief jurists, and summoned the States of Castile and Aragon to decide whether he was justified in making war on the Pope. As might be expected, the answers were couched in different terms, but were all alike framed to please the Emperor. Bourbon, who had been wasting his time and money at Barcelona, now sailed for Genoa to take command of the dwindling army before Milan. Lannoy returned from France, and, to the surprise of the court, was received with great favour by Charles V., and appointed to the command of the imperial forces at Naples.

'The Viceroy,' wrote Castiglione to Piperario, 'is to go to Italy at the head of a new army. If the ships were large enough, and even if biscuits were the only fare on board, 10,000 or 12,000 penniless soldiers would sail for Italy to-morrow, in the hope of capturing another King of France and gaining fame and gold. But whatever the result of the campaign may be, I am sure that few of these 8,000 men will ever return to Spain. If they do not die on the way, they will spend the rest of their lives in plundering and murdering our countrymen, and 8,000 fresh brigands will be added to those who, as the Archbishop of Capua says, are already swarming over Italy.'¹

Still the nuncio received no letters from Rome, and only learnt the failure of Moncada's mission from the Emperor's lips. Twice over Don Ugo and Sessa had visited the Pope at the Vatican and offered to raise the siege of the Castello of Milan and recognize the Duke, but each time Clement had rejected these

¹ Serassi, ii. 62.

proposals on the plea that he could not treat independently of his allies. The die was cast. The Pope had at length lifted the mask, and was in the highest spirits, ready for war and confident of victory. He told the French envoy that the imperial ministers had arrived with a whole barrellful of concessions—*un plein tonneau de propos*—and seemed to regard the whole matter as a huge joke. His confidence was shared by those about him, and Giberti wrote that all Rome was eager for battle. The Spanish ambassador was ordered to leave his palace on the spot; even the Spanish cooks and cellarers in the Vatican were dismissed, and all communication with Spain was forbidden. Sessa retired to raise money and troops at Naples, and Don Ugo, thirsting for vengeance, joined the Colonna leaders at Genazzano.¹

All these incidents were duly reported to Charles V., who complained bitterly to Castiglione of the Pope's ingratitude. The Count was at his wits' end, and could only ask God to stretch forth His hand and allay the conflagration.

'His Majesty,' he wrote on the last day of July, 'is still very kind, and assures me that he trusts me entirely; and I try to retain his confidence, in the hope that some day I may be of use to His Holiness.'²

At length, on August 18, he received the long-expected letters from Rome. With these was a Papal brief addressed to the Emperor, in which Clement openly accused Charles of breaking the peace of Christendom by his passion for conquest, and, after

¹ Sanuto, xli. 483; 'Lettere di Principi,' i. 218; Grethen, 110.

² Serassi, ii. 60.

enumerating his crimes in detail, declared that the Pope was compelled to take up arms in defence of Italy and of the Holy See.

Charles had been suffering from a feverish cold, and was in the act of mounting his horse to ride to his hunting-box at Santa Fé, for change of air, when the nuncio arrived at the palace at four o'clock on the afternoon of August 20. His Majesty listened patiently while Castiglione briefly explained the contents of the Pope's letter, and promised to send an answer on his return to Granada.

A week later the Count presented himself at the gates of the Alhambra, according to his instructions, together with the French and Venetian ambassadors. Unfortunately, the French envoy, Calvimont, President of Bordeaux, was a hot-tempered man, and his strong language shocked Dr. Lee, whom Navagero describes as a good and well-meaning, but credulous, man. Like the nuncio, the English envoy placed complete reliance in the Emperor's promises, and was on bad terms with Calvimont, partly, in Navagero's opinion, owing to the natural hatred that exists between the French and English, or from the President's disposition to think evil of all men.¹ Castiglione, on his part, was horrified at the threats which the French envoy proposed to use in this first interview with the Emperor. 'God grant the confederates of the League may agree better than their ambassadors do!' he wrote to Cardinal Salviati, 'for certainly this Frenchman is a terrible creature!' After a long wrangle the Count, however, succeeded in modifying his colleague's violence. He merely begged His Majesty, in the Pope's name, to join the League, and, together with Navagero, supported the

¹ Brown, iii. 621.

French envoy's demand for the release of the King's sons on payment of a sufficient ransom. In reply, Charles told Castiglione in civil but decided terms that it was impossible to join a league that was formed for his destruction, and, after complaining of the calumnies contained in the Papal brief, declared his intention of appealing to a General Council. To the French ambassador his language was less measured. He sternly refused to consider his demand, and told him angrily that his King was a coward and a traitor, who had broken his word of honour, and whom he would gladly challenge to a single combat in order that God might judge between them. The Emperor's words, Navagero remarked, were very fierce, and he was quite unlike himself. Afterwards he told Castiglione that his anger had been aroused by the President's use of the word *sommer*, which in the French tongue means more than merely to *ask* or *require*, and is commonly employed by captains when they call on a castle or city to surrender, and is significant of violence and plunder.¹

A few days afterwards the nuncio received a second brief from the Pope, written two days after the first, and couched in much gentler language, which he was to deliver instead of the former letter. The Count hastened to place this second brief in the Emperor's hands in the hope that 'it might temper the bitterness of the last dose.' But it was too late. The harm was already done, and the reply which the Chancellor gave the nuncio on September 17 was a bitter disappointment to Castiglione.

In a lengthy document, covering twenty-two sheets of paper, the Emperor refuted the separate charges brought against him by the Pope, and, after accusing

¹ Serassi, ii. 69, 70 ; Brown, iii. 606.

Clement of causing scandal in Christendom by his mischievous league, and being a wolf rather than a shepherd of his flock, called on him to lay down his arms and convoke a General Council.¹ In vain Castiglione expostulated, first with the Chancellor, then with the Emperor, saying that he had always assured the Pope of His Majesty's kindly intention, and should now be held a liar by every one in Rome. Charles replied that his councillors were unanimous in the opinion that it was impossible to allow such imputations to pass unnoticed. But out of regard for the Count he sent him the following letter, which Castiglione enclosed in his dispatches to Rome :

‘ NUNCIO,

‘ As you have already received my reply to His Holiness's brief, in which I felt compelled to defend myself from the charges unjustly brought against me, I beg you not to forget to inform His Holiness of these pacific and friendly intentions towards him of which I have spoken to you so fully. I am sure this will satisfy His Holiness that I am his dutiful son, and will lead him to treat me as a good father ; and I assure you that it will not be my fault if you are reckoned a liar.

‘ With my own hand,

‘ THE KING.’²

In spite of this friendly act on Charles's part, Castiglione was plunged in the deepest dejection.

‘ It seems to me,’ he wrote to Archbishop Schönberg, ‘ that some ill-luck always interferes to prevent our attainment of the peace and quietness that we desire so earnestly. . . . I try to console myself by remembering how anxious for peace the Pope has

¹ Gayangos, iii., part i., 905.

² Serassi, ii. 98.

always been, and in what wise and prudent words he expressed these intentions to me the day before I left Rome. These reasons, which induced me to come to Spain willingly, are now my sole consolation. . . . The Viceroy is sailing for Italy with the strictest injunctions to offer favourable terms of peace to His Holiness before he engages in war. If they are accepted, it will be in the name of God ; if they are rejected, or if fresh delays are allowed to intervene, the most strenuous measures will be taken to advance the Emperor's cause, and long and endless war will come. Even if he is defeated, he will never yield as long as there is breath in his body, and universal ruin will be the result. His subjects will not fail to support him, and if they once lose their sense of shame, and begin to taste the liberty of disobedience to the Apostolic See, I know not how they will ever return to their old allegiance. I will say no more, but end with certain words of Marcus Tullius, which I learnt when I was a boy at school : " Vos potius animadvertite utrum sit elegantius et partibus utilius concurrere nos, quo facilius reviviscat Pompejanorum causa totiens jugulata, an consentire, ne ludibriosus inimicis, quibus utri nostrum ceciderint lucro futurum est." ¹

' GRANADA, on the last day of September, 1526.'

When Castiglione wrote these words, the Pope's conduct had already been followed by the fatal consequences which the nuncio had foreseen. By the Duke of Sessa's death, on August 18, Don Ugo had been placed in authority, and he made use of his independence to attempt a bold stroke.² Some months before, Clement's bitter enemy, Cardinal Colonna,

¹ ' Consider well, whether it would be more fitting and beneficial to make peace, and thus to revive the failing cause of Pompey, or to agree, lest we become the laughing-stock of our enemies, which in either case would be for our future gain ' (Serassi, ii. 9).

² Grethen, 123.

had sent the Emperor word that he could easily expel the Pope from Rome. In reply Charles desired him to await the result of Moncada's mission, but told Don Ugo privately that the time might come when he would be glad of the Cardinal's assistance.

'Should the Pope reject our offers,' he wrote to Moncada on June 11, 'or should you find that he is dallying with our demands in order to gain time, remember that he who strikes first strikes twice, and privately, and with all secrecy, induce Cardinal Colonna to put his plan into execution.'¹

Acting on these orders, Don Ugo and the Colonna leaders suddenly appeared before Rome on September 19, seized the Lateran Gate, and marched through the city. The Pope and Cardinals fled to S. Angelo, while the Spanish troops sacked the Vatican and the palaces of the Borgo. They penetrated into the Pope's private rooms, and the Sistine Chapel, and carried off crucifixes and jewelled chalices, the Papal tiara, and the tapestries of Raphael. The terrified Pope sent Archbishop Schönberg to parley with Moncada, and on the 20th a four months' truce was concluded, by which he withdrew his troops, and Clement promised to recall the Papal forces from Lombardy.

The news of this raid reached Granada on October 25. The horror which these sacrilegious acts excited throughout Italy was shared by the Spanish grandees. Don Ugo, with an unblushing effrontery worthy of his old leader, Cæsar Borgia, begged the Emperor to express the greatest regret for what had happened, not only to the Pope and Cardinals, but to the princes of Christendom. Charles acted on

¹ Lanz, 'Correspondenz des Kaisers Karl V.,' i. 216; Mignet, 'La Rivalité de Francis I. et Charles V.,' ii. 244; Gayangos, iii., part i., 736, 743.

his advice, but was genuinely distressed at the pillage of the Vatican. Castiglione's own friends had suffered. Imperialists and French partisans, the innocent and the guilty, had alike fallen victims to the Spanish soldiery. Sadoletto and Chiericati lost everything; the Datary's priceless porcelain was smashed to atoms; even Leo X.'s poor fool Coco, whose services Federico Gonzaga had been so anxious to retain, was robbed and tortured.¹ But the expressions of sympathy which he received on all sides softened his grief. Henry VIII. and Wolsey sent him condolences through the nuncio in England, Uberto Gambaro.

'The Bishops and courtiers, great and small,' wrote Castiglione, 'express their dismay at these enormities; the very stones cry out. The Emperor was deeply moved when I dwelt on these barbarous deeds and on the insults offered to the Head of the Church and the name of Christ. He said that he hoped to be forgiven before God, vowing that he had never ordered these horrible deeds, but felt the load on his conscience, because, being engaged in a perilous war through no fault of his own, he had been unable to refuse the services of the Colonna.'²

The same courier brought news of the disaster which had befallen Christendom in the defeat and death of the Emperor's brother-in-law, King Louis of Hungary, at Mohacz. This gallant prince had fallen, with the flower of his chivalry, fighting against the Turks, leaving the Sultan Soliman master of the Danube. The loss of his valiant kinsman, from whom he had received a pathetic farewell, written on the eve of the fatal battle, moved Charles to tears and produced a marked change in his feelings. In a

¹ 'Lettere di Principi,' i. 104.

² Serassi, ii. 98.

private interview with Castiglione he spoke earnestly of his determination to join the Pope in a league against the Turks, and expressed his willingness to release the French princes if this would induce the King to combine against the common foes of Christendom. He spoke warmly of Henry VIII., but abused Wolsey roundly, saying that he cared a great deal for his own advancement, but little or nothing for the universal good. At the same time Charles owned that he himself had many defects of character, and was naturally slow to make decisions and apt to put off important matters, but that he was resolved to conquer his nature and be very diligent in future. Once more he expressed his determination to go in person to fight against the Turks, and declared that for this cause he was ready to give up everything and brave the wrath of the whole world. All this he said so earnestly that Castiglione was more than ever convinced of the Emperor's sincerity, and both he and Navagero felt that there was a better hope of peace.¹

Meanwhile the Pope had written, immediately after Moncada's raid, to say that he was sending his Chamberlain, Paolo d' Arezzo, to lay the tale of his wrongs before Charles and negotiate a lasting peace. He even offered to come to Spain himself and meet the Emperor at Madrid or Toledo. This proposal gratified Charles highly. As Castiglione remarked, it would save His Majesty the expense of a journey to Italy, and would give the Pope an opportunity of shaking off Signor Alberto, the Datary, and other well-known intriguers who were thorns in his side.

In order to expedite matters and give the Pope a proof of his good-will, Charles now determined to

¹ Brown, iii. 623.

send his Grand Equerry, Cesare Fieramosca, to Rome to apologize for the excesses which had been committed in his name, and to ratify the treaty concluded by Don Ugo with the Pope. This Capuan knight was on friendly terms with Castiglione, who gave him minute directions for his guidance in the following memorandum :

‘ I trust that God will give your lordship a prosperous voyage, and pray that the winds and waves and skies may be as propitious to your intentions as you deserve. May a kind Fortune remove all obstacles, and bring you swiftly to your journey’s end ! When you reach Rome, it would, I think, be best to go straight to the Archbishop of Capua, and with him enter the Pope’s presence while you are still booted and spurred. You can talk freely to the Archbishop, who is good and wise, and also to M. Agostino Foglietta, whether in his own house or in the palace, and to the Legate, as we agreed. You know that Foglietta is in disgrace, and the reasons why he has incurred the Pope’s displeasure. Please assure him of the Emperor’s favour. The Legate is also well disposed. Do not avoid the Datary or appear not to trust him, and do not reject his offers ; but be cautious in this, as in all else, not to arouse suspicion, and make him understand dexterously that if peace is made between the Pope and Emperor his private affairs can easily be arranged. Do the same with Signor Alberto and M. Giacomo Salviati, with whom your lordship can deal as we agreed. Be friendly with the Papal secretaries, the Bishop of Carpentras,¹ and the Archbishop of Ravenna,² to both of whom I am writing on your behalf. You will remember to pay assiduous court to the Cardinals, especially to the Pope’s relatives, and you will be so kind as to commend me to Monsignore Armellino. For the rest, although V. S. has many separate commis-

¹ Sadoletto.

² Accolti.

sions, which you will, I know, execute with prudence and diligence, in my opinion the most important is to remove, as far as possible, the suspicions which have arisen on both sides, and which have been the cause of all these troubles. Therefore I trust V. S. will avail yourself of your position to make every one in Rome realize the true liberality of Cæsar and the greatness of his soul, which is not merely shown in granting pensions. If God will only allow the Pope to come to Spain, that wholesome medicine will, I firmly believe, be the best cure for all our infirmities.¹

Fieramesca, however, did not sail from Cartagena for several weeks, and when, on December 2, the Count sent him his last dispatches for Rome, the court was preparing to leave Granada. It had been Charles's intention to spend the winter in this romantic city, but the bad news from Hungary caused him to change his plans suddenly, and summon the Cortes to meet at Valladolid. He now decided to spend Christmas at Toledo, and then proceed by Madrid and Aranjuez to Valladolid, while the Empress, who was in delicate health, travelled by slow stages. The ambassadors prepared to follow His Majesty, and turned their backs reluctantly on the sunny Vega. Charles's new buildings on the Alhambra heights were left unfinished, and neither he nor Castiglione ever saw the palace of the Moorish kings again. But the day before their departure the Inquisitors arrived to take up their permanent abode in the city, and the ruin that Navagero had foretold befell the Moors of Granada.²

¹ Serassi, ii. 113.

² Navagero, 'Viaggio in Spagna,' 35; Atanagi, 690.

CHAPTER XLVIII

1527

Fruitless negotiations for peace—Mission of Paolo d' Arezzo—Castiglione remains ignorant of events in Italy—Advance of the Imperialists—Fieramosca and Lannoy in Bourbon's camp—March of Bourbon's army on Rome—Capture and sack of Rome—The Emperor receives the news at Valladolid—Castiglione's grief.

THE gleam of hope that cheered Castiglione's last days at Granada soon died away. Paolo d' Arezzo, the Papal Chamberlain whom Clement now sent to Spain, was detained several weeks in France, and only reached Toledo at Christmas. The Count, who was already half-way to Valladolid, turned back on hearing of his arrival, and took Messer Paolo to wait on the Emperor. Charles received him civilly; but when he pleaded for the liberation of the French King's sons, told him roundly that the Pope had better mind his own business. Paolo now accompanied Castiglione across the treeless plains of Castile to Valladolid, where they held repeated conferences with the other ambassadors in the nuncio's house, and afterwards with the imperial ministers. But little or no progress was made. The Chancellor raised all manner of difficulties as to the credentials of the different envoys and their powers to treat of peace. The French and English ambassadors quarrelled. Calvimont lost his temper and used

threatening language, which only exasperated Charles and his councillors. At length the Count of Nassau exclaimed : ' I never gave the devil credit for so much power before ! My master only wishes for peace ; you ambassadors say that your princes desire the same thing, and yet nothing is effected.'¹ After a month wasted in fruitless disputes, M. Paolo started on his journey home without having effected the object of his mission. As before, Castiglione remained without instructions from Rome, and merely received orders from the nuncio in France to act in concert with Calvimont. This Castiglione found increasingly difficult. Not only were the French envoys jealous of his influence with the Emperor, but it became every day more evident that Francis had no intention of coming to terms with his rival. At the same time he showed little eagerness to help his allies. The Italian envoys, who followed the court to Poissy, complained that the King spent his whole time hunting, and could never be induced to attend to business.

' It is a pity,' wrote the Venetian Andrea Rosso, ' that this King, who is so fond of the chase, should not attend a little more to the imperial eagles and a little less to the forest deer.'²

' These French gentlemen slander me,' wrote Castiglione to Cardinal Salviati on February 19, ' and declare that I am an Imperialist, because they see how kindly the Emperor and his courtiers treat me. As you know, I have never discouraged their attentions, hoping that by retaining His Majesty's confidence I may better be able to serve the Pope ; and I really do not think it necessary to alter my conduct in order to be held an honest man, and should be ashamed if at my time of life anyone ventured to

¹ Brown, iv. 24.

² Sanuto, xliii. 692.

doubt my integrity. Certainly I have never had so difficult a task as that of managing these affairs, on such a footing and in such company. If this goes on much longer it will become intolerable. I ought at least to receive precise instructions as to what I am to say and do, for at present I have to refer everything to these French ambassadors, and what kind of men they are God only knows! . . . Now Bayard has gone back to France, after making many threats of vengeance, and Calvimont refuses to utter a word. Such conduct may well exasperate the other confederates, who have brought war into their own lands for no other reason than to gratify the King of France. Now His Majesty gives himself up to pleasure at home, while poor Italy is on fire and the Apostolic See has sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. And yet, if we only knew it, just now we might obtain any terms that we chose to ask from the Emperor.¹

His language to Archbishop Schönberg was still more emphatic :

‘I have written an infinite number of letters, but do not know if any of them ever reach you. It is quite certain that I have had none from Rome since those written on November 9, which M. Paolo brought. He left on the 2nd of this month. I should be glad to hear from Rome, as all the other Italians here have had letters excepting myself; and even if I cannot effect anything of importance, at least they would relieve my anxiety. If there is no good news to tell, it is better to know the worst than to remain in perpetual suspense. For of late affairs seem to have taken the worst possible turn. There is no chance of peace, because the French do not really wish for it. The Chancellor, too, puts every difficulty in the way, and intends, I believe,

¹ Serassi., ii. 130-140.

that nothing should be done until he goes to Italy himself. The Cortes has been taking great pains to justify these warlike preparations, and prove that the fault does not lie with the Emperor; but it is impossible to defend one side without blaming the other. Twenty-four new galleys are being built at Barcelona, and no time is lost. . . . For my part, I see no hope of peace, and nothing that can save us from universal ruin, unless it is the coming of His Holiness to Spain, which I desire more earnestly than ever before.¹

Castiglione's opinion was confirmed both by Navagero and the English Ambassador, Ghinucci, Bishop of Worcester, who were quite clear that the Emperor had abandoned all thoughts of peace. The Cortes, however, while professing the utmost loyalty to His Majesty, refused to give him a farthing of supplies for war against the Pope, and it was plain that the idea was unpopular, both with the court and nation. The Chancellor now announced his fixed determination to go to Italy and see what he could do to restore peace. Castiglione clung to this as the last hope of deliverance. Unfortunately, when at length the old statesman set out for Italy at the end of April, it was too late. The news of the sack of Rome and of the Pope's captivity reached him at Monaco, and he returned to Spain without delay.²

On February 21 the Empress Isabel reached Valladolid, and was received with great pomp. Castiglione thought her looking very thin and pale, but her health remained good, and she took up her residence in the old palace of the Kings of Castile, near the Plaza Major, while the birth of a future monarch was impatiently awaited throughout Spain. A fortnight

¹ Serassi, ii. 141.

² Sanuto, xlv. 106.

later the Count himself fell dangerously ill of fever, and for some days the court physicians despaired of his life. He recovered from this attack, but it was many weeks before he could leave his room.

‘Would to God,’ he wrote from his sick bed, ‘that while my body is ill my mind were at rest, and I could hear that His Holiness was out of danger. That medicine would, I am sure, heal all my ailments.’

The news of his friend Andrea Piperario’s death was a fresh shock, and cut off his last chance of communication with the Vatican. Archbishop Schönberg was continually travelling two and fro between Rome and Naples, with messages from the Pope and Viceroy, and no letters reached the nuncio from the time of Paolo d’ Arezzo’s departure until the beginning of June.

‘We are buried alive here,’ wrote the Count on Lady-day, ‘and know nothing that is happening in Italy, because any news that reaches the court is kept secret. However, this did not prevent our hearing of the Viceroy’s defeat in a battle at Frosinone, in which both Alarçon and Don Ugo narrowly escaped with their lives. Aquila is said to be lost. We also hear that an eight days’ truce has been made, and many other reports reach us, as I said, *sub nube*. But there is no doubt that the war is very unpopular here. When, a few days ago, the General of the Franciscans wrote in hopeful terms of the prospects of peace, not only the Emperor, but all these grandes and people of every condition, were filled with joy. God grant that I may live to see this long-desired and sorely-needed good, although I do not understand how this can be, unless it is sent to us straight from the hand of God.’¹

¹ Serassi, ii. 146.

By the same courier Castiglione sent Giberti a present of curiosities from the West Indies, which he had collected at Granada, and thought would gratify the Datary. But when the messenger reached Italy, Rome had been taken and sacked by the Imperial army, and the Pope was a captive in Castell' Sant' Angelo. During the past six months Clement had pursued his usual vacillating course. The capture of Cremona on September 24 by the armies of the League, under the Duke of Urbino, revived his courage for the moment, and, regardless of his agreement with Moncada, he sent Papal troops to destroy the towns and castles of Colonna, telling the Spanish Secretary that, if he chose to punish his rebellious vassals, the Emperor had no right to interfere. But when he heard that the Duke of Ferrara had gone over to the Imperialists, and that a large force of German *Landsknechten*, under the redoubtable Frundsberg, was crossing the Alps, he was seized with fresh trepidation, and sent Schönberg and Quiñones, the General of the Franciscans, to treat with Lannoy at Naples. 'Our holy Father is in such a state of terror that he hardly knows where he is!' wrote Alberto di Carpi to the French King. In January, 1527, the arrival of Renzo da Ceri and the defeat of Lannoy's troops at Frosinone calmed his fears, and he promptly withdrew the offers which he had made.¹

Meanwhile Cesare Fieramosca, the envoy on whom Castiglione's last hopes were fixed, landed at Gaeta and went to Rome, only to meet with fresh vacillation on the Pope's part. But alarming news came from Lombardy. Bourbon and Frundsberg had joined their forces and were marching south. This decided

¹ Grethen, 137, 152.

the Pope, and on March 15 he concluded an eight months' truce with the Viceroy, and promised to pay him 60,000 ducats on condition that Bourbon should withdraw his army into Lombardy. Fieramosca hastened to Bourbon's camp at San Giovanni, near Bologna, and read the Viceroy's letter to the captains, ordering them to retreat north of the Po. But the bare idea of a truce roused the starving troops to frenzy. Spaniards and Germans alike rose in arms, plundered Bourbon's tent, and threatened the brave old leader Frundsberg, who in the midst of his efforts to restore order fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and was carried off the field unconscious. Then the men broke into open mutiny, and rushed to Bourbon's quarters 'like raging lions' in search of Fieramosca, who jumped on a horse lent him by Ferrante Gonzaga, and galloped to Ferrara to save his life.¹ The German captains told Bourbon plainly that they meant to go forward. 'Then I will go with you,' said the Constable, and he forthwith gave orders to resume the march. A few loyal Spaniards refused to disobey the Emperor's commands, among them Castiglione's friend, the young Marquis del Vasto, who left the camp and returned to Ferrara. The Viceroy came to meet Bourbon at the foot of the Apennines, but, finding that he could do nothing, retired to Siena. The Constable himself was powerless, and sent a last appeal to the Pope for money to satisfy the troops, saying that they were marching on Rome, dragging him with them, more like a prisoner than a leader.

'It was the soldiers,' wrote the Abbot of Najera in a letter which he sent the Emperor reviewing the events of these fatal days, 'who, in disobedience to Your Majesty's express commands, and against the

¹ Lanz, i. 230.

will of the Duke of Bourbon and the other imperial generals and ministers, marched on Rome, and have done what we have all seen but could not prevent.¹

The wild hordes of Germans and Spaniards crossed the Apennines in torrents of rain and snow, and, leaving their guns at Siena, pressed on by forced marches to Rome. On May 5 the imperial army encamped under the walls of the Borgo, and Bourbon sent a herald to the Pope demanding his surrender. No answer was received, and the order for a general assault on the following morning was given. At break of day Bourbon himself led the attack, and fell mortally wounded as he planted his foot on the ladder, calling on his men to follow. Then the Spanish troops, maddened by the sight of their leader's fall, dashed forward with wild shouts of 'España!' The thin line of defenders wavered and fell back, and the conquerors rushed in. That evening the imperial eagles were planted on the Vatican. Forty thousand desperate men swarmed into the defenceless city, and during the next eight days Rome was at the mercy of a savage and brutal soldiery.

The capture and sack of Rome sent a shock throughout Europe, but more than five weeks elapsed before the news reached Valladolid. On May 21 the Empress gave birth to a son, who was named Philip after his grandfather. Ten days later the infant prince's christening was solemnized with great splendour in the Gothic church of S. Pablo. The Archbishop of Toledo officiated, and the chief grandees of Spain took part in the ceremony. The royal babe was carried to the high altar by the High Constable of Castile, Don Inigo de Velasco, and a font of solid silver was used for the

¹ Gayangos, iii., part ii., 215.

occasion. Political troubles were forgotten for the moment, and the court gave itself up to feasting and rejoicings. A series of banquets and jousts took place, and a grand tournament, for which preparations were made on a vast scale, was fixed for the end of the month, by which time the Empress would be able to appear in public.¹

In the midst of these festivities anxious letters from Italy arrived. Cesare Fieramosca wrote from Ferrara on April 4 telling the Emperor of his fruitless visit to Bourbon's camp, and Secretary Perez described the Pope's terror on hearing that Bourbon was marching on Rome. At length, Castiglione, who for the past six months had anxiously watched the arrival of every courier, received letters from the Vatican informing him of the Pope's truce with the Viceroy and of Bourbon's advance. The next day the Emperor heard from Genoa that Rome had been taken by assault, and that Bourbon was slain.² This was soon followed by letters from Perez, the Abbot of Najera, and the Chancellor's nephew, Bartolommeo di Gattinara, who had been eyewitnesses of the awful tragedy. All gave the same accounts of the atrocities committed by the soldiers, the tortures inflicted on innocent women and children, the plunder and desecration of churches and altars. The Pope himself fled to the Castello under the fire of the Spaniards. Had he tarried long enough to say three *Credos*, they would have captured him. Cardinals were stripped of their clothes and dragged through the streets by Lutheran *Landsknechten*, the Blessed Sacrament was trodden underfoot, and the silver shrines and images of the saints were robbed and their relics scattered abroad. Thirty fugitives who had taken shelter in St. Peter's were slain as

¹ Sanuto, xlv. 538.

² *Ibid.*, 582-584.

they clung to the altar, and the floor under the great dome was a pool of blood. The palace of His Holiness was sacked, the rooms gutted and burnt. The halls decorated by Raphael and his scholars were used as stables for the horses of the German cavalry. Men of all nationalities shared the same fate. Some of the best Imperialists suffered the most because they had not hidden their treasures or tried to escape. Secretary Perez himself was forced to pay a heavy ransom, and stationed Spanish guards at the door of his house.

‘In short,’ wrote the Abbot of Najera, ‘the destruction and misery suffered by Rome on this occasion are unparalleled in history. It was the sentence of God. May those who did His will find mercy in His sight!’¹

The terrible news reached Charles V. on June 17, when he was about to take part in a tilting-match on the Plaza Major. He smiled when he heard that the army had entered Rome, but looked very grave at the tale of the enormities committed by the soldiery, and tears came into his eyes when he was told that the Pope was a captive, and that St. Peter’s and the Vatican had been sacked. The sports, however, were not stopped that day, and Charles himself took part in one joust. Meanwhile the news spread abroad and excited general horror. The Archbishop of Toledo came to condole with the Emperor and nuncio on the indignity suffered by the Vicar of Christ. The chief prelates and clergy closed their churches and put on mourning. Many of the grandees followed their example, and protested openly against the acts of the Imperial army. Then Charles began to realize

¹ Gayangos, iii., part ii., 213, 215.

the full significance of the catastrophe. He ordered all rejoicings to be stopped, and the castles and stages which had been erected for the tournament to be demolished. The next day he sent for the foreign ambassadors, and, laying his hand on his heart, vowed that these things had been done without his knowledge, and had caused him the greatest pain.

‘We all thought,’ writes honest Dr. Lee, ‘that he said this very heartily; and even the Nuncio, with whom we condoled, before seeing His Majesty, is convinced of the Emperor’s good faith.’

In a private interview with Castiglione, Charles expressed the deepest sorrow for what had happened, but insisted that it was not his fault or that of his generals, and laid the blame entirely on the soldiers, who, exasperated by the Pope’s broken pledges, had taken the law into their own hands. The manifesto which he issued to the kings and princes of Europe was couched in the same terms. But although the Emperor wrote a letter to the Sacred College assuring the Cardinals of his concern and sympathy, he added that in the calamities which had fallen on Rome he recognized the just judgment of God.¹

Castiglione, as his friends and colleagues testify, was overwhelmed with grief. On him the blow fell with crushing force. His labours during the past two years, his unceasing efforts to keep the peace between the Emperor and the Pope, had ended in utter failure. All and more than all of the disasters which he had foretold in his darkest and most desponding hour had come to pass. The friends who smiled and the foes who scoffed at his warn-

¹ Brewer, iv. 1458, 1484; Brown, iv. 71, 72; Gayangos, iii., part ii., 297, 309. Schulz, ‘Der Sacco di Roma, 144.’

ings now owned that he had been a true prophet, and that the destruction which had overtaken Rome and the Holy See exceeded his gloomiest anticipations. In a letter which he wrote to his mother in September he dwelt at length on this aspect of the calamity, recalling the neglect with which his countless warnings had been received at the Vatican, and lamenting the awful and irreparable ruin which had been the result.¹ He suffered in a thousand ways—as a lover of art and learning, as a patriot and a Christian. Rome was very dear to him. Some of the happiest years of his life had been spent there, and his fondest memories centred round the Borgo and the Vatican. And now from all sides came the same tale of woe and ruin. He shuddered to think of the havoc which had been wrought in the Stanze painted by Raphael, and of the flames which had ravaged his beautiful villa on Monte Mario. He heard with a pang of the desecration of the sacred places, of the rending of S. Veronica's veil, and of the violation of the Holy of Holies in the Lateran. He thought with agony of the humiliation to which the Holy Father was exposed. Many of his own friends had perished. Others were reduced to beggary. Paolo d' Arezzo, the friendly Chamberlain, who had lately been with him at Valladolid, was killed by a shell on his way to the Castello, that fatal morning when the Spaniards stormed the Borgo. Agostino Foglietta, the most loyal of imperialists, after being beaten and robbed by the *Landsknechten*, was mortally wounded three weeks later, by a chance shot fired in honour of the Viceroy's arrival in Rome. The young Cardinal Ercole Rangone, his comrade in the gay days of Leo X., died of plague in the Castello.

¹ Martinati, 25 ; Mazzuchelli, 400.

Giberti, the Datary, to whom Castiglione remained much attached, in spite of political differences, was given up to the army as a hostage by the Pope, and dragged from prison to prison. Tebaldeo, the once light-hearted poet, lost everything, and would have died of hunger if Cardinal Colonna had not taken pity upon him. Raphael's scholars fared still worse. Giovanni da Udine and Giulio Clovio were both robbed and tortured. One fled to his home in Friuli; the other joined Giulio Romano at Mantua. Marc Antonio Raimondi, the famous engraver, paid a heavy ransom to escape from the soldiers' hands, and left Rome, never to return. Fabio Calvi, the aged scholar, who had helped Raphael and Castiglione in their survey of Rome, was stripped of all that he possessed, and left to die by the roadside, because he could not pay a ransom. Paolo Giovio lost his manuscripts; Angelo Colocci, his priceless marbles; the witty Venetian Negri narrowly escaped with his life, after seeing the whole of his valuable library destroyed. Sadoleto had, fortunately, left Rome three weeks before, taking with him, in Negri's words, all the goodness and virtue that remained in the city. The Papal secretary was one of the few officials at the Vatican who believed implicitly in the Emperor's good faith and shared Castiglione's distress at the unfortunate turn of affairs. Weary of perpetual strife and of vain efforts for peace, he had at length resigned his post and retired to his diocese of Carpentras. Now, from this peaceful retreat, he mourned over the sufferings and losses of his friends, the downfall of the Pope, and the ruin of the Eternal City.

‘No one,’ he exclaimed, ‘ever loved his native soil and the land in which he was bred as well as I loved

this city of Rome, so dear and pleasant to me in all her ways, where, as we walked through the streets and squares, at every step we trod on some historic monument or in the footprints of brave and distinguished men. I loved her, not only for the beauty of her antiquities and the majesty of her present state, but because to her I owe the little that I have ever learnt of the humanities. And now this city, so dear and precious to me, lies in ruins, overthrown by the violence of the tempest and orphaned of her most illustrious children—those friends in whose sweet companionship I rejoiced when I laboured for the republic.¹

From Bembo at Padua, from Erasmus at Basle, the same cry went up to heaven :

‘Who can be our comforter? Who, indeed, is there that does not share our grief? For we have seen Rome taken by a more cruel foe than the Gauls of old, and exposed to barbarities unknown in the days of Scythians and Huns, of Goths and Vandals. Truly, this calamity which has befallen Rome has overwhelmed all nations. For Rome was not only the citadel of the Christian faith, the nurse of men of genius, and the peaceful home of the Muses, but the mother of us all. What man coming to this city as an alien, born in a foreign land, was not tenderly welcomed and cherished on her gentle lap? What stranger from the far ends of the world was not received by her as an honoured guest? To how many was she not dearer, sweeter, and more precious than their own native land? Or what soul was there who did not return home the gentler and the wiser for having known her? And was there anyone who lived in Rome, for however short a time, who did not leave her walls unwillingly, and joyfully embrace the first opportunity of returning thither? In truth,

¹ Jac. Sadoleti, ‘*Epistolæ Familiares*,’ i. 67, 317.

this is not the ruin of one city, but of the whole world.'¹

So, in the bitterness of their common grief, wrote Erasmus to his beloved Sadoleto. But in the passionate wail of these poets and scholars over their once beautiful Rome, in the lament of Erasmus and Bembo, of Negri and Sadoleto, we trace the same deep-rooted conviction that this awful calamity was an act of divine justice—a visitation from the hand of God.

'It is,' wrote Sadoleto, 'the sins of a corrupt age and the sinful habits of the Papal court that have drawn down upon us the great wrath of God, in which the innocent as well as the guilty have been overwhelmed, but only in order that they may be rewarded with a higher good.'²

¹ Des. Erasmi, 'Epistolæ,' 988.

² Sadoleti, 'Epistolæ,' I. 67.

CHAPTER XLIX

1527-1528

Castiglione's exertions on behalf of the Pope—Mission of Pierre de Veyre and Quinones—Death of Lannoy—Agreement with the Pope—His flight to Orvieto and miserable condition—He reproaches Castiglione with neglect of duty—The Count's defence—The Marquis of Astorga's divorce.

THE Sack of Rome left Castiglione a broken man. He never recovered from the shock, and friends and foes alike noticed his changed appearance. But he strove manfully to fulfil his duty and deliver the Pope from captivity. His first step was to implore the help of the Archbishop of Toledo and Seville and that of the chief Spanish grandees. At his suggestion these prelates, together with the Duke of Alba and other high officials, approached the Emperor, and begged him to lose no time in setting the Pope free and putting an end to a scandal which must affect all Christendom. Not content with this demonstration, the Archbishops and all the clergy, clad in mourning, went in solemn procession to beg His Majesty to release the Holy Father. At the same time Castiglione sent his Mantuan chaplain, Domenico Pastorello, to the Pope, to express the Emperor's profound regrets for these terrible calamities, and his anxiety to restore Clement to all his rights and

possessions. By this messenger, the Count sent the following letter to his friend, Cardinal Trivulzio :

‘ Words fail me,’ he wrote, ‘ to give utterance to my distress and anguish of mind at the appalling catastrophe which has overwhelmed Rome in universal ruin, and heaped indignity on the person of the Holy Father. Whenever I think of it, I feel that those who lost their lives in this conflict suffered less than the survivors. But we must bow to the will of God in patience, and endeavour to keep the little that remains to us, and, if possible, recover the lost. I am quite sure that V.S. will exert your wonted prudence and goodness to bring these evils to an end, and will need no incitement from me. . . . All that I can do here is to try and foster the Emperor’s kind feelings towards His Holiness, which, indeed, have never been alienated, and are rather the result of His Majesty’s own goodness than of my influence. In the same way, the Prelates and grandees of this kingdom have shown themselves to be true and devout Christians, and have felt these misfortunes so deeply, that the Pope and the Church have every reason to be grateful to them. Don Domenico Pastorello, the bearer of this letter, whom I am sending to give His Holiness fuller details, will tell V. S. much more of the state of affairs here. I beg you to believe my chaplain as if he were myself, and, leaving all the rest to him, will say no more, but kiss Your Reverence’s hands.

‘ Your most affectionate servant,

‘ BALD. CASTIGLIONE.

*From VALLADOLID, July 22, 1527.*¹

Cardinal Trivulzio, to whom Castiglione addressed this letter, was himself given up to the imperial

¹ *Corrispondenza segreta di G. M. Giberti ed Cardinal Agostino Trivulzio, pubblicata dal Marchese Filippo Gualterio, 247-249.*

leaders as a hostage in the following December, and taken to Naples, where he remained more than a year in captivity.

The most lamentable accounts of the state of Rome and of the misery to which the Pope and Cardinals were reduced, arrived in Spain by every post. Perez himself wept at the sight of the pitiable condition in which he found His Holiness when he went to the Castello to receive the Pope's capitulation. The soldiers were masters of the city. They paid no obedience to their officers and showed no respect of persons, but treated all with the same insolence. People died of hunger in the streets by hundreds, and before the end of June there was a violent outbreak of the plague, to which many of the prisoners in the Castello fell victims. Among these was the brave Abbot of Najera, one of the ablest and best of the Emperor's servants. In his anxiety to help the Pope, he had gone to and fro between the Castello and the head-quarters of the generals in the Vatican, at the imminent risk of his life; but in the midst of his exertions he was struck down by the plague, and died at the beginning of July.¹

The arrival of Castiglione's chaplain early in September brought the first gleam of hope to the unhappy Pontiff, who wept tears of joy as he read the nuncio's letters, and in his gratitude promised Pastorello the first vacant bishopric.² Clement now decided to send one of the Cardinals to Spain. But Farnese, who was chosen for the office, and allowed to leave the Castello on this plea, only travelled as far as Mantua, and pleaded ill-health as an excuse for abandoning the journey. Salviati, whom the Pope desired to take his place, also declined the perilous

¹ Gayangos, iii., part ii., 387.

² *Ibid.*, 395.

task, and sent his secretary Girolami to Spain in his stead. But the chief share in the negotiations was left, as before, to Castiglione, in whom Salviati placed all his hopes.¹ Through the Count's efforts, Pierre de Veyre, Sieur de Migliau, a young Burgundian noble, who stood high in the Emperor's favour, and Quinones, the General of the Franciscans, were sent to Italy. Quinones had left Rome before the capture of the city, and sailed from Genoa on June 11, but fell into the hands of Moorish corsairs, and only reached Spain at the end of July. He spoke out boldly to Charles, telling him plainly that if he failed in his duty to the Pope, he could no longer claim the title of Emperor, but would be Luther's captain.² This strong language, supported by Castiglione's urgent entreaties, roused Charles to action, and the envoys sailed from Barcelona on September 5, with orders to set the Pope at liberty without delay. The Count's hopes revived, and on August 12 he wrote the following letter to Clement :

‘ MOST BLESSED FATHER,—Since I can never forget the disasters which have overwhelmed Rome, or think of anything but your sufferings, I should at least wish my sorrow to be of service to Your Holiness, although my poor efforts are of small avail. Happily, the virtue and goodness of the Emperor leave little for me to do. Since the General, careless of the sea and the cruelties of the Turks, is content to expose himself once more to these perils in the service of God and Your Holiness, I think God will give him a good journey, and Your Holiness will be cheered by his coming. He bears ample powers from Cæsar, and although you will hear His Majesty's intentions more

¹ Sanuto, xlvi. 281 ; Pastor, iv., ii. 312.

² Brown, iv. 76.

fully from his lips, yet I cannot refrain from telling you that nothing ever distressed the Emperor as much as Your Beatitude's sufferings. He desires above all else to be your loving son and pay you the most dutiful and lowly obedience, and this from no other motive than an earnest wish to serve God and do what is right. If you ask how I can be sure of this, I can only reply that all those with whom His Majesty speaks freely feel the same certainty, and it would be quite impossible for a man to dissimulate to such an extent. Your Holiness will see the letter which His Majesty has written with his own hand, but I can assure you that the words which he spoke to me were far stronger than anything that has been put on paper; and he swore to me that he felt far more than he could either say or write. I can bear witness that the General has done all that I could wish on behalf of Your Holiness . . . but since I have spoken at length to his Paternity, I will leave him to say all the rest, only repeating this one word which I have so often written, that if your Holiness could once see the Emperor, you would become His Majesty's absolute lord and master.¹

In spite of all that had passed, Castiglione's trust in the Emperor evidently remained unshaken. But however excellent Charles's intentions may have been, a long time elapsed before they were carried into effect.

After prolonged delays the envoys landed at Cività Vecchia, to find the Viceroy Lannoy dying of the plague. He breathed his last at Aversa on September 23, and Don Ugo Moncada was appointed to succeed him. Pierre de Veyre found everything in the greatest confusion, and it was not until

¹ Archivio segreto della Santa Sed. ; 'Lettere di Principi,' iv., f. 204 ; Schulz, 'Der Sacco di Roma,' 175.

December 6 that the agreement with the Pope was finally ratified. His Holiness paid 145,000 ducats down, and delivered several fortresses and five Cardinals as hostages into the Emperor's hands, until he should have raised a further sum of 215,000 ducats.¹ Even then, so great was Clement's fear of the soldiers that he left the Castello at night in disguise, and, escaping by a postern-gate in the Vatican garden, rode to Orvieto under the escort of Luigi Gonzaga.

Here the Vicar of Christ took up his abode in a ruinous palace belonging to the Archbishop, and remained for six months, scantily supplied with the barest necessaries of life. Gardiner and Foxe, the English ambassadors, who came to Orvieto in March, to ask the Pope to grant King Henry a divorce from his wife, Katherine of Aragon, were shocked at the miserable plight in which they found the Holy Father. The house was in ruins, the walls bare, and the furniture of the Pope's bedchamber, in which he received the envoys, could not have been worth 20 nobles, bed and all! His long white beard and air of deep melancholy impressed the Englishmen still more.

'It is a fall,' wrote Gardiner, 'from the top of the hill to the bottom of the mountain. Indeed, the Pope can hardly be said to be at liberty, for hunger, scarcity, bad lodging, and ill air keep him as much a prisoner as he was in Castell' Sant' Angelo.'

To make matters worse, it poured with rain all day. The cold was so bitter that the English envoys borrowed cloaks from the Pope's servants, few of whom had any to spare, and gave it as their opinion that 'it was of little consequence who were lords of

¹ Schulz, 158.

so pestilential a country, unless for penance you would wish it to be the Spaniards.'¹

The Duke of Urbino now came to visit Clement from the camp of the League, and friendly offers of help reached him from Lautrec, who had by this time reached Bologna at the head of a considerable force. Both Henry VIII. and Francis were filled with alarm at the Emperor's triumph, and in August, 1528, the Treaty of Amiens, which had for its express object the Pope's deliverance, was concluded between these two monarchs. Long before this Lautrec had crossed the Alps and conquered most of Lombardy in the name of Francesco Sforza. But in spite of the French King's advances, Clement preserved a strict neutrality. On January 11 he sent a letter to Charles V., thanking him for his release, and accepting the Emperor's assurances of regret for the indignities which he had suffered at the hands of the imperial ministers and soldiers. But, like a weak man, he vented his wrath on his own servant, and addressed a severe reprimand to Castiglione, reproaching him with having caused all these miseries by his neglect and lack of foresight.

The letter containing this indictment was written on August 20, 1527, when the Pope was still a prisoner in the Castello, and exposed to the daily insults of the Spanish soldiers. Castiglione's messenger had not yet arrived, and Clement was smarting under the sense of the outrages which had been perpetrated in the Emperor's name. The Count, it must also be remembered, had his enemies at the Papal court. His imperialist sympathies were well known, and malicious insinuations against his character were sent home by Canigiani, the Florentine ambassador, who,

¹ Brewer, iv., 1809-1812.

jealous of the favour which the nuncio enjoyed at the court of Spain, did not scruple to accuse him of being in the Emperor's pay.¹

But this unexpected rebuke from the master whom he had served so loyally, and the injustice of the charges brought against him, cut the Count to the heart. The noble and dignified reply which he sent to the Pope deserves to be given in full, and throws light on several important points in the long chain of disastrous events which had culminated in this appalling tragedy :

‘The letters written by the Bishop of Pistoia² on September 5, informing me of my servant's arrival in Rome, have reached me, together with one from Your Holiness bearing the date August 20. This latter has greatly increased my already profound distress, since it shows me that my one remaining source of consolation has vanished, together with all the rest. In the midst of these overwhelming griefs and anxieties, I at least thought that Your Holiness was satisfied with my services, to which the very stones in Spain can bear witness. Now that I know the contrary to be the case, I realize how hard it is to bear suffering which has not been deserved. Since recent events render it no longer necessary for me to answer one part of the said letter, I will not allude to Your Holiness's sufferings, which I knew before to have been great, but now realize to have been so terrible that it would have been hardly possible for any human creature to bear them without the help of God. Nor will I refer to Your Beatitude's just complaints of the treacherous and unworthy treatment which you have received, or say how great is Cæsar's obligation, in the eyes of God and of the

¹ Varchi, ‘Storia Fiorentina,’ i. 218.

² The Florentine Antonio Pucci, afterwards created a Cardinal.

whole world, to relieve your present distress. All the facts contained in Your Holiness's letter were already well known to me, and I have myself spoken of them, not once, but an infinite number of times every day, to the Emperor, and to every one else here. But what I am bound to answer is that part of the letter from which I see that Your Holiness considers that I am greatly to blame for these recent disasters, because I trusted too much in the Emperor's promises, and encouraged you to think that Bourbon would keep the vows made by the Viceroy. Further, you state that both before and after the events you think that I have been negligent in writing and in sending you information. Indeed, Most Blessed Father, the reverence that I owe to your holy feet would incline me to keep silence and accept your blame without giving you the trouble of reading my explanations, which are in themselves a new form of contradiction, hardly convenient in one who is your humble servant. On the other hand, my own conscience and the distress which these charges cause me, compel me to say that I do not believe I deserve the condemnation which you pronounce on my action.

'Since this letter is written in Your Beatitude's own name, and not, as is usually the case, in that of your secretaries, I am bound to regard it as a gracious token. None the less, it is plainly a mark of displeasure, and requires justification on my part. In order to excuse myself from having relied too much on the Emperor's good-will, I need only quote the words of Your Holiness's own letter, saying that although the Viceroy's actions were very unlike the language of the Franciscan General, yet the vows and the protestations made by the General on His Majesty's part were so generous that it would have been a grievous error not to lend faith to such a prince. Again, you say that the letter sent by Cesare Fieramosca extinguished all doubt in the

breast of Your Holiness, and that if the Turk had sent this message you would have believed it. Besides, as you justly remark, there were the promises brought by M. Paolo d' Arezzo, and confirmed by his own lips and afterwards by public decrees. So that if the words of the General, of Signor Cesare, and the letters written by the Viceroy with his own hand, led you to place so much trust in them, is it any wonder that I believed the words spoken, not once, but many times, by the Emperor, and uttered with greater emphasis than can be expressed in writing? If I tried to induce Your Holiness to give credence to the things that I believed, and still believe, I did it with a good intention; and if the result has been evil, I can only say that this distresses me exceedingly, and that I never wish to be believed again.

'In this letter you also say that, when M. Paolo d' Arezzo left here with orders to see that what Bourbon did in one place was not undone by the Viceroy in another, I should have been more careful in the assurances which I gave him that there need be no fear on this score. I certainly never told M. Paolo to speak with more confidence on this subject than on any other, although it is true that the letter which he bore to Bourbon from the Emperor seemed to me quite sufficient, and I could not have imagined that any other order would have been necessary. Again, Your Holiness blames me for complaining that I had received no letters telling me of Bourbon's reluctance to obey orders. I certainly said that I could have wished I had been informed of Bourbon's insubordination, since the letters from Signor Cesare and others, although they arrived too late to be of use, showed that even before the conclusion of the truce Bourbon was strongly suspected of not acting honestly, and I was almost the only person at court who did not receive letters to this effect. But I cannot feel that my anxiety to

ascertain Bourbon's frame of mind was blameworthy, because at such moments we are all of us passionately eager to find out what it is impossible for us to know. Certainly it is not to be wondered at that I wished for letters, having been left so long without any. For from the time that Signor Cesare started for Spain I never had any letters until the arrival of M. Paolo in December, and after M. Paolo's departure I never received any more until the beginning of June. Then I heard at the same moment that a truce had been concluded with the Viceroy; but that it was feared Bourbon and his army were marching on Rome, as proved to be the case. This lack of information prevented me from taking further action, and was little to my honour, and greatly to the disadvantage of Your Holiness's service. If you will deign to glance at my letters, you will see that I always wrote fully, and never failed to give you notice of any important events. Nor do I think that I ever allowed a month to elapse between my letters, while I often wrote much more frequently, sending my letters both by way of France and by merchants who were travelling by sea to Genoa. There are, I think, few grandees or prelates in Spain whom I have not implored to speak to the Emperor and remonstrate on the wrongs done to Your Holiness, reminding him of the reverence paid by former kings and by this whole nation to the Apostolic See, for the sake of which God has granted them so many victories. This has been done with great earnestness by these princes and prelates, who have shown themselves true Christians and filled with devotion to Your Holiness. At my suggestion, the Bishops and clergy of this kingdom ordered their churches to be closed, and went clad in mourning to ask the Emperor to release their Head and the Vicar of Christ, with a fervour and earnestness that moved His Majesty deeply. All the chief bodies in Spain sent representatives to this effect. In fact, there were so many meetings and

consultations that they gave the appearance of a new community, and were accordingly forbidden. These have been the remedies which I have employed, Most Blessed Father, with how much trouble and solicitude I hardly care to write. For the motive which has induced me to spend these four years in arduous and distasteful labours, without taking a single hour of rest, has not been the wish to send boastful letters to Your Holiness, but to serve you with all my heart. I have shrunk from no toil or trouble in this good and holy cause, and have sought reward from God and my own conscience rather than any worldly recompense.

‘Your Holiness further remarks that you could wish me to have paid greater attention to certain proposals made in your communications, and consider that I might have urged His Majesty to render important services to Your Holiness. I will only reply that, in the presence of his councillors, I told him boldly that reason and duty alike required him to place the Most Christian King’s sons altogether in Your Beatitude’s charge, and allow him to make use of these hostages for the restoration of peace. This would have created an indissoluble bond between Your Holiness and His Majesty, while so great an act of homage to yourself and of service to God could never have been forgotten.

‘These things, Most Blessed Father, I strove to impress on the Emperor’s mind, and if I did not succeed as I should have wished, perhaps my efforts may ultimately be productive of greater benefit to Your Holiness in the future than any letters. Certainly in this case it seemed to me better to do what I could than to write minutely of my hopes and intentions. If, as Your Holiness tells me, it is well to write every day at so great a distance, even in affairs of small importance, surely this is far more necessary when matters of vital importance are at stake. And it seems to me, I must confess, that

daily letters from Rome, giving me precise instructions as to the conduct of affairs here, would have been far more profitable than that daily reports should have been sent by me to Rome. None the less, I never ceased to send messages by different ways in Cæsar's name, giving an account of the remedies which I proposed; and when I ceased, it was, I repeat, not from any want of zeal, nor because I did not hold the business to be of the greatest possible importance, but because of the difficulty of finding these remedies. If what I asked for could have been obtained, the news would have been sent to you without delay. But it is impossible to obtain from others more than they choose to give. For instance, as soon as the news of the Viceroy's death reached me, and before I received letters to this effect, I went to beg His Majesty to send another of his servants to Italy with still larger powers, and offered to pay the expenses of the journey. Hitherto this has been found impossible, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a safe-conduct through France, although five or six applications have been made for a pass by land and sea. But I trust, by the grace of God, we soon may hear that the arrival of the Franciscan General has borne good fruit.

‘Once more, Your Holiness points out how, in one of my letters, I remarked that, if only a certain course of action were adopted, you could obtain whatever you chose from the Emperor, and that you would have liked to hear further particulars on this subject. I certainly do not remember making use of such an expression, nor can I find it in the copies that I retain of my letters. But if it is there, I must have meant that the best thing would be for Your Holiness to show that you were not the Emperor's enemy, in order to remove the suspicions which certainly existed here, as I have already made clear in other letters.

‘Would to God that the Bishop of Verona had come to Spain himself, or could still come with Your Holiness's leave! Then he could judge of my past

and present actions, and would bear witness that if, as Your Holiness deploras, they were lacking in ability and industry, at least they were prompted by good faith and excellent intentions. If Your Holiness remembers the day when I left your holy feet to come to Spain, you will recollect how, as if mindful of my feeble powers, I protested that my sole qualification for this high and important office was my great desire to serve you, and that, although others might excel me in knowledge and skill, no one could surpass me in zeal and affection. Since these failings are the fault of Nature, who has made me thus, it seems to me that I deserve to be pardoned, all the more that I recognize and confess my defects.

‘I have never ceased to give Your Holiness’s messages and promises to those prelates and grandees of Spain, who, indeed, all deserve some recognition of their devotion and loyalty towards the Apostolic See and the person of Your Holiness. On this account I have been grieved to see how much several of them are annoyed at certain news which has lately reached Burgos in letters from Rome. This is the dispensation which Your Holiness has granted to the Marquis of Astorga for the dissolution of his marriage with a daughter of the Count of Benevento. I remember writing to Your Holiness on this subject, at the request of the Archbishops of Toledo and Seville, praying you not to grant this dispensation, since the contracting parties had been publicly married by a Bishop, *coram facie ecclesie*, and had lived together five years as man and wife. This dissolution would be injurious to one party, and would certainly cause great scandal throughout Castile. The Count of Benevento himself spoke of this to M. Paolo, and now he is so dangerously ill that the news has not been told him for fear that it might kill him. Don Giovanni Emanuele is also very much displeased, which I regret the more as he has always been a good friend to Your Holiness, and is so more than

ever at the present time; and, from what he says, I gather that you had previously given him some hope that this dispensation would not be granted. Besides these nobles, the Archbishop of Toledo and Seville, the Marquis of Vigliana, the Duke of Infantado, Don Pedro Girone, the Constable, the Duke of Najera, the Admiral, and many others, are concerned in the business. I can only tell them that Your Holiness cannot have consented to grant this dispensation without having good and legitimate reason for his action. I beg Your Holiness with all reverence to forgive me if I have said too much in this letter, and hope you will ascribe it to the extreme agitation that I feel under the weight of so many sorrows. Indeed, it would be impossible to bear so heavy a burden unless I felt sure that Your Beatitude would accept my excuses, and would cease to be dissatisfied with me. For although all sorrows are bitter, those which we have not deserved are almost intolerable. It is true, indeed, that when I see Your Holiness, my own lord, and the Vicar of Christ on earth, bearing such great and undeserved calamities bravely and patiently, I feel that I ought to bear my griefs, which are small in comparison of his, without murmuring; but my weakness is not to be compared with Your Beatitude's fortitude. I trust that this greatness of soul, together with the Divine help, will enable Your Holiness to conquer this fierce tempest of fortune, and to live many more years in glory and tranquillity, for the service of God and the good of Christians, as all your loyal servants desire, and I above all others. Humbly kissing your most holy feet, I commend myself once more to your grace.

‘Of Your Beatitude,

‘The most humble slave and servant,

‘BALDASSARE DI CASTIGLIONE.

‘From BURGOS, December 10, 1527.’¹

¹ Serassi, ii. 147-152.

The question of the Marquis of Astorga's divorce, on which Castiglione here lays stress, had aroused great excitement at the court of Spain during the last eighteen months. Six years before, this young and wealthy noble had married Dona Maria Pimente y Velasco, the youthful daughter of the Count of Benevento, one of the proudest grandees of Spain. After living happily together until the spring of 1526, the Marquis suddenly sought a dissolution of his marriage, partly owing to a quarrel over his wife's fortune, and partly because he wished to marry a more richly dowered niece of Don Giovanni Emanuele. The relatives of Dona Maria were indignant at her husband's behaviour, and the Emperor expressed himself strongly on the subject. But in spite of his opposition, the Marquis went to Rome to plead his cause in person, and induced the Pope to give him the requisite dispensation. Castiglione, as his letter shows, realized the indignation which this injudicious act would excite, and the antagonism to the Pope that it would provoke at the Spanish court. Happily, his remonstrances, supported by a letter from the Emperor himself, produced the desired effect. After issuing a brief granting the Marquis a dispensation, Clement rendered it practically useless by adding a proviso giving the Emperor leave to suspend it at his pleasure. So, greatly to Castiglione's relief, the scandal was averted, and his own chaplain, Pastorello, brought back the latest Papal brief to Spain in the following spring. The Marquis returned to his lawful spouse, and the bride whose wealth he coveted became the Duke of Najera's wife.¹

The rest of Castiglione's apologia needs little comment. His character, as his worst enemies must have

¹ Gayangos, iii., part ii., 782.

known, was above suspicion. The Pope's crooked policy on the one hand, and the slowness and uncertainty of communication between Rome and Spain on the other, rendered his position one of exceptional difficulty. He certainly never failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation, and had repeatedly warned the Pope of the great risks that he ran in taking up arms against the Emperor. If he erred at all, it was in placing too much reliance on Charles's personal assurances. But it seems clear that neither the Emperor nor any of his ministers could have arrested the march of Bourbon's army or averted the disasters that followed. The trust which Castiglione placed in Charles's promises was shared by the English and Venetian envoys, Ghinucci and Navagero, as well as by Sadoletto, the ablest and best of the Pope's own secretaries.

'I am certain,' wrote the Bishop of Carpentras to one of his former colleagues a month after the sack of Rome — 'absolutely certain — that these things were done against the will and without the knowledge of the Emperor, or else there is no longer any faith in the world.'¹

By the time that Castiglione's letter reached Italy the Pope was at Orvieto, and his first burst of impatient anger had died away. He could look back on past events more calmly, and was willing to accept Castiglione's explanations. The Count's friends rejoiced at his justification, and the Duke of Urbino's secretary told Giovanni della Porta that His Excellency had read the nuncio's letters with great pleasure, and praised his conduct as eminently wise and reasonable.²

¹ Sadoletti, 'Epistolæ,' i. 67.

² Cian in 'Arch. st. Lomb.,' xiv. 670.

Whether Clement relished the nuncio's plain speaking or not, it was impossible to dispense with his services at this critical moment, when the restoration of the Pope's temporal power depended on the Emperor's pleasure. Accordingly, the Count continued to act as representative of the Holy See at the imperial court, and kept a watchful eye over the Pope's interests during the following year—the last, as it was to prove, of his chequered life.

CHAPTER L

1527

Castiglione revises his 'Cortegiano' in Spain—Death of the Duchess of Urbino—Grief of Bembo and Castiglione—Correspondence with Vittoria Colonna—Her treatment of the 'Cortegiano'—Castiglione's remonstrance—The Marchesa's apology—He decides to publish the book.

THE last year of Castiglione's life was rendered memorable by the publication of the 'Cortegiano.' This event had been delayed by the author's mission to Spain and by the pressure of public affairs. But in the spring of 1526 his interest in the work was suddenly revived by the news of the widowed Duchess of Urbino's death. For some time Elisabetta had been in failing health, and on January 28 she died at Urbino, after being tenderly nursed to the last by Madonna Emilia. Bembo had been unfortunately prevented from paying these ladies a visit on his return from Rome, but was hoping to spend the following summer at Urbino, when he received the melancholy tidings.

'I hear,' he wrote from Padua to Madonna Emilia, 'that it has pleased God to call to Himself that blessed and holy soul of our Duchess Elisabetta some years before the appointed time, although there never was a lady better worthy to outlive the natural term of human existence. I will not try to comfort you for

this grievous loss, because you are so wise yourself and so much accustomed to the blows and shocks of Fortune, that you are beyond the reach of my powers of consolation. For my own part, I cannot comfort myself for a loss which, although common to all the world, is more particularly and especially my own. Indeed, at first I was so much shocked and stunned that I could think of nothing else, and was unable to keep back my tears. Now I write to share my grief with you, and beg you to let me help to bear the burden of a sorrow which must, I know, be very heavy and grievous. Since the bare fact of this sad event is all that has reached my ears, I beg V. S. to tell me, through one of your servants, what sickness caused her death, and give me some particulars of her last will and any other details that you may see fit, for the sake of my lifelong devotion to this dear Madonna. Keep well in health, at least, if you can never be comforted.

*'February 5, 1526. From PADUA.'*¹

Castiglione's sorrow was as deep, although the letters in which he expressed his sympathy with Emilia and the Marchesana Isabella have not been preserved. But no words could be more eloquent than the single sentence of the 'Cortegiano' in which he records Elisabetta's death :

*'What cannot be told without tears is that the Lady Duchess herself is dead ; and if my soul is troubled by the loss of so many friends and masters, who have left me alone in this life as in a desolate wilderness, it is natural that I should grieve for the Lady Duchess more than for all the rest, because she was worth far more than all the others, and I was more deeply attached to her than to any of them all.'*²

¹ *'Lettere,'* iv. 31.

² *Let. ded. I.*

Under the influence of this strong emotion the past rose up before him with new vividness. He saw again the palace of Urbino lifting its towers into the evening skies, and heard the shouts of rejoicing crowds, as he and his comrades followed the Duke in gallant array up the mountain-side. Once more he listened to the gracious voice that bade them welcome, as they passed under the great portals and entered the presence of the Lady Duchess. He recalled the vaulted halls, with their fretwork of ivory and gold, ringing to the sound of music and laughter, as cavaliers and ladies danced and sang together, the little rooms where he and his friends talked of art and love through the livelong night, until the stars had faded from the sky and the distant peaks caught the red glow of sunrise. As he looked back across a whole lifetime of toil and trouble on those joyous days, a strange glamour seemed to light up the past, and he felt how rare and wonderful was that little world to which he had once belonged. Now all was changed. The Duke and Duchess were dead, the spacious halls were silent and deserted, the brilliant company was scattered, and few remained to tell the tale of that Round Table and its glorious chivalry. As Castiglione lingered with Navagero on the sunny slopes of the Alhambra or in the hanging gardens of Generalife, and heard the wondrous tales that Cortes brought back from Mexico, he began to realize that the old order was changing fast, and that a new era was dawning on the world's horizon. In the coming age new fashions and fresh modes of thought would prevail, and old forms and customs would be laid aside. Other lords would bear rule over the land where the good Duke and Duchess had reigned. The heroes and scholars

who had graced their court would be forgotten, their very names would perish and pass away, and, "like some unsubstantial pageant faded, leave not a wrack behind." With these thoughts surging in his brain, the author of the 'Cortegiano' took up his pen again and resolved to finish the book, so that, in days to come, generations yet unborn might learn the story of the court of Urbino, and know what choice spirits once flourished in its pure air.

There was one friend especially with whom he often spoke of those bygone days, a young Portuguese ecclesiastic, Dom Miguel de Silva, Bishop of Viseu, whom he had known in Rome at the court of Leo X., and whom he met again at Seville, probably when he came to Spain in the Empress Isabel's suite. Dom Miguel had been educated at the University of Paris, and represented the King of Portugal at the Papal court for several years. He was familiar with the politics and personages of the Vatican, as we learn from a graphic letter which he addressed in 1521 to his Florentine friend Giovanni Rucellai. Four years later he wrote a lively epistle to Cardinal Salviati, describing the consternation excited in Rome by the news of the battle of Pavia, which reminded him of nothing as much as Morgante's exploits and the rout of Roncesvalles.¹ In spite of his Imperial proclivities, the Bishop of Viseu enjoyed the confidence of Clement VII., and after Castiglione's death, was employed to collect Papal dues in Spain and keep the Pope supplied with information. In 1541 he was created a Cardinal by Paul III., and, after acting as legate in Spain for some

¹ G. Mazzoni, 'Opere di Giovanni Rucellai,' p. 13; Cesare Guasti, 'Le Carte Stroziane, nell' Archivio di Firenze,' ii. 36; Gayangos, iii., part ii., 920.'

years, died in Rome in 1556. It was to Dom Miguel that Castiglione now dedicated his 'Cortegiano,' in order that he might pay due homage to the memory of the Lady Duchess and the other illustrious friends whom he had known at the court of Urbino. But in the dedicatory epistle he gives another and more urgent reason for the immediate publication of his book.

'Since I came to Spain,' he writes, 'I have heard from Italy that the Lady Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara, to whom I had lent a copy of the book, had, contrary to her promise, caused a considerable portion of its contents to be transcribed. This naturally annoyed me, knowing what inconveniences often arise in such cases; but I trusted that the wisdom and prudence of this lady, whose divine virtues I have always revered, would suffice to avert any evil consequences that might result from my obedience to her commands. But lately I have heard that certain fragments of the "Cortegiano" have been seen in the hands of readers at Naples, and since men are always greedy for any new thing, there seemed some danger that these portions of the book might be printed. Filled with alarm at this peril, I determined to revise the manuscript in the scanty moments at my disposal, and publish the book as soon as possible, counting it a lesser evil for the work to appear with too few corrections from my pen, than to be badly mutilated by the hand of others.'

Full details of this unlucky episode are to be found in the letters that passed between the Count and his illustrious friend. Castiglione had known the Marchesa from her childhood, and had often met her of late years in Rome and at Marino, the castle of the Colonna in the neighbourhood. As the niece of Duke Guidobaldo, Vittoria naturally felt deep

interest in the 'Cortegiano,' and when she came to Rome in the spring of 1524 she begged permission to read Count Baldassare's manuscript. Her request was readily granted, and the accomplished Marchesa took the book with her to Marino, where she spent the summer during her lord's absence in the Milanese wars. But early in the autumn Castiglione was appointed Papal nuncio, and, as he expected to start for Spain shortly, he asked the Marchesa to return his manuscript. Vittoria was very loth to part from a book which afforded her such rare delight, and begged leave to keep it a little longer.

'EXCELLENT LORD,' she wrote to the Count from Marino on September 20—'I have not forgotten my promise to you. Indeed, I wish I had not remembered it so well, because my enjoyment of this beautiful book has been spoilt by the constant thought that I must return it, without reading it through as often as I could have wished, in order to impress the contents upon my memory. You have done me ill service by asking for the return of your book, but as I am already in the middle of my second reading, I beg V. S. will allow me to finish it, and promise to return the manuscript to you directly I hear from your letters that you are leaving Rome. You need not send a messenger to fetch the book, for I will return it safely and carefully myself. It would not be fitting for me to tell you what I think of it, for the same reason that makes you say that you cannot speak of the Lady Duchess's beauty. But as I promised to give you my opinion, and do not care to tell you in complimentary language what you know better than I do, I will simply say the plain truth. I affirm, with an oath that will prove its efficacy—*por vida del Marchès, my Señor*—that I have never seen, and never expect to see, another



Photo, Alinari.

VITTORIA COLONNA.
BY MUZIANO (PAL. COLONNA, ROME).

To face p. 364, Vol. II.



work in prose that is superior, or even equal, to this. Besides the new and beautiful nature of the subject, the excellence of the style is such that, with rare sweetness, it leads us up a pleasant and fruitful hillside, ever climbing, without making us feel that we are no longer on the plains from which we started. The path is so well cultivated and adorned that it is difficult to discern whether Art or Nature has done most to beautify its course. Let us pass over the marvellous subtleties, the profound thoughts, that glitter like jewels set in as slender a frame of gold as is needed to hold them together, without taking away the least part of their lustre. Nor do I think that any other such gems are to be found elsewhere, or any goldsmith who could improve their setting. But what can I say of the perfection of the language, which truly shows the advantage of not being restricted to the Tuscan use, but of being free to use other words? . . . The jests and witticisms are so well told and arranged that, although many of the speakers are dead, I could not help envying them greatly. But what pleases and gratifies me most of all are the praises—perhaps deserved—which you give to the purity and virtues of women. I had meant to say no more, but I will not be silent as to another thing that excites my admiration in still greater degree. It always seems to me that whoever writes Latin, has the same advantage over other authors, that goldsmiths enjoy over those who work in copper. However simple their productions may be, the excellence of the material is such that they cannot fail to appear beautiful; while brass or copper, however skilfully and exquisitely wrought, can never be equal to gold, and must always suffer from the comparison. But your new Italian has so rare a majesty that it does not yield in charm to any Latin prose. I do not wonder that you have fashioned a perfect courtier, since you had only to hold up a mirror before yourself and describe what you saw there.

But, as it is very difficult to know ourselves truly, I feel that it must be more difficult to draw an exact picture of oneself than of any other person. Therefore, for both these reasons you deserve such great praise that I must refer you to our friend, the Signor Datario, whom alone I count worthy to give you a just meed of commendation.¹

A copy of this letter was sent by Vittoria Colonna to her intimate friend, the Datary Giberti, and is still preserved in the Chapter Library at Verona. It is of especial value as being the only contemporary criticism of the 'Cortegiano' that we possess, and shows us the high estimation in which Castiglione's work was held by the foremost scholars of his age. These flattering expressions on the part of so august a lady could not fail to gratify the Count. But a few months later, when he stopped at Milan on his journey to Spain, he heard from Alfonso d' Avalos that the Marchesa had secretly caused certain portions of the 'Cortegiano,' which she especially admired, to be copied, before parting from the precious manuscript. This, however, did not trouble him much until, some time afterwards, a Neapolitan gentleman at the Spanish court, informed him that he had seen transcripts of the book in the hands of the Marchesa's friends at Naples. Then Castiglione felt that it was high time to publish his work, lest it should be given to the world in a form which he had not sanctioned. Accordingly, he devoted his brief intervals of leisure during the year which he spent at Granada and Valladolid to the final revision of the book, with a view to its early publication. Meanwhile the Count had, as we have already seen, written to Vittoria

¹ Biblioteca Capit. di Verona, MS. DCCCXIV. ; Giuliani, 'Lettere di V. Colonna,' p. 31 ; and Ferrero, 'Carteggio di V. Colonna,' p. 23.

Colonna, both on his journey across the Mont Cenis pass and after his arrival at Madrid, to congratulate her on Pescara's victories, without, however, receiving any reply. Three months after the sack of Rome, Signor Castaldo y Guttierrez was sent to Naples with dispatches for the Marchese del Vasto, and Castiglione again took up his pen to write to Vittoria Colonna. The Spanish knight had been deeply attached to Pescara, whose portrait he is said to have worn next to his heart until his dying day, and Castiglione gladly availed himself of this opportunity to condole with the Marchesa on her lord's death.

'I have not dared to write to V. S. for a long while,' he began, 'feeling that what I said could only give you the keenest pain. Now that such crushing calamities have overwhelmed us, and we are all one in misery, I feel that it is our right, and perhaps our duty, to forget the past, and open our eyes to higher things. At least, we may try and rise out of the mists of human ignorance to the farthest point of which our imbecility is capable, and recognize that we know nothing. Most things, indeed, that in our eyes appear true are false, while much that seems to us false is really true. Thus, as I held V. S. to be dead with her lord of glorious memory, so to-day I see, by the light of a truer vision, that he is alive in you, since such Divine souls must needs be immortal, and are beyond the power of death. And so the loss for which we grieved has been rather a vain dream than a reality. Accordingly, I only write to remind V. S. that I am her most devoted servant, but that it is impossible to say all that I feel by letter. I leave Signor Guttierrez to speak for me, and, if necessary, crave your pardon for not having written before, and so I kiss V. S.'s hands,

and pray that the Lord God may keep and prosper you, and grant you your heart's desire.

*' From VALLADOLID, August 25, 1527.'*¹

Before Guttierrez, however, reached Naples, Castiglione, to his surprise, received two letters from the Marchesa. She wrote in the first place to beg his help on behalf of Alfonso d' Avalos's secretary Tucca, who had applied for a post at court; and in the second to express her regret if her indiscretion with regard to his book had caused him any annoyance. At the same time Vittoria took care to intimate that his vexation, of which Guttierrez had already informed her by letter, was slightly unreasonable. The Count hastened to reply in his most chivalrous manner, and, while he did not attempt to gloss over the facts of the case, took care to make light of his own annoyance:

' MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND EXCELLENT LADY,

' I am exceedingly grateful to Sig. Gio. Tommaso Tucca for having procured me the unwonted favour of two letters from V. S., which I naturally prize the more, because I have hitherto been unable to obtain an answer to the letters which I have addressed to you on several occasions. It would not, it is true, be fitting that V. S. should write to me, unless you had commands to give me. I will certainly do all that is in my power for Sig. Gio. Tommaso, both because you wish it and because I feel a brotherly regard for him. I am not surprised to hear that Sig. Guttierrez told V. S. that I had complained of her action, because, if you remember, I myself complained to you in a letter which I wrote, from the heart of the mountains of France, on my way to Spain. The first person who encouraged me to

¹ Serassi, i. 171.

express my feelings on this subject was our dear lord, the Marchese del Vasto, who showed me a letter in which V. S. confessed your theft of the "Cortegiano." This, indeed, I held to be the greatest of favours, since I concluded that the stolen goods would remain in your hands, and be safely guarded until I opened the doors of their honoured prison. But lately I heard from a Neapolitan gentleman, who is still in Spain, that several chapters of the "Cortegiano" had been seen at Naples, in the hands of persons who boasted that they had received them from V. S. This, I confess, annoyed me considerably at the time. I felt like a father who sees his child ill-treated, but afterwards reason bade me recognize, that my poor book was hardly worthy of any other fate, than to be cast out into the street and left to the tender mercies of Nature. So I had almost decided to leave the matter, feeling that this premature exposure must have destroyed any small merit which the book might have possessed, and that it would be vain to make any further attempt to adorn it, now that it had lost the novelty that was its only charm. But since I felt that V. S. might, as you say, justly hold the cause of my annoyance to be frivolous, I determined, if I could not help grieving, at least not to complain, and my remark to Sig. Guttierrez was, strictly speaking, not a complaint. Eventually others, who are more inclined to look kindly on my work than I am, have compelled me to revise the book, as well as I could manage, in this short space of time, and send it to be printed at Venice. This has now been done. But if V. S. thinks that this incident could possibly diminish my zeal to serve you, your judgment has for once been in fault. On the contrary, I am the more obliged to you, because the necessity of printing the book at once, has saved me the trouble of adding many things that I had already prepared in my own mind, and which would have been mere trifles, like all the rest! So the reader will be spared further

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fatigue, and the author fresh blame, and neither V. S. nor I need regret or alter anything. All I have to do now is to kiss your hands and commend myself as truly as ever to your favour.

*'From Burgoa, September 21, 1527.'*¹

Whatever we may think of the Marchesa's conduct, posterity has every reason to be grateful for her indiscretion, since it supplied the stimulus that was needful to make this fastidious author publish his long-delayed work. After many consultations on the subject with Andrea Navagero, the Count finally sent the manuscript of the 'Cortegiano' to the ambassador's son-in-law, Ramusio, begging him to superintend the publication of the book at the Aldine printing-press in Venice.

¹ Serassi, i. 172.

CHAPTER LI

1527-1528

Aldo's heirs, the printers of Asola—Manuscript of the 'Cortegiano' in the Laurentian Library—Castiglione's orders to his steward—Canossa and Bembo's help in the production of the book—Publication of 'Il Cortegiano'—Presentation copies—Death of Madonna Emilia.

ALDO MANUZIO, the celebrated Roman printer, died at Venice in 1515; but the printing-press was carried on during his son Paolo's boyhood by his father-in-law, Andrea d' Asola, assisted by his two sons. Both Andrea Navagero and Ramusio were connected with the Aldine press from its foundation. In 1514 they revised the text of Virgil and Quintilian, and shortly before Aldo's death, Navagero took charge of a new edition of Lucretius that was soon to appear. The ambassador also edited Ovid, Terence, Horace, and Cicero for Andrea d' Asola, and composed elegant dedications addressed respectively to Leo X., Bembo, and Sadoletto, for these volumes. In recognition of these services, the first volume of the Aldine Livy, published in 1518, was dedicated to Navagero, and the second to his son-in-law, whom Aldo had appointed executor of his will.¹ It was to Ramusio that the manuscript of the 'Cortegiano' was sent from Valladolid in the spring of 1527. The actual manuscript from which

¹ A. F. Didot, 'Alde Manuce,' 393.

the book was printed is preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence, and consists of 587 pages, written by a copyist, with corrections and instructions for the printer, in Castiglione's own handwriting. At the end of the book is the following inscription: '*In Roma, in Borgo, alli xxiii di Maggio, 1524.*' This is also in the author's writing, while another pen has added the words: 'Here ends the Book of Count Baldesar Castiglione, dedicated to M. Alphonso Ariosto.' From this we see that the work was completed before Castiglione left Rome, and that during his residence in Spain he only added a few corrections and instructions regarding the use of capitals and paragraphs for the printer's benefit, and composed the dedicatory epistle to Dom Miguel de Silva.

The manuscript is bound in fine olive-green morocco, richly tooled and gilded, with the motto '*Jo. Grolierii et Amicorum*' in the centre of one cover, and on the other the text, '*Portio mea, Domine, sit in terra viventium.*' These inscriptions show that the manuscript was at one time the property of the great French collector, Jean Grolier, who succeeded his father as Treasurer to the French King at Milan, and may have known Castiglione during the years that he spent in Italy. Grolier was the intimate friend of Aldo and Bembo, and Bandello speaks of meeting young Jean Grolier one morning in the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in the company of two Venetian scholars.¹

Grolier afterwards became one of the most liberal supporters of the Aldine Press, and it was in recognition of his friendly assistance in hard times that the

¹ '*Novelle*,' Parte iii., iv. 56.

great printer's son, Paolo Manuzio, presented him with Castiglione's manuscript, and wrote the words '*Per Mons^r Grolier Thesorer*' on the first page. The beauty of the binding shows how much this illustrious book-lover valued the gift, and his admiration for Castiglione's work is further proved by the fact that three copies of early Aldine editions of the 'Cortegiano,' all richly bound, belonged to the famous library of the Hôtel de Lyon. At the dispersion of Grolier's treasures in 1678, the precious manuscript passed into the library of Carpentras, and was one of the volumes secretly removed by the Government Inspector, Guglielmo Libri, in 1842, and sold by him to an English collector, Lord Ashburnham.¹ In 1884 it was bought, together with 2,000 other manuscripts in the Ashburnham Collection, for the Laurentian Library.²

As soon as Castiglione had sent his manuscript to Venice, he wrote the following letter to his faithful steward, Cristoforo Tirabosco :

'CRISTOFORO,

'It strikes me that you can help me in a matter that lies very near my heart. I hope that you will take the greatest trouble to do this well, and in such a way that I shall have good reason to be satisfied. The fact is that I have sent my book to be printed at Venice by the printers of Asola. The book has been placed in the hands of the Magnificent Gio. Battista Ramusio, Secretary to the Most

¹ Le Roux de Lincy, '*Recherches sur la Bibliothèque de Jean Grolier*,' 198.

² These particulars have been kindly supplied by Dottore Guido Biagi, the distinguished Keeper of the Laurentian Library, whose pamphlet, '*A proposito di due sconosciute legature Grolier*' (Prato, 1904), gives a full description of the history of this codex.

Illustrious Signory of Venice, and His Magnificence will speak to the printers and give them all necessary orders on the subject. So you need not trouble yourself about this part of the business. I am writing to Venice to say that one thousand and thirty copies are to be printed, and that I intend to pay half the expenses, because, of this thousand, five hundred are to be mine. The remaining thirty copies will all belong to me, and are to be printed on fine paper, as smooth and beautiful as possible—in fact, the best that can be found in Venice.

‘This is what you are to do. On receiving my letter, you must go to Venice at once and find the Magnificent G. B. Ramusio, and give him the enclosed, telling him that you are my servant, and have orders to arrange whatever His Magnificence pleases respecting the cost of the publication. This you will proceed to settle. And first of all as to the fine paper for the thirty copies. You will search for this, and show a specimen to the said Mag. Gio. Battista; and if he is satisfied with it, you will buy some, but not unless it meets with his approval. As regards the rest of the expenses, you will do whatever His Magnificence commands, and will pay him the money that he requires. On your first departure you had better take 50 ducats, which I am telling my mother to give you, and if more is required she will give it you on your return to Mantua. When the books are printed, I intend to give away 180 of the copies, which I am keeping for myself as presents to my friends and relatives, and sell the remaining 400, in order to recover the money that I have spent, and if possible make a little more. It would be well, I think, to sell the whole number to a bookseller, so as to save trouble. But before the book is printed let me know exactly what you have settled with the Mag. Gio. Battista, after you have discussed the subject with him on your arrival in Venice.

‘You have heard my wishes. Do not fail to

execute them with all diligence, because I care about this more than I can say. No more at present.

‘From your

‘BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

‘VALLADOLID, April 9, 1527.

‘P.S.—You will also find out Messer Bartolomeo Navagero, the brother of the Magnificent Messer Andrea, the Venetian ambassador here, and if he has spent anything for me, you will pay him back the money.’

The ‘Cortegiano’ was duly printed in the course of the next year, under the careful supervision of Ramusio and Bembo. On February 29, 1528, a formal application to the Signory of Venice was made by the Bishop of Bayeux, ambassador to the Most Christian King, on the part of the heirs of M. Aldo Romano, for leave to print the “Cortegiano,” a work by the Reverend M. Baldassare Castiglione, Nuncio of His Holiness in Spain.’ In compliance with this request, the exclusive privilege of printing and selling this book, in the territories of the republic, during ten years, was granted to the said printers, and all others were prohibited from infringing on their rights, *sub pœnâ in parte*.¹ It is pleasant to find the name of Lodovico Canossa associated with the production of his old friend’s work ; and since he spent the winter in Venice, he was able to give Castiglione material help. The proofs that issued from the Aldine press were revised both by Pietro Bembo and Ramusio. In a note of March 12, M. Pietro tells the Magnificent Giovanni Battista, his dear and gentle friend, that Andrea of Asola’s servant has only brought him four sheets out of the first five that have

¹ Sanuto, xlvi. 656.

been already printed, and begs him to see that the missing portion is forwarded without delay to Padua.¹ Finally, in April, 1528, 'Il Cortegiano' was published by the Venetian printers, and the famous book at length saw the light of day.

As soon as the news reached Castiglione, he wrote a second letter to Cristoforo, giving his servant precise instructions as to the presentation copies that were to be bound and distributed to his different friends :

'CRISTOFORO DEAREST,

'I have heard from different sources that my "Cortegiano" has already been printed. I remember telling you that I was to have a hundred copies, of which thirty were to be on large paper. I wish you to go to Venice at once and fetch these hundred copies. I am writing to the Lord Bishop of Bayeux, begging him to have two of the books bound according to his taste, and sent, the one to France, the other to Rome. You will allow his lordship to dispose of these and of as many more as he thinks good, and you will give two other copies to M. Gio. Francesco Valerio and the same number to M. Gio. Batt. Ramusio. I should like to know if the copy, which I told you to have printed on vellum is ready, and if it has turned out well. If this is the case, I wish you to have it bound in the finest possible manner, with the pages gilded and well pressed, and covered with leather of some rich colour—purple or blue or yellow or green, according as to what you find. I leave M. de Colegara to decide whether it should be bound in wooden boards or paper-covered; but if in boards, I should like them to be very fine and delicate. The Magnificent Andrea Navagero tells me that he has a friend in Venice who binds books excellently, but does not care to do much work of this kind. I expect the Mag. Gio. Batt. Ramusio is sure to know

¹ 'Lettere,' ii. 78.

him. I should like you to ask His Magnificence to see that this man binds the book, and, as I have said, that the binding should be done in the best possible manner. The cover should be made of leather with the greatest care and diligence, and adorned with ornaments of knots and foliage, or panels and compartments of some other description, as seems best to His Magnificence. I beg you to take the greatest pains in the matter, because I care about this more than I can say. When the volume is ready, you will pack it up very carefully in paper so that it cannot suffer any damage. Of these hundred books, I wish you to send fifty to me in Spain—*i.e.*, forty-nine bound copies and the vellum one which I have already mentioned—and see that they are all placed in boxes and packed together in one case, well fastened and wrapt in waxed cloth. I wish the case to be consigned to the care of M. Selvago de Negroni and M. Nicola Lomellino, who are Genoese merchants in Venice, and have given them orders to send this box to Genoa, and from Genoa to me in Spain. These are my wishes with regard to fifty of the books.

‘Of the other fifty that remain, you will, as I said above, allow the Lord Bishop of Bayeux to dispose of as many copies as he chooses, and the same with regard to M. Gio. Batt. Ramusio and M. Gio. Francesco Valerio. I wish you also to have one copy bound for the Lord Marquis, one for Madama Illustrissima,¹ one for the Lady Duchess of Urbino,² one for Madonna Emilia, one for Madonna Margherita Cantelma,³ another for Count Nicola, and two other copies which his lordship will send in my name, the one to the Contessa di Somaglia,⁴ and the other to the Marchesa di Scaldasole.⁵ I wish all of these to be bound, and the remaining copies sent to

¹ Isabella d' Este.

² Leonora Gonzaga.

³ Margherita Maroscelli of Ferrara, widow of Sigismondo Cantelmo, Duke of Sora.

⁴ Margherita Trivulzio.

⁵ Ippolita Fioramonda of Pavia.

my mother, who will dispose of them as she and my sisters see fit. I should also like Madonna Margherita di S. Severino and Madonna Veronica di Gambara each to have a copy. Of the thirty copies on large paper, I should like fifteen to be sent to Spain, and the remaining fifteen to remain in Italy. Of these, I should like you to give the Lord Bishop of Bayeux the two copies that he is to have bound, and to send others to the Lord Marquis, Madama Illustrissima, and the Duchess of Urbino. These copies, as addressed to the most important personages, I wish you to send with especial care, and with letters explaining that I have written from Spain desiring this to be done.¹

This last letter bears no date, but was evidently written early in the summer of 1528, probably from Monzone, in the north of Spain, where the Emperor was then staying. The minute instructions as to paper and binding given by the Count to his servant reveal the same fastidious taste that marked the author's criticisms of his work, the same anxiety that his book should be a perfect and beautiful thing both without and within. The list of presentation copies that he gave Cristoforo included all his intimate friends. His liege lord Federico, Isabella, the mistress to whom he had been so long and deeply attached, and her daughter, the Duchess Leonora, came naturally first in his thoughts. The Duke of Urbino was not mentioned, partly because he cared less for literature than for war, and more because of the coolness that had sprung up between him and his former servant regarding the possession of Novillara. Next to the Gonzaga princes we have Canossa and Emilia Pia, the only survivors who were left of the old

¹ Valdrighi in 'Indicatore Modenese,' 1851, i. 18, 19.

Urbino circle, if we except Bembo, who had no doubt received his copies direct from the printers. Giovanni Francesco Valerio, the other Venetian scholar here mentioned, was one of Bembo's oldest friends, and is given a place by Ariosto among the foremost humanists of his age.¹ This witty ecclesiastic was a frequent guest at the court of Mantua, and shared what he calls the Marchesana's foolish fondness for antique marbles, which he often helped her to acquire. He spent several years in Rome in Cardinal Bibbiena's service, and he was intimate with Castiglione and most of the Urbino circle. His own name originally figured among the story-tellers in the second book of the 'Cortegiano,' but this passage in Castiglione's manuscript was altered, apparently by Bembo, and the name of Mario da Volterra substituted in its stead. Unfortunately, Valerio's French sympathies brought him to a tragic end.² He betrayed his country's secrets to France, was thrown into prison in 1587, and afterwards hanged as a traitor, between the columns of the Piazzetta.

Count Nicola da Castiglione, the head of the Milanese branch of the family, and nephew of Branda, Bishop of Como, was a cultured gentleman, whose palace in Milan and country-house at Castiglione d'Olna were centres of literary and artistic society. From him both the Countess of Somaglia and the fair Amazon of Pavia, Ippolita Fioramonda, were to receive the copies promised them by Castiglione in his letters from Spain. The other three ladies whose names appear on the list were all well known by their high attainments. Margherita Cantelma and the widow of Antonio di San Severino were both

¹ 'Orlando Furioso,' xlvi. 16.

² Cian, 'Il Cortegiano,' 216.

among the Count's oldest friends. The one lived at Mantua, where she enjoyed the intimacy of the Marchesana and often saw Madonna Luigia, while the other was a sister of Emilia Pia, and closely connected with the ducal family at Urbino. Lastly, Veronica Gambarà, although a considerably younger woman, had been known to Castiglione from her childhood, and had already acquired great reputation by her poems.

The two copies of the book that were bound according to the Bishop of Bayeux's taste, and sent by him, the one to Rome, the other to France, were evidently destined for Pope Clement VII. and King Francis I. The French monarch had from the first taken deep interest in the composition of the 'Cortegiano,' and although the author had thought well to remove the effusive paragraphs in his praise that were to have appeared in the original dedication of the book, he felt bound to send him a copy in recognition of his friendliness. Finally, the volume printed on vellum and bound in the finest possible leather, tooled, and gilded, which was to be sent to Spain, packed with the greatest possible care, was, there can be no doubt, presented to the Emperor by Castiglione's own hands. Unfortunately, we hear nothing more of these copies, and have been unable to discover any trace of the magnificent volume given to Charles V. Examples of this first edition of the 'Cortegiano' in the ordinary form issued—a small folio, clearly printed in Aldine type—are fairly common, and several copies are to be found in England, both in public and private collections. But of the thirty books printed on fine paper only one is known to be still in existence. This is the handsome large-paper copy bound in

white parchment, now in Prince Trivulzio's collection at Milan, and may have been the very copy that belonged to the Countess of Somaglia.¹ Another was said to be in a private collection at Padua fifty years ago, but this seems to have disappeared.²

It is easy to imagine the interest which the publication of the long-delayed book excited among Castiglione's friends and kinsfolk. We can picture to ourselves the pleasure of his aged mother on receiving the precious volumes, and how she displayed them before the wondering eyes of the boy Camillo and his sisters. And we realize the delight with which Madama Illustrissima turned over the pages, and her pride and joy as she placed Count Baldassare's book among the choicest treasures on the shelves of her Paradiso.

But there was one friend for whom Castiglione's gift meant even more. This was Emilia Pia, the last survivor of the old circle, who still made her home at Urbino. Here she was living, in sickness and solitude, in a corner of the great palace, when the Count's book reached her. She had never recovered from the shock of Duchess Elisabetta's death, and remained, as Bembo had foretold, inconsolable for the loss of this beloved companion. Now, as she read the author's dedication to his Portuguese friend and studied the first chapter of his book, she found her own name on every page, and remembered each incident described there. By a strange chance, it happened that the Bishop of Bayeux came to Urbino this May-time. He had resigned his post of ambassador to the King of France owing to continued ill-health, and left Venice on May 12, after receiving

¹ This information has been kindly supplied by Prince Trivulzio

² A. Valdrighi, 'Indicatore Modenese,' 1851, p. 18.

two superb gold cups as a parting gift from the Signory. Now he was going to pay his respects to Pope Clement at Orvieto before he returned to France, and stopped at Urbino on the way, to see the haunts of his youth once more. Since his last visit three years before, the good Duchess had passed away, and only Madonna Emilia was left to welcome her old friend. The Bishop was shocked at the melancholy change which he found in this once brilliant lady, and grieved to hear from the physicians that there was little hope of her recovery. But the sight of Count Lodovico revived the invalid's spirits, and she welcomed him with her old charm and brightness. Together they talked of this wonderful book in which Count Baldassare had told the story of the court of Urbino, and made the past live again. They recalled each familiar incident of his story, laughed over the old jokes, and sighed as they thought of the faces that were gone. And they spoke of their absent friends—of Bembo in his pleasant Paduan villa, and of Castiglione himself far away in Spain, while in the Duchess's gardens the birds sang and the roses blossomed as in the gay days of old. One afternoon—it was May 20—this grave and reverend Monsignore took the book in his hands and read Madonna Emilia some passages from Count Baldassare's work. As she listened, the colour rose to her cheek and the light sparkled in her eye. But it was only for a moment. Suddenly she fell back, and with the old names on her lips and a smile on her face she died.

Canossa went his way with a sad heart, and never saw Urbino and its ducal halls again. And the gossips in Rome whispered that Madonna Emilia had died without the sacraments of the Church, discussing passages from the 'Cortegiano' with Count

Lodovico instead of commending her soul to God. The rumour reached the Pope's ears at Orvieto, and His Holiness asked M. Gianmaria della Porta, the Duke's ambassador, if it were true that Madonna Emilia had died without benefit of clergy. The old servant had just been writing to Duchess Leonora at Padua to congratulate her on her recent recovery from illness. Now he added a postscript to his letter, asking if this strange story about Madonna Emilia's end were true. 'Oh, what wicked tales people invent nowadays!' he cried. 'For my part, I cannot believe it; and yet, who knows? Anything may be possible. God give her soul peace all the same.'¹

¹ Archivio di Firenze, Urbino, Cl. I., Div. G, f. 265, p. 78. V. Rossi, 'Appunti per la storia della musica alla Corte di Urbino,' 6.

CHAPTER LII

1527-1528

The court at Burgos—The English and French heralds declare war—Arrest of the foreign ambassadors—Their detention at Pozza—Critical state of affairs in Italy—Defeat and death of Moncada—Andrea Doria joins the Emperor—French reverses—The court at Monzone—Single combat between Charles V. and Francis I. proposed, but finally abandoned.

TOWARDS the end of August, 1527, the Emperor and Empress left Valladolid owing to an outbreak of the plague, and paid a short visit to Valencia. The ambassadors were assigned quarters at Paredes de Nava, nine miles from the town, but Castiglione obtained leave to stay by himself at Husiglios, in the more immediate neighbourhood.¹ His influence with Charles V. was still great, and he was constantly closeted with the Emperor, although since the Pope's imprisonment he took no further part in the negotiations for peace that were carried on by the ambassadors of the League. In October the court moved to Burgos, and settled in this city for the winter. After the sunny skies of Andalusia, the climate of Burgos seemed detestable to our Italian ambassadors. The skies were uniformly grey and cloudy, the sun seldom made its appearance, and the ground was generally covered with snow and ice. As the popular adage

¹ Brown, iv. 92.

runs, at Burgos you have ten months of winter and two of Inferno. Since the chief streets were inhabited by merchants, the foreign envoys could only find quarters in a dark and narrow alley known as Cal Tenebrigia, and came to the conclusion that Burgos was a very melancholy city.¹ Nor was the political outlook more cheering. In spite of the determined efforts of Navagero and Ghinucci, who was, like his colleague, a good Italian, the prospects of peace became every day fainter. The news of Lautrec's successes in Italy embittered the Emperor; he lost his temper with the French ambassador and spoke angrily to Ghinucci. Gattinara, however, was still hopeful, and on the Feast of the Epiphany declared that he had been inspired with a sudden idea which would lead to peace as surely as the star in the East guided the Magi to Bethlehem. This idea was that King Henry of England should be appointed arbitrator between the Emperor and the League. Unfortunately, the Chancellor's plan did not commend itself to either party, and was soon abandoned. Castiglione and Navagero now approached Queen Eleanor, and begged her to use her influence with the Emperor in favour of peace, but the princess replied that she had too much respect for her brother to interfere. 'In fact,' as the Venetian ambassador remarked, 'her coldness is equal to her goodness.' One last effort was made by the nuncio to soften Charles's heart, but this, too, proved ineffectual, and the proposals of the League were finally rejected.²

On January 22 the French and English heralds, Clarenieux and Guienne, wearing their coats of arms emblazoned on their sleeves, appeared before the

¹ Navagero, 'Viaggio in Spagna,' 37.

² Brown, iv. 143-147.

Emperor as he sat in state in the great hall of the palace, and, kneeling at the foot of the throne, delivered their monarchs' joint declaration of war. Charles received the intimation with dignity, but broke into passionate reproaches at the sight of Calvimont, accusing King Francis of being a coward and a traitor, and declaring his readiness to maintain these charges with his own sword.¹ He then ordered the ambassadors to leave the court. But on the following morning, when the French and Venetian envoys were preparing for departure, they were suddenly arrested by the captain of the guard and conveyed under a strong escort to the fortress of Pozza, nine miles from Burgos.

'We were hurried off to prison like malefactors,' wrote Zuan Negro in his account of the transaction, 'leaving all our goods at Burgos, while the spectators, who stood at their doors and windows, remarked, "This ambassador will be hanged; that one will be thrown into a dungeon!" and so on, for our comfort and benefit.'

Here they were detained, together with the Florentine and Milanese envoys, and were told not to expect release until the Imperial ambassadors in their different countries had returned in safety. When the Emperor left Burgos at the end of February, the English envoys, Ghinucci and Lee, were brought to join their colleagues at Pozza, and, in Zuan Negro's words, 'sent to do penance with us.'

'And so,' continues the Venetian secretary in his graphic language, 'we remained in this rugged and desolate place, where, for no fault of our own, we

¹ Varchi, ii. 60-68.

were kept in such close custody that these four months seemed to us four years. A strict watch was kept at the doors night and day, so that we could not even send a servant out to pick a leaf of salad. We were deprived of all those of our servants who were subjects of the Emperor. Fortunately, our ambassador only had one Spanish groom and one page, but the English, Florentine, and Milanese envoys, whose servants were all Spanish, were reduced to sore straits. Never in all my life have I been in such despair! We were not allowed to write letters, and were told every day that news had arrived of fresh catastrophes in Italy, which, however, we knew very well to be false. We spent our days together talking and joking and discussing a hundred subjects, so as to pass the time and not abandon ourselves to despair.'

This high-handed proceeding naturally excited great indignation throughout Europe, and the other powers promptly retaliated by throwing the Emperor's representatives into prison. At length, after many angry recriminations on both sides, the prison doors were opened one summer morning, and the French and Venetian ambassadors were conducted to the frontier. On May 30 they crossed the Bidassoa, and were received with great rejoicings at Bayonne. The chief citizens rode out to make them welcome, and entertained them in their own houses. Salvos of artillery were fired and banquets given in their honour. Zuan Negro could not contain himself for joy.

'It seemed quite a new thing,' he wrote home, 'to be treated so kindly and feasted in this sumptuous manner, after all that we had endured in Spain; and it was truly wonderful to pass in a single day from so much evil to such great good. But thanks be to

God, who has delivered us from the hands of the Jews and brought us into the promised land !¹

Even Navagero confessed that he was not sorry to leave the delicate and pleasant shades of Pozza, although he bore the Emperor no grudge, and merely remarked, in his philosophic style, that Cæsar was accustomed to be master, and could not control his passion at meeting with opposition. When in the following autumn he at length returned to Venice, and stood up in his ambassador's robes of crimson damask to deliver the customary oration before the Senate, his fellow-citizens were amazed at the admiration which he expressed for the Emperor's great qualities of head and heart. So marked was the effect produced by his speech, and so warmly did he advocate an alliance with Cæsar, that Sanuto, who was present on this occasion, remarked that, if the Doge had not been a strong French partisan, the Signory might easily have been persuaded to retire from the League.²

Meanwhile Castiglione remained alone and disconsolate at Burgos. His Italian friends were captives at Pozza. He missed Navagero's pleasant company, and was left alone to cope with increasing difficulties. It was a dreary winter. The weather was bitterly cold, and rain and sleet fell in torrents. There was a cloud on the Emperor's brow, and his favourite ministers dared hardly approach him. The news from Italy was bad, and his affairs were in a critical condition. On February 17 the Prince of Orange at length succeeded in collecting the demoralized remnants of the army which had occupied Rome during

¹ Brown, iv. 141-143.

² Sanuto, xlix. 34; Navagero, 'Viaggio,' 39-42.



Photo, Anderson.

ANDREA NAVAGERO.
BY RAPHAEL (PAL. DORIA, ROME).

To face p. 988, Vol. II.

the past nine months, and marched south to defend Naples against Lautrec's invasion. But the old partisans of the house of Anjou rose in arms, and the Imperialists were blockaded in Naples during several months. On April 28 a naval battle took place in the Gulf of Salerno between the Genoese and Spanish fleets, which ended in the disastrous defeat of the Imperialists. The Viceroy, Don Ugo Moncada, and Castiglione's friend, Cesare Fieramosca, were slain, fighting desperately till the last, and the Marquis del Vasto and Ascanio Colonna were taken prisoners by the Genoese. Naples was closely blockaded both by land and sea, and plague and hunger reduced the brave garrison to dire straits. But Francis I., after his wont, was too much engrossed in his own pleasures to carry on the war with any vigour. He not only neglected to send Lautrec reinforcements, but committed a grave blunder in alienating Andrea Doria. The Genoese Admiral, provoked by the French King's slights, lent a willing ear to the flattering proposals that were made him, on the Emperor's behalf, by his prisoners, Alfonso d' Avalos and Colonna. Before long a secret convention was concluded by which Charles V. guaranteed the independence of Genoa, and promised Doria a large salary in return for his services.

One day in July the Genoese fleet hoisted the Imperial colours, and sailed for Gaeta with supplies for the beleaguered army in Naples. This was the first of a series of reverses sustained by the French invaders. On August 15 Lautrec died of the plague, and the remnants of his army, sadly diminished by sickness and famine, retired to Aversa, where they were soon forced to capitulate. In September Doria drove the French out of Naples, and the veteran

Leyva succeeded in recovering Pavia and the other cities of Lombardy.

The Emperor now determined to prosecute the war with vigour, and with this end in view he summoned the Cortes of Aragon to meet at Monzone, the old capital of this province. In March the court left Burgos for Madrid, and paid a short visit to Valencia, where a series of jousts and tournaments were to be held. But these sports were once more interrupted by the news of Moncada's defeat and death. The same dispatches announced the death of Pierre de Veyre, the young Imperial envoy, who had been killed in a skirmish before Naples in the naval battle of Salerno. These disasters threw a gloom over the court. All festivities were suspended, and at the end of a week the Emperor moved to Monzone. Here he received a visit from Fernando Cortes, and Castiglione was able to report the latest tidings from the New World to his friend Ramusio, who eventually secured Cortes' own account of the conquest of Mexico for his great work. Another incident that excited still greater sensation was the arrival of a French herald, bearing the Most Christian King's reply to the Emperor's challenge. This *cartello*, or formal challenge to a single combat, was solemnly delivered on June 8 in presence of the whole court. Charles received the herald graciously, and sent him back to France with costly gifts, including a velvet robe lined with gold tissue, from his own wardrobe. Then he wrote to the grandees of Castile, informing them of the French King's message, and asking them to sanction this single combat as the only way to save bloodshed among Christian nations. All the Spanish nobles replied with the same expressions of devotion to His

Majesty's person and sympathy with his object. Thus encouraged, Charles sent his own king-at-arms to France with a *cartello*, accepting the challenge, and proposing that the duel should take place on the banks of the Bidassoa, in order that the French King's broken faith might be avenged on the actual spot where he had been set free.

On July 10 Castiglione wrote a letter to his old master, Federico Gonzaga, informing him of this singular event :

‘There is little news to give Your Excellency, as for the moment everything depends on Italy. The Emperor is raising money, and hopes soon to collect a large sum. Besides the original quarrel between these two monarchs, another cause of contention has arisen that seems likely to prove still more troublesome. The Most Christian King has sent a challenge by his herald to the Emperor, which has been accepted, and His Majesty is so eager to fight that I shall not be surprised if the duel actually takes place. Indeed, unless the King of France makes difficulties, I think nothing can prevent this. I enclose a copy of the two *cartelli* for Your Excellency, and kiss your hands.

‘Your most devoted servant,

‘BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

‘P.S.—I cannot enclose the *cartelli* to-day, for lack of time, but will send them to the Pope, and ask M. Francesco Gonzaga to forward them to Your Excellency.’¹

The Emperor, as Castiglione saw, was quite serious in the matter, and went so far as to ask the Count to be one of his seconds, and to fix the day and hour of the meeting. More than this, he sought Castiglione's

¹ F. Gabotto, ‘Tre Lettere nell’ Archivio di Milano,’ 16.

help and advice as an expert in the art of handling arms, and invited him to be present at his daily exercises in preparation for the combat.¹

This incident naturally excited great attention throughout Europe.

‘I was greatly amused,’ wrote Maximilian of Transylvania, a friend of the imperial secretary, Alfonso Valdès, ‘to hear of the challenge between these two monarchs. It is quite a tragedy, although I expect the result will be more comic than tragic. Meanwhile people talk of nothing else. *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*—When kings go mad, the people suffer.’

And Navagero, who met the French herald at Fontarabia, remarked: ‘It will be a rare sight to witness a duel between two such monarchs. One wonders if it will really come to pass. Anyhow, it will supply the world with a topic for much conversation during the next few weeks.’²

Fortunately, the French King was less eager than his rival for the fray, and refused to receive the Imperial herald or allow him to deliver his master’s letter. ‘A true prince,’ remarked the Emperor loftily to his uncle, King Henry VIII., ‘is not afraid to shed his blood for himself and his subjects; but the King of France prefers his personal safety to his own honour and the welfare of his people.’ After this Charles was content to act on the advice of the grandees of Spain, who told him that he could do no more, and that his honour remained as bright and unsullied as before. The matter dropped, and

¹ Marliani, 22. See also A. P. Castiglione’s *Life of the Author* in English edition of ‘*Il Cortegiano*,’ 1727.

² Gayangos, iii., part ii., 771; R. Brown, iv. 151.

eventually Charles proposed to Francis that, instead of fighting with each other, they should both take up arms against the Turks.¹

Another letter which the Count wrote from Monzone, and sent by the same courier, was addressed to the children from whom he had been so long absent. It was written in Latin, for the benefit of Camillo, who had, as we have seen, by his father's care, early received a classical education, and was already twelve years of age.

' To my Dearest Children, Camillo, Anna, and Ippolita.

' I am sure, my dearest son Camillo, that you, above all things, desire my speedy return home. For it is ordained, alike by Nature and the laws of man, that we reverence our parents next to God. And you may be said to owe me an especial debt, since I have remained content with one son, and have been unwilling to share either my fortune or my love with another. You are bound, therefore, to pay me this filial duty, lest I should repent of my resolution. And, although I have no doubt that you recognize this, I wish you to understand that I do not regard this duty lightly, as other parents often do, but I exact it from you as my due. This debt you will best discharge by looking upon the admirable teacher whom your friends have given you, in the light of a father, and by obeying his voice as if it were my own. I can give you no better advice than this line of Virgil, which I repeat in no boastful spirit :

' " Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem ;
Fortunam ex aliis." ²

¹ Sanuto, xlix. 349.

² Learn, boy, from me virtue and honourable toil, but good fortune from others.

‘ My Anna, who first taught me to use the sweet name of daughter, may your character be adorned with such moral graces that the beauties of your person may be excelled by that of your soul, and may be justly celebrated by posterity. And you, my Ippolita, whom I love so much, for the sake of her whose name you bear, how pleasant it would be if, in the practice of virtue, you could surpass the sister who is so much your elder in years ! But go on, both of you, as you have begun, and imitate the pattern held up before your eyes by her who has nurtured you since your mother died, when you were too young to mourn her loss, so that all may with one voice exclaim how close a likeness you bear to her. Farewell.

‘ Your father,

‘ BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

‘ MONZONE, July 11, 1528.’

This letter was preserved among the family papers, and was shown by the Count's son Camillo to Abbot Serassi, who inserted it in his collection of Castiglione's Latin epistles.¹ By the same messenger the Count's chaplain, Domenico Pastorello, now Bishop of Algara, addressed a letter of effusive thanks to Madonna Luigia in return for her congratulations on his promotion, saying that he could never sufficiently express his gratitude to his master, and that, if the Pastorello family had given him birth, he owed his true being to the illustrious house of Castiglione. There is no allusion to the Count's health in either of these letters, but it was already a cause of grave anxiety, both to his nephew Lodovico Strozzi and his servants. When he wrote those farewell words to his children, he was already haunted by a foreboding that his days on earth were numbered.

¹ Serassi, ii. 363.

At the end of the month, the court left Monzone for Madrid, but the nuncio fell ill on the journey, and was obliged to remain at Saragossa. From here he wrote, on August 8, to inform the Emperor of the arrival of the Papal Chamberlain, Alfonso di Sangro, Bishop of Lecce. This prelate had been sent to Charles by the Pope, with an urgent request that he would release the unhappy Cardinals who were still detained as hostages at Naples, and exposed to all the horrors of war and pestilence. In the same letter Castiglione expressed his regrets that he was unable to escort the Papal envoy to Madrid, adding that he hoped to follow, as soon as he could leave his bed.¹ A fortnight later he joined the court, and remained at Madrid with the Emperor until the end of October.

¹ Gayangos, iii., part ii., 707, 763.

CHAPTER LIII

1528

The Imperial secretary, Alfonso Valdès—His dialogue on the sack of Rome—Castiglione's protest—Defence of Valdès—Castiglione's letter to Valdès—His championship of the Pope and defence of the Church.

DURING the summer of 1528, Castiglione wrote the famous letter to Valdès which is printed among his works by Serassi. Alfonso Valdès was a young Catalonian of noble birth, who had been educated by Pietro Martire Vermiglio, the Florentine traveller and friend of Erasmus. After his return from the New World, Pietro Martire had settled at Seville, where he became a member of the Council of the Indies and enjoyed considerable reputation at the Spanish court. On his recommendation young Valdès was appointed Latin secretary to Charles V., and accompanied the Emperor to Germany. Both he and his twin-brother Juan, afterwards chamberlain to Clement VII., were great admirers of Erasmus, whose liberal opinions the Chancellor Gattinara and several Spanish nobles were known to favour. Alfonso had been present at the Diet of Worms, and, on seeing the burning of Luther's writings, is said to have exclaimed: 'This is not the end, but the beginning of a tragedy.' Soon after the news of the capture and sack of Rome reached Valladolid,

the Imperial secretary wrote a pamphlet entitled 'A Dialogue between a Spanish Cavalier, Lattanzio, and an Archdeacon, showing how the Events that took place in Rome in the Year 1527 were for the Glory of God and the Universal Good of Christendom.' The argument is as follows: A young Spanish courtier, named Lattanzio, meets an Archdeacon, who has lately arrived from Rome, on the Plaza Major of Valladolid, and, entering the Franciscan church, discusses the recent catastrophe with him. In the first part Lattanzio vindicates the Emperor from any responsibility in the matter. In the second he recognizes the hand of God in this awful visitation, which has been sent from heaven as a just chastisement of the corruption and worldliness of the Pope and Cardinals, and of the sins of the whole Church. The speaker concludes by calling for a speedy reformation of the Church and Papacy, in order that it may be proclaimed to the end of time how Jesus Christ founded the Church and the Emperor Charles restored it. Such language sounded bold in the ears of Catholic Spain, but in point of fact the sentiments uttered by Valdès were shared by many of Charles V.'s ministers.

'The sack of Rome,' wrote the veteran Lopez de Soria from Genoa to the Emperor, 'must be regarded as a visitation from God, who has allowed Your Majesty, a true Catholic prince and His most devoted servant, to become the instrument of His vengeance. . . . Should Your Majesty think that the Church of God is not what it ought to be, and that the Pope's temporal power leads him to excite Christian princes to make war upon each other, I cannot help reminding Your Imperial Majesty that it will not be a sin, but, on the contrary, a meritorious

action, to reform the Church, and confine the Pope's authority exclusively to his spiritual duties, leaving temporal matters to be decided by Cæsar, according to the word of Christ: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are of God." I have now lived eight-and-twenty years in Italy, and have observed that during this time the Popes have been the sole cause of all the wars and misfortunes that have arisen. Since the fear of the reformation of the Church entertained by the Popes has been the chief cause of these evils, it seems as if Your Imperial Majesty, as supreme Lord of the world, is called to redress these wrongs and to reform the Church.'¹

When such language could be employed by a Spanish minister in addressing the Emperor, it was not to be surprised that Valdès' 'Dialogue' met with general approval from the followers of Erasmus, among whom it was privately circulated in Italy, Spain, and Flanders.

'That "Dialogue" of yours,' wrote Maximilian of Transylvania to Secretary Valdès, 'seems to me wonderfully fine. I beg you to allow me to keep it, and promise that it shall remain as secret as if it were in the grave, if, for fear of envious persons, you do not wish your name to appear.'²

Before the court left Burgos, Castiglione heard that Secretary Valdès had written a pamphlet in which he attacked the Pope and gave utterance to many other unchristian sentiments. It seemed to him due to his office as Papal nuncio to take notice of this, and he sent his secretary Gabriele to warn the writer against publishing a pamphlet of this seditious nature. Valdès replied that he had no intention of publishing

¹ Gayangos, iii., part ii., 210.

² *Ibid.*, iii., part ii., 772.

his 'Dialogue,' and the Count remained satisfied with this answer, especially since he was unable to obtain a copy of the pamphlet either at Valencia or Monzone. But when he came to Madrid in August, he found that the secretary's 'Dialogue' was being freely circulated and widely read in court circles, and heard that it was the author's intention to have it printed and sent to Germany and Italy. At the same time several important personages expressed their surprise that the Count, as nuncio, should have left this attack on the Pope and Church unanswered. An attentive perusal of the work confirmed Castiglione's worst fears, and certain passages, in which the writer spoke with approval of the destruction of sacred images and dispersion of holy relics, filled him with pious horror. He lost no time in bringing the matter before the Emperor, who replied that he had not seen the 'Dialogue,' but felt sure that his secretary was too good a Christian to be guilty of heresy. However, he spoke to Valdès on the subject, and the secretary hastened to address a letter of apology to the Papal nuncio. In this he repudiated the charges brought against him, and said that he never meant to publish his pamphlet, which had been circulated by indiscreet friends without his sanction. If, however, he had spoken against the Pope, it was, he owned frankly, because it was impossible to defend the Emperor without blaming His Holiness. He expressed his readiness to soften his language in this particular, but stoutly maintained that there was not a word contrary to Christian doctrine in his 'Dialogue,' which had received the approval of the Chancellor and Don Juan Manuel, as well as of the most distinguished theologians of the University of Alcalá.¹

¹ Serassi, ii. 171-174.

In reply to the secretary's letter, Castiglione took up his pen and wrote the long epistle to Valdès which fills twenty-eight pages of Serassi's folio. This letter is in many respects a remarkable production, and is extolled by most of Castiglione's biographers as a masterpiece.¹ It is curious to see the author of the 'Cortegiano' enter the lists of theological controversy and employ his pen in defence of the Pope and the dogmas of the Catholic faith. His own friends, Sadoletto and Contarini, while they wept over the ruin of Rome, were the first to recognize the hand of God in this awful visitation. But the Spanish secretary went much further than this. He not only blamed the Pope's treachery and charged the Bishops and priests with corruption and immorality, but boldly attacked the worship of relics and images, the practice of granting dispensations, the waste of money in the decoration of shrines and altars; while in some instances he used the very words of Martin Luther. Valdès, in fact, was animated by the Protestant spirit that was already abroad, and which did not scruple to denounce vice in holy places, expose secret abuses, and openly advocate the revival of a purer and more spiritual form of worship. In Castiglione, on the other hand, we have the defender of the Church, the champion of the old faith learnt at his mother's knee, and of the devout rites and practices sanctioned by the consent of ages. All the chivalry of his nature was stirred by the Imperial secretary's remorseless attacks on the unhappy Pope in his fallen condition.

¹ Serassi, 'Vita,' 31; Narducci in Buonarroti, Serie ii., xxii. 408. None the less, as Signor Bufardecì remarks ('Su la vita letteraria del Castiglione,' 77), a certain effusiveness and lack of restraint in the language employed, bear witness to the failing health of the author.

No one knew the full measure of Clement's vacillation and double-dealing better than the nuncio himself; but Castiglione could not forget that he was the Pope's servant, and as such was bound to justify his actions and to refute the charges brought against him by his enemies. Such inflammatory language as that used by Valdès was, in the Count's eyes, doubly pernicious at the present crisis, and must inevitably endanger that permanent alliance between the Emperor and the Pope which was the object of his untiring efforts. So he rose like a lion from his lair, and, flinging himself into the contest with the old ardour, proceeded to challenge the writer's statements and expose his damnable heresies. If here and there the bitterness of religious controversy breaks out in heated and violent language, Castiglione's argument is in the main sound and just, marked by good sense and sober logic. The metaphors are well chosen, the style is clear and incisive, and in certain passages attains to eloquence. After giving an account of his previous correspondence with Valdès, and explaining his motives in bringing the matter before the Emperor, the nuncio proceeds to examine the arguments advanced by the Imperial secretary in his pamphlet :

‘ In the beginning of your “ Dialogue ” you seek to hide your true intention by saying that the vast majority of people are so ignorant, that you cannot wonder at the false judgments which have been pronounced on recent events in Rome, by persons who believe that religion consists wholly in external things, and that the destruction of these can harm our faith. You say, in the very words of Martin Luther, that your intention is to open the eyes of men and enlighten their ignorance, for the glory of God, the

good of Christians, and the honour of the Emperor. With this end in view, you proceed, in the first place, to show that what happened in Rome was not the fault of the Emperor, but of the Pope; and, after saying that you do not intend to speak evil of the Holy Father, you charge him with fraud, calumny, and a long list of crimes, making him appear the most wicked man on the face of the earth. In the second place you assert that the ruin of Rome was the manifest judgment of God on this city, where the worst vices flourished under the cloak of the Christian religion. After having described the corruption and hypocrisy of the clergy, you next see fit to condemn those who honour the relics of the saints and the images of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, and say that under these pretences the priests deceive ignorant and simple folk in order to obtain their money, and even allow them to adore false relics. You take great pains to demonstrate that neither God nor the saints care for gold and silver or any worldly goods, but only ask the sacrifice of a pure and contrite heart, and that it is far better and more pleasing to God to relieve the necessities of the poor than to adorn His altars or raise costly shrines. You descant on the awful wickedness of a priest who, being in mortal sin, celebrates mass and receives the Blessed Sacrament, and pour contempt on indulgences, dispensations, and canonizations. So in all these matters you take care to bring forward the evil and forget the good; and you add that those bad priests who receive Christ into their bodies, which ought to be pure and undefiled temples, are guilty of a worse crime than the German soldiers who stabled their horses in St. Peter's.

‘These things and many others you bring forward, in order to arrive at the conclusion that the calamity which has befallen Rome has not been injurious, but beneficial, to Christianity; and by means of these unworthy and irrelevant reasons you prove to your satisfaction that this was an evident judgment of

God. . . . No sane person wishes to deny that priests who deceive the ignorant, and receive the Holy Sacrament in a state of mortal sin, have erred grievously, or that those who try and accumulate gains by forbidden ways, or even sell benefices, act contrary to the commands of Christ and to human laws, and are very bad men. But I cannot imagine, as you seem to think, that these things afford any excuse for the spoliation of relics, true or false, for the massacre of clergy, the profanation of altars and churches, and the stabling of horses in their sacred precincts. Surely no one is ignorant enough to think that what is evil can be remedied by committing worse crimes, and I hold this, which is your chief contention, to be hereby sufficiently answered. But, besides this, I maintain that, if there are bad priests, there are also good ones, true friends and servants of God, who honour the relics of the saints, not for themselves, but for what they represent, and seek by means of things seen, to raise the thoughts of man to the unseen. Even if these relics were false, the worshipper would not be an idolater, because whatever stirs devotion in the hearts of men, and leads them to pray to God with the faith that can work miracles, must of necessity be good. Therefore it seems to me that it is the utmost impiety to seek to excuse sacrilegious acts by this means, and that the reasons which you advance are at once foolish and blasphemous. We all know that God and the saints have no need of our offerings. But, since men cling to riches as they do, it is clear that the motive which prompts them to offer gifts for the love of God, must be pleasing to His Divine Majesty, who cares little for fasts and self-discipline, or to see us go bare-foot and live as hermits do, on acorns and water, but who takes delight in the fire of love that moves all those who do these things from a desire to serve Him. For the same reason it is fitting that gold and silver and precious gems should adorn the vessels that are

used for Divine worship. When you say that it would be better to devote the money to the poor, you remind me of Judas's speech: "To what purpose was this waste? Might not this ointment have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" Christ rebuked him, saying: "The poor have ye always with you, but Me ye have not always"; and the Evangelist St. John adds: "This he said, not because he cared for the poor, but because he had the bag." Surely riches which are devoted to the glory of God are well spent, and God accepts the gifts that are offered for the decoration of His temple, and often, as we know, punishes those wicked men who lay violent hands on His altars.'

Here the writer enumerates a number of acts of sacrilege from classical and sacred history, ending with the story of Heliodorus, which Raphael had made the subject of one of his noblest frescoes in the Vatican. He also recalls the case of Eli, who heard of the loss of his sons with patience, but when he was told that the Ark of God was taken by the Philistines fell dead on the spot.

'Good men,' he continues, 'in those days did not say as you do, that these acts of sacrilege were allowed by God for the sake of a higher good. And just as Eli died of grief, so I think that, if you could only know, you would find that many good prelates and holy friars died of a broken heart when they saw holy things treated in this appalling manner. Indeed, I feel the utmost compassion for those good monks in Rome who perished so cruelly when the soldiers first entered the city, but far more for those who saw and were compelled to witness that infernal spectacle which your Lattanzio excuses so easily, and seems, indeed, to hear with satisfaction from the Arch-deacon's lips. Nor can I drive away the vision that haunts me day and night, of the grief, the horror and

amazement, the lamentations and groans, that must have torn the hearts of those old Canons of St. Peter, who had spent so many years in that holy church . . . when they saw armed men laying rude hands on these altars and chapels, in their mad thirst for gold slaying women and children, young and old, and scattering sacred relics and bones of the holy martyrs, who had shown by their constancy that they loved Christ more than their lives. What must these good men have felt when they saw lying there on the pavement the beautiful carved marble shrine containing the head of the Apostle St. Andrew, which was sent from Peloponnesus by a Grand Turk, and brought there by Pope Pius II., accompanied by a great company of Cardinals and prelates; or that other tabernacle which holds the hilt of the spear that pierced the side of Jesus Christ, which another Grand Turk sent with great solemnity to Pope Innocent VIII.? Those venerable servants of God actually saw the relics which infidel emperors had sent to the temple of the Apostles, trampled underfoot by men who bore the name of Christ and served under the banners of a Catholic Emperor. Anyone who has a spark of religious feeling in his breast must realize what these priests suffered, and can only wonder that their hearts did not break and their minds give way at the sight. Many of these ruffians, no doubt, were lawless and godless soldiers, and there were many heretics and Jews among them. But to think that in the Emperor's own house, in the palace of a prince who is so truly Christian, so just and virtuous, there should be found a Secretary who not only dares to excuse these outrages, but commends them, and openly declares himself the enemy of Christian rites and ceremonies. This is indeed a thing so intolerable that I can hardly believe it! For, say what you will, you are yourself Lattanzio, and the opinions which he utters are your own. Worse still, in your presumption, you, who are living here in Spain in the Emperor's own house, dare openly support and

profess the tenets of Luther, the greatest enemy and most perfidious heretic who has ever risen up against the Church of Christ. For what you say of the relics and images of the saints has been said by Luther, and the marriage of the clergy, the sequestration of ecclesiastical revenues by laymen, the neglect of festivals, freedom to eat meat on Fridays and Saturdays, on vigils during Lent, and a thousand other things which you praise, are purely Lutheran dogmas.'

The next paragraphs of Castiglione's letter are devoted to a defence of the Pope's action in having taken up arms against the Emperor. 'This part of his task was by no means easy. The Imperial secretary must have known how long and strenuously the nuncio had opposed the Pope's policy and laboured for the preservation of peace. But, as the Pope's servant, Castiglione felt bound to defend his action, and make the best of his case. He declared that there had never been any active opposition to the Emperor on the Holy Father's part, but that he had been compelled to form a league with the French and Venetians in order to resist the insolence and extortions of the Imperial generals and their forces. In support of his argument, he points to Milan, and draws a vivid picture of the misery to which this once flourishing city was reduced by war and famine. But what kindled his anger to the highest pitch was Valdès' appeal to the Emperor to take possession of the Papal States, and destroy once for all the temporal power of the Popes, as the first step towards the reform of the Church. This heresy he denounced in no measured terms, telling the Imperial secretary that he was following Luther's example and doing devil's work.

‘For my part,’ he adds, ‘I can swear to having seen the tears of the prelates and grandees of Spain, and the universal sorrow throughout this great realm, at the news of these terrible events. And although I can never forget the honour and kindness that I have received from this excellent nation, which has, in truth, made me as much a Spaniard as an Italian, yet what has moved me more than all has been the universal grief and sorrow which great and small, men and women, nobles and common people, rich and poor—in short, all classes in Spain—have shown for the ruin of Rome and the Pope’s calamities. In those terrible hours, when even dumb creatures—nay, the very stones themselves—were moved to pity, you alone, and a few others like yourself, rejoiced at the destruction of the world, and with a refinement of cruelty have tried to stir up hatred against the miserable remnants of Rome and of the Church that have survived the general conflagration. . . . The Pope and Emperor may perchance extend their clemency to you, and pardon the injury that you have done them; but neither of them can forgive the insults which you have heaped on Christ and His religion. The people of this land—nay, the very stones—would rise to drive you out of Spain, because this Christian nation hates the name of heretic. Go, then, to Germany, where your “Dialogue” has prepared the way for you, and Luther and his followers will make you welcome. For you may be certain that the Inquisitors, whom you revile as Pharisees, will show no respect of persons, and that Christ, whose protection you invoke, will not stretch out His hand to save you from the sword of justice and the chastisement which your obstinacy deserves.’¹

With this fierce invective the letter to Valdès ends. Fortunately for the secretary, he had powerful friends at court, and the protection of the Chan-

¹ Serassi, ii. 175-202.

cellor and Archbishop of Toledo saved him from the perils of the Inquisition. Charles V. turned a deaf ear to the nuncio's denunciations, and retained Alfonso Valdès in his service until the young secretary's death, four years later.¹

It was a strange episode in Castiglione's life, and one that many of his admirers will regret. But at least it gave the author of the 'Cortegiano' the opportunity of giving in his own person an example of that unshaken fidelity to his master which he had laid down as an inviolable rule of conduct for the perfect courtier. From another point of view, the nuncio's letter to Valdès was the best answer that he could give to the unjust reproaches which Pope Clement had lately addressed to him. By throwing down the gauntlet and refuting the charges brought against the Holy Father in Valdès' 'Dialogue,' by boldly accusing the Imperial secretary of falsehood and heresy, Castiglione stood up before the eyes of the whole world as the avenger of the Pope's wrongs and the defender of Catholic truth.

¹ 'Cambridge Modern History,' ii. 388.

CHAPTER LIV

1528—1529

Return of the Pope to Rome—Melancholy state of the city—Castiglione's last letters from Spain—The Emperor confers the Bishopric of Avila on him—Sudden illness and death of Castiglione—His funeral in the Cathedral of Toledo—Honours paid to his memory—Charles V.'s regrets.

ON October 6 the Pope returned to Rome, after an exile of ten months. It was a sorrowful homecoming, strangely unlike the splendid receptions of the Supreme Pontiff in former days. The autumn evening was dark and stormy, and the rain fell in torrents. A few Romans raised a feeble shout of welcome as the Holy Father rode through the desolate streets, escorted by Imperial troops, but there were no signs of public rejoicing. The sorely stricken man wept, and raised his hands to heaven as he passed Castell' Sant' Angelo, where he had lately spent many months in captivity. He alighted at the doors of the Belvedere, and, entering St. Peter's, knelt before the altars that had been desecrated by German *Landsknechten*, and thanked God for his deliverance.

The state of the city was deplorable. Whole districts were uninhabited. The houses stood roofless and empty, stripped of their doors and windows. The churches and palaces were a heap of ruins. More

than half the population had perished in the horrors of the sack. Another 40,000 were said to have died of plague and famine. The hospitals were full, the streets thronged with ragged beggars, and the cry of starving children was heard on all sides. There was a terrible dearth of bread. No grain had been sown that year for fifty miles round Rome, and it was only on the express condition that the Emperor would allow supplies of corn to be sent from Sicily that Clement had consented to return.¹

‘Certainly, my dear lord,’ wrote the Papal secretary Vida to Castiglione, ‘you who loved Rome so well, could not keep back your tears at the sight of this once great and populous city left ruined and desolate, and exposed to the ravages of a most cruel famine.’²

In the same dispatch, Vida enclosed a letter from the Pope himself to Charles, giving a pathetic picture of the miserable city.

‘We indeed, my beloved son,’ wrote the Holy Father, ‘may rejoice to have reached the shore after so disastrous a shipwreck ; but our sorrow for the ruin of Italy, the sad fate of the city and our own misfortunes has been greatly increased by the sight of Rome. For we look with horror on a torn and stricken corpse, and feel that nothing can allay our grief or restore this unhappy city and Church, but the hope of peace and tranquillity that rests upon your goodness and moderation.’³

The recent victories of Charles at Naples and the French reverses had finally determined Clement’s policy. He resolved to throw in his lot with the Emperor, and applied all his efforts to the expansion

¹ Sanuto, xlix. 50 ; Gayangos, iv., part ii., 827.

² ‘Lettere di Principi,’ iii. 56.

³ O. Raynaldus, ‘Annales ecclesiastici,’ xiii. 56.

of the Papal States and the advancement of his own family. In vain Contarini, the noble-minded Venetian ambassador, urged His Holiness to remember that he was Head of the whole Church, and that the peace of Christendom and the reform of the Church were matters of greater importance than the recovery of Cervia and Ravenna. 'I know what you say is true,' replied Clement; 'but in this life, if you do not look after your own interests, and only act from pure and holy motives, you are treated like a beast!' 'Look at the Holy Scriptures,' returned Contarini, 'and you will see that nothing is stronger than truth, nothing prevails in the end like righteousness.' But the Pope only shook his head and sighed. Such counsels of perfection were not for his times.¹

Before leaving Viterbo, where he spent the summer months, Clement had received important dispatches from Castiglione by the hands of Erasmo Doria, the Admiral's nephew, who had been sent to Spain to obtain the ratification of the Emperor's treaty with his uncle. The nuncio was able to inform His Holiness that the Emperor was sending the General of the Franciscans, now Cardinal di Santa Croce, to Rome, with orders for the immediate release of the captive Cardinals and the restoration of the fortresses of Ostia and Cività Vecchia. Castiglione further expressed His Majesty's satisfaction at the dignity bestowed on the Franciscan General, and told the Pope that the Emperor had been pleased to endow the new Cardinal with the income of two bishoprics, worth 20,000 ducats a year. This good news filled Clement with joy, and decided him to comply with Charles's earnest entreaty that he would return to Rome without delay.

¹ G. de Leva, ii. 508-505; Cod. Marciana Ital., cl. vii., mxliii., l. 4, 100.

‘Count Baldassare’s letters,’ wrote Contarini, ‘have given the Pope the greatest pleasure, and now he thinks and talks of nothing but the coming of Cardinal di Santa Croce, whose arrival is expected daily.’¹

But as the weeks wore on, and the Imperial ambassadors did not arrive, Clement became irritable and impatient. Jacopo Salviati, who was now Governor of Rome, reproached Castiglione with failing to keep His Holiness informed of events at the court of Spain, and complained that the last letters received from him had been written on August 20. Another thing which annoyed the Pope was that he had received no official intimation of Charles’s intended visit to Italy.

‘From many different sources,’ wrote Salviati, ‘we hear that His Majesty is shortly coming to Italy, and that several thousand troops are being prepared to escort him. His Holiness thinks that V. S. should have informed him of this; and knowing how wise and prudent you are, and in what great honour and affection His Majesty holds you, the Pope expects you to tell him, not only what has actually happened, but what is likely to take place in the future. . . . If it is true that the Venetians have opened negotiations with the Emperor, you will remind His Majesty, as the eldest son of the Church, to insist, in the first place, on the restoration of Cervia and Ravenna to the Pope. These reports, and many others, make His Beatitude eager for letters from you—if it were possible—every hour. Certainly it seems strange that V. S., whose diligence and foresight are beyond praise, should not give His Holiness intimation of news that reaches him by a thousand other channels. My affection for Your Lordship induces me to speak thus

¹ Sanuto, xlix. 158.

freely, since I am sure that you will be glad to know how to satisfy His Beatitude most entirely.¹

Fortunately, before this letter was dispatched, Cardinal di Santa Croce landed, and the Pope's worst anxieties were relieved. Late in the evening of December 30 the Franciscan General reached Rome, and, without waiting to assume his new Cardinal's robes, presented himself to the Pope in travelling clothes. On January 3 Salviati added a hasty post-script to his dispatch, telling Castiglione of the intense relief experienced by His Holiness, and begging him to assure the Emperor of his profound gratitude. But it is doubtful if the Count ever read this letter.

On November 1 the court left Madrid for Toledo, and the nuncio, alone among the foreign ambassadors, was invited to accompany the Emperor. The Bishop of Worcester and the other envoys were desired to remain at Valladolid, in order that they might not act as spies on the Emperor, whose suspicions had been aroused by the discovery of Secretary Lallemand's intrigues with France. Charles now finally decided to undertake his long-planned journey to Italy and receive the Imperial crown from the Pope's hands. Preparations were actively pushed on, and a fleet of thirty-two galleys was equipped to convey His Majesty from Barcelona to Naples. In December, Castiglione wrote to inform the Pope that the Emperor would probably set sail soon after Christmas, and gave him the details regarding His Majesty's journey, which His Holiness was impatiently awaiting.² He could speak with confidence of the Emperor's wish to complete the settlement of

¹ Serassi, ii. 161.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 165.

Italy, and, now that the proposed duel with Francis had been abandoned, saw a better prospect of the cessation of hostilities between these monarchs. At length the goal towards which Castiglione's efforts had so long been directed, seemed to be in sight. Peace would ere long be restored to Italy, and a lasting union between the Emperor and Pope would be effected. He himself would accompany Charles to Italy, and once more see the aged mother and children from whom he had been so long parted. A brighter and happier future seemed to open before his eyes, and he could look forward with apparent certainty to enjoying the rest for which he yearned. Meanwhile his credit at the court of Spain stood higher than ever. He was honoured with the Emperor's intimacy, and consulted by him on the most important matters. To add to his content, the 'Cortegiano' had met with a cordial reception in Spain. Charles himself expressed the warmest admiration for the Count's work, and kept it by him to the end of his life, declaring it to be one of his favourite books.

Hitherto Castiglione had steadily declined the dignities and rewards that had been pressed upon him by the Emperor. His high sense of honour would not allow him to accept any favours as long as Charles was at variance with the Pope. A year before, on the death of the Franciscan Bishop of Avila, the Emperor had offered the vacant see, with a yearly income of 12,000 ducats, to the nuncio. But Castiglione refused to accept the office until the Holy Father had been released from captivity and peace was restored. Towards the end of January, however, when Charles's departure for Italy was finally decided, the offer of the Bishopric was again



Photo, Anderson.

COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.
AFTER RAPHAEL (CORSI NI PALACE, ROME).

To face p. 414, Vol. II.

renewed, and this time gratefully accepted. The Count's biographers all agree that the offer was made; but while Giovio and Guicciardini say that he accepted it, Marliani leaves the reader in doubt on this point. The epitaph written by Bembo on the Count's tomb at Mantua, however, expressly styles him Bishop of Avila, and the testimony of the English ambassador at the court of Spain appears conclusive. On February 9, 1529, the Bishop of Worcester wrote to inform Cardinal Wolsey of the nuncio's sudden death, and remarked that the Emperor had given him the Bishopric of Avila only two days before.¹ This statement was confirmed by Contarini, who wrote from Rome on March 10 that news of Baldassare Castiglione's death had just arrived from Spain, adding that the Emperor had appointed him Bishop of Avila a week before he fell ill.² So there seems to be no doubt that Castiglione became Bishop-elect of Avila a few days before his death, and his name is linked for ever with the old grey town on the rugged heights of the Guadarrama. This ancient city, famous in past days as an outpost of the Christians in their long struggle against the infidel, was soon to become more illustrious as the home of Santa Teresa, who even then was growing up within its cyclopean walls, building little hermitages in her garden, and going forth in a passion of youthful enthusiasm to seek martyrdom from the Moors.

The 6th of February, 1529, was a great day at Toledo. That morning the grandees and deputies from all the provinces of Spain met to hear the Emperor's pleasure concerning his proposed journey to Italy. The Chancellor announced that His Majesty would sail from Barcelona on March 1, and called on his

¹ Brewer, iv., part iii., 2324.

² Sanuto, l. 62.

loyal subjects for assistance. The response which this appeal produced was instantaneous. The chief officers of the Imperial household offered themselves or their eldest sons for service, together with troops of 100, 50, or 40 horse, according to their rank and fortune. All the other nobles followed their example, and levies of 3,000 horse and 4,000 foot were speedily guaranteed. The provinces of Castile, of Toledo, Aragon, Galicia, and Andalusia, promised to supply a year's pay for a force of 14,000 men. All the vessels in the ports of Spain were retained for His Majesty's use ; the cargoes of two ships that arrived from the Indies, bearing gold and pearls of the value of 250,000 ducats, were placed at the Emperor's disposal by merchants of Seville, and the money was employed to raise bodies of *Landsknechten* for service in Italy. 'Never,' wrote a Genoese merchant from Toledo, 'was there such unity and such loyalty in Spain as at the present moment.' When the Emperor himself appeared, a great shout went up from the assembled councillors, and all with one voice exclaimed: 'Cæsar! Cæsar! He goes to become king of the whole world!'¹

The Papal nuncio was not present on this memorable occasion. He did not hear the acclamations that greeted the Emperor or receive the cordial congratulations of his numerous friends on his new dignity. Only a fortnight before, on January 22, Castiglione had written to his old Mantuan friend, Gian Giacomo Calandra, saying that he was in the best of health and spirits. 'I am very well now, thank God, a thing which has hardly been the case since I came to Spain, where I have constantly suffered from ill-health.'² A week later he was

¹ Sanuto, l. 63. ² Archivio Gonzaga, Carteggio di B. Castiglione.

attacked by sudden illness. At first his ailment appeared to be a return of the intermittent fever from which he had suffered at intervals during the four years that he had spent in Spain. But suddenly he became dangerously ill. The Emperor, seriously concerned at the news of his favourite's danger, sent his own physicians to attend him, and desired to be kept constantly informed of the sick man's condition. Lodovico Strozzi and the faithful servants who had followed Castiglione from Mantua nursed him with the greatest devotion. But his frame, never robust, was worn out by toil and anxiety. His strength failed rapidly, and on February 7 he died. So in a foreign land, far from home and children, from the faces and scenes that he loved best on earth, the pure and noble spirit passed away.

The news of Castiglione's death sent a shock through the whole court. Charles's own grief was deep and real. He sent one of his chamberlains to condole with Lodovico Strozzi, and to ask for details of his uncle's last moments. Afterwards the young man was admitted to a private audience, and His Majesty was so much pleased with the affection which Lodovico showed for his uncle that he wrote himself to recommend the late nuncio's nephew to the Pope's favourable notice. By the Emperor's order, royal honours were paid to the dead man, and Castiglione was buried in the Cathedral of Toledo with as much state as if he had been the Pope himself. All the great officers of state and the members of the Imperial household, the Archbishops of Toledo and Seville, the Chief Inquisitor, the Grand Constable of Castile, the Grand Equerry, and the Emperor's Confessor, attended the funeral. Only the Chancellor, Gattinara, was unable to be present, owing

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to illness. Besides these, many of the Count's personal friends, Don Juan Manuel, Secretary Covos, and others bearing the proudest names in Spain, followed him to the grave.¹ From the gates of the Cid's palace the long procession wound its way past the quaint old Plaza of the Zocodover, with its horse-shoe arches and Moorish houses, through the long street of the Espaderos, to the great Cathedral—that wonderful pile glowing with painted retables, with gilded *reyas* and jewelled shrines, which Navagero had called the richest church in Christendom. Here, in the sumptuous chapel of San Ildefonso, the burial-place of the saints and heroes of Old Castile, they laid the mortal remains of the stranger whose ashes were counted worthy to mingle with this sacred dust. During nine days solemn masses were chanted for the repose of the dead man's soul, and the Apostolic nuncio was honoured as never ambassador had been before. But the noblest tribute to Castiglione's memory was paid by Charles V. himself. After the funeral, Lodovico Strozzi came to return thanks to the Emperor for his gracious kindness, and to receive His Majesty's commands before he left the court. When the young man took his leave, Charles turned to the courtiers who stood by, and said sorrowfully: 'Yo vos digo que es muerto uno de los mejores caballeros del mundo'—'I tell you one of the finest gentlemen in the world is dead.' It was a fitting epitaph for the author of the 'Cortegiano.'

¹ Marliani, 25; A. P. Castiglione, etc.

CHAPTER LV

1529—1580

Grief of the Pope and Emperor at Castiglione's death—Illness of the Pope—Mourning for the Count at Mantua—Death of Navagero—Grief of Bembo and Sadoleto—Castiglione's ashes removed to Mantua—His tomb in S. Maria delle Grazie—Giulio Romano's monument and Bembo's epitaph.

THE first news of Castiglione's death reached Rome on March 10, through a Genoese merchant in Spain. Contarini sent the sad tidings at once to Venice; and a few days later the Imperial envoy, Miguel Mai, showed Francesco Gonzaga a letter from a friend in Valencia, saying that Count Baldassare had succumbed to a pestilential fever after three days' illness. The Mantuan ambassador informed the Marquis of the sad event without delay.

'I am sure,' he wrote, 'that your Highness will be sorely grieved, for you have lost in him, not only a good servant, but one who did you and our country great honour. The Pope is deeply grieved, and realizes that this is no small loss, since the Count's courage and wisdom were known to all, as well as the influence that he had with His Cæsarean Majesty.'¹

When the news came, Clement himself was slowly recovering from a dangerous illness which had brought him to the point of death. He fell ill two days after

¹ Sanuto, l. 62, 127.

Cardinal di Santa Croce's arrival, and never left his bed during the next three weeks. A panic prevailed in the Vatican, and all business was at a standstill. Salviati wrote two long letters to Castiglione on the subject, but when these arrived the nuncio was already dead. On hearing of the Pope's critical state, Charles immediately postponed his journey to Italy. 'The fleet's departure is put off,' wrote the Bishop of Worcester in a graphic dispatch, 'and the biscuit has been sold.'¹ A week later a rumour reached Spain that the Pope was dead, and on February 16 the Emperor wrote to his ambassador in Rome :

'Should the Pope be still alive, you will wait upon him and tell His Holiness how grieved we are to hear of his sudden illness.'

In the same letter His Majesty added :

'The Papal nuncio at this our court died the other day. We have felt his death much and lament his loss deeply, for he was admirably fitted to maintain good relations between His Holiness and ourselves. We desire you to see that the heirs of the said nuncio, and principally his nephew, Messer Lodovico Strozzi, a young man of rare qualities and excellence now at our court, are treated with due regard at the Vatican. And we should wish them to be strongly recommended, as persons possessing our confidence and esteem, for any ecclesiastical benefices in the gift of the Apostolic Chamber that may fall vacant.'²

A month later, when Clement had recovered his health, Charles wrote a letter with his own hand to the Pope, condoling on his nuncio's death, and commending his nephew and children to the Holy Father's

¹ Brewer, iv., part iii., 2324.

² Gayangos, iii., part ii., 898.

care. As Miguel Mai remarked, the Pope was evidently much attached to Count Baldassare, who had many friends at the court of Rome, but also, like most distinguished men in those troubled times, not a few enemies.¹

The task of finding a fresh nuncio in the Count's place was no easy matter. Cardinal di Santa Croce ventured to propose Giberti, the former Datary, but his suggestion was rejected with scorn by Miguel Mai and Perez, and Giberti himself held fast to his determination to spend the remainder of his life in his diocese of Verona. Eventually the Pope's Master of the Household, Girolamo da Schio, Bishop of Vaison in Provence, was appointed nuncio, and sent to join the Emperor at Barcelona. Here the treaty between Clement and Charles was finally signed, and in May the Emperor sailed for Genoa to receive the Imperial crown from the Pope's hands.

Clement, to do him justice, began to realize that Castiglione had borne the burden and heat of the day, and lost no opportunity of doing honour to his deceased servant. He addressed two briefs to Madonna Luigia, lamenting the great loss which he had sustained in the death of her distinguished son, and promising to take her orphan grandchildren under his fatherly protection. In token of his affection for the Count and sympathy with his mother, the Pope was further pleased to remit a debt of 3,000 ducats which the nuncio owed to the Apostolic Chamber, and repeatedly expressed his anxiety to do his utmost for the children of one whose virtues and merits could never be sufficiently rewarded. Francesco Gonzaga himself also addressed an affectionate letter of condolence to Madonna Luigia from Rome on March 19,

¹ Sanuto, i. 185 ; Gayangos, iii., part ii., 923.

telling her how fully His Holiness realized all he had lost by the death of this servant, with whom he had every reason to be exceedingly well satisfied. 'Indeed,' adds the ambassador, 'His Holiness told me himself that this loss was more lamentable than almost any calamity which could have befallen him.'¹ These warm expressions on the Pope's part at least removed any bad impression which his previous dissatisfaction with Castiglione might have produced, and were for this reason grateful to his family and friends.

The spring of 1529 was a cold and dreary season. At Mantua, all through February and March, the rain fell in torrents, and the Mincio overflowed its banks. Churches and convents were flooded, a portion of the city walls was overthrown, and in some of the low-lying houses near the river the inhabitants narrowly escaped with their lives. 'In the midst of these sad and gloomy days,' writes the ecclesiastical historian of Mantua, 'came the bitter news of Count Baldassare Castiglione's death in Spain, and all men wept for him, because he was greatly beloved.'² It was a terrible blow for the aged mother, who saw herself bereft of her only son, and left in her advancing years without his help and support. But she bore herself bravely, and, in Marliani's words, showed the same heroic patience and fortitude that had distinguished her in the trials and sorrows of the last thirty years. At Mantua, princes and people alike did all that was possible to comfort her grief and show honour to her son's memory. A solemn funeral service was held in the church of S. Agnese, where the Count's forefathers were buried, and was attended by the Marquis Federico, Madama Illustrissima, and the

¹ Marliani, 27-29; Mazzuchelli, 401.

² Donesmondi, 147.

whole court. Afterwards the Marchesana herself and all the ladies of the Gonzaga family paid visits of condolence to Madonna Luigia, and mingled their tears with hers.

The noble and touching letter which the bereaved mother addressed to Pope Clement is still preserved in the Vatican archives.

‘ MOST BLESSED FATHER,

‘ I kiss your holy feet. The unexpected death of my dearest and only son, Messer Baldesar, has plunged me in the deepest sorrow, as may be easily imagined, when you think of the heavy loss which I have suffered at my advanced age of more than seventy years, and remember the unfailing devotion and tender love which he bore to me, his miserable and unhappy mother. But since this is the will of Almighty God, I can only acknowledge the Divine goodness, and thank Heaven that my dear son died in the service of Your Beatitude and of the Holy See, while at the same time I recall those excellent virtues which adorned his person, even though the remembrance of them pierces my heart afresh. All my hope and comfort rest on the clemency of Your Holiness. I am certain that you will never forget my son’s faithful services, which cannot now be rewarded in this life, as his merit might have led him to expect. But he has left a living image of himself and a perpetual memory of his fidelity to Your Holiness, in the shape of an only son and two little daughters, whom I will do my utmost to train up in all virtuous ways, trusting that Your Holiness will be their helper and protector. Prostrate with these children at your most holy feet, I implore you to grant my dear son’s soul full and plenary absolution, which will afford me the greatest consolation, since I am above all anxious that his soul may benefit by the most precious treasures of grace that flow from

Your Beatitude and the Holy Church. Once more I kiss your most holy feet and commend myself to Your Beatitude in all humility.

‘ From Your Holiness’s most humble servant,
‘ The unhappy

‘ ALUISA GONZAGA DA CASTIGLIONE.¹

‘ MANTUA, *April 3, 1529.*’

This appeal, as we have already seen, met with a prompt and gratifying response from the Pope.

All alike, princes and captains, courtiers and poets, felt that Mantua had lost her most brilliant and illustrious son. Poets and scholars poured out elegies and sonnets in the dead man’s honour. Battista Fiera, the poet-doctor, addressed a Latin epigram to the Pope, and Marco Flaminio composed an ode to his memory. But more eloquent than any of these elaborate compositions was the single sentence in Bembo’s letter to his son at Venice: ‘ Mi doglio del Castiglione ’—‘ I am grieved for Castiglione’s loss.’ A few weeks later the great scholar had to deplore the death of another distinguished friend, Andrea Navagero. This noble Venetian had lately gone to France as ambassador for the Republic, and died at Blois on May 8. Bembo had just heard of Luigi da Porto’s death at Vicenza, and cursed the evil fate which had carried off three men whom he had loved so well. ‘ Poor Navagero,’ he wrote, ‘ was a most rare being, who could not fail to do honour to his country. Had he been an ignorant fool, he would have lived !’²

Then Sadoletto took up his golden pen, and paid eloquent testimony to the splendour of the two bright

¹ Archivio Segreto della Santa Sede ; ‘ Lettere di Principi,’ vi., f. 21.

² ‘ Lettere famigliari,’ v. 52.

luminaries which had gone out suddenly into the night. In a letter addressed to Angelo Colocci, he consoled with this old friend on returning to the waste places of his once beautiful home, and recalled the happy days, now for ever vanished, when the best and wisest men of the day met at supper in his gardens. He named one by one the poets and philosophers, the historians and scholars—Tebaldo and Capello, Phœdra, Beroaldo, and Camillo Porzio, Vida, Casanova, Lazzaro Bonamico, Paolo Giovio, the Venetian Negri, and Mario of Volterra—who were the ornaments of the Latin tongue, and recalled the gentle wrath of the grey-haired Corycius, the merry jests of Savoja, the grace and wit of Donato.

‘ But among them all I remember two men, great above all the rest, who often came together to our feasts and supper-parties. One of these is Bembo, whose eloquence and learning have justly acquired a wide renown. The other, as every one knows, died lately in Spain, to the exceeding sorrow of all his friends. I mean that great man Baldassare Castiglione, foremost among us all, not only for his noble birth and ancient race, but for the greatness of his soul and the splendour of his virtues, who had acquired all the arts of a liberal education and had mastered every branch of human learning—a rare and admirable thing in one trained to be a soldier. He, I remember, often shared our repasts and gladdened the festive board with his presence. . . . And with him, too, let me name another, equal to him in excellent gifts and noble character, Andrea Navagero, who often came to those pleasant meetings, and who has died lately in France. . . . You see, I think not only of you, my friends, dearer to me than my own soul, who are alive and well, but of that far greater multitude who have passed out of sight, whose memories still haunt my

innermost soul, and whose names—if God grants me time before I die—I will not suffer posterity to forget. . . . But, alas! those happy days are gone, and the sweetness of that once joyous and blessed life has been closed in violence and bloodshed by the cruel fortune that has overthrown the Republic.’¹

The writer ends by declaring his fixed resolve to spend the rest of his life, not in the city of Rome, but among his flock at Carpentras, and to devote his remaining years no longer to the affairs of men, but to the worship and glory of Almighty God.

Both Sadoletto and Bembo, however, lived to return to Rome, and were created Cardinals, together with the noble Venetian, Gasparo Contarini, by that enlightened Pope, Paul III. Another illustrious member of the old Urbino group, Lodovico Canossa, would have been raised to the same dignity by Clement VII. if his life had not been brought to a premature close. Ill-health compelled him to resign both his diplomatic post and his French bishopric, and he only survived Castiglione three years. On March 30, 1532, he died at Grezzano in the arms of his old friend Giberti, and was buried in the Duomo of Verona, in a chapel adorned by his own liberality.²

Castiglione’s ashes were not long allowed to rest in a foreign land. In September, 1523, before leaving Mantua to join the Marquis Federico in the camp at Pavia, he had made a will, desiring that he and his wife might be buried together in the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Ippolita, he remem-

¹ Sadoletto, ‘*Epist. fam.*,’ 106.

² Sanuto, iv. 440 ; G. da Persico, ‘*Descrizione di Verona*,’ i. 38.

bered, had regarded this sanctuary with especial affection in the early days of her married life, and had expressed a wish to be laid to rest in this quiet spot on the banks of the upper lake formed by the waters of the Mincio. More than a hundred years before, the church of Le Grazie had been founded by the first Marquis, Gianfrancesco Gonzaga, as a thank-offering for deliverance from the plague. It stood on the site of an ancient oratory containing a miraculous image of the Virgin that was deeply revered by the boatmen who were exposed to the sudden squalls of the Lago Superiore. Soon the new and splendid sanctuary, built by the architect Bartolino da Novara, became a popular place of pilgrimage. The Osservanti friars, who occupied the neighbouring convent, had the honour of receiving the Popes Martin V. and Pius II. and San Bernardino da Siena as their guests.

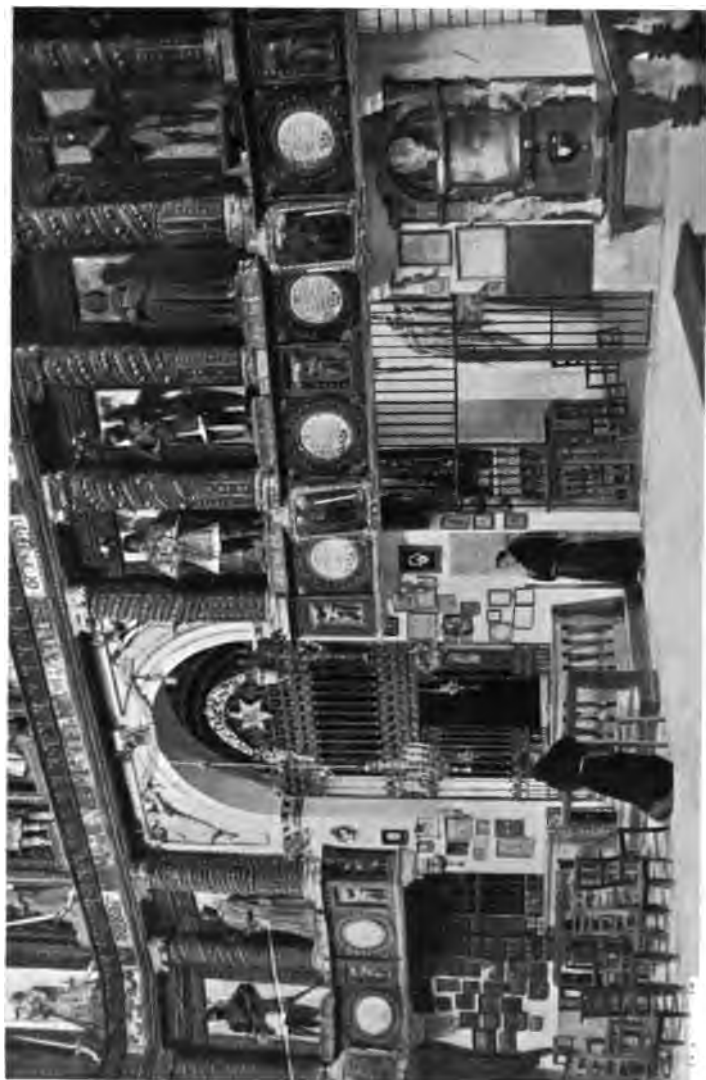
During Castiglione's lifetime, Le Grazie became the favourite shrine of the Gonzaga princes. On the birth of her eldest son, Isabella d' Este presented a silver statue of the size and weight of the new-born babe to the Blessed Virgin, and after his victorious campaign of Pavia, Federico himself sent the armour which he had worn in battle, and a cannon-ball from the French guns, as votive gifts to Our Lady. At the same time an annual fair, formerly held on the banks of the lake at Porto, was removed by the Marquis's order to Le Grazie, and is still held each September in the green meadows on the banks of the Mincio. Within, the walls of the nave are lined with curious life-size effigies, in coloured wax, of Popes and princes who visited the sanctuary or owed their lives to the Virgin's intercession. The Constable Bourbon, the Emperor Charles V., his son King

Philip II., and Federico Gonzaga himself, are included in the series.

In this popular sanctuary, five miles from Mantua and about the same distance from Casatico, Madonna Luigia now decided to found a chapel for her son's last resting-place. Sixteen months after Count Baldassare's death, his remains were removed from Toledo, and brought by sea to Genoa, and thence to Le Grazie. Here they were laid in a red marble sarcophagus, together with the ashes of his wife Ippolita, which were brought from S. Agnese and buried in the same grave.¹ The painter Giulio Romano, whom Castiglione had brought to Mantua, gladly supplied the design, and a stately monument, bearing a statue of the risen Christ, was erected over the tomb. The figure, with its uplifted arm and flying draperies, recalls the Christ of the Transfiguration which Messer Giulio had painted from his master's designs in Raphael's last altar-piece; and the roof of the chapel is decorated with medallions of the Passion and Resurrection framed in delicate arabesques, similar to those which had excited Castiglione's admiration in the Vatican Loggie. At the request of Lodovico Strozzi, whom he met at the Emperor's coronation, at Bologna in 1580, Bembo composed a Latin epitaph to be inscribed on the marble.

'Four days ago,' he wrote from Venice to his old friend's nephew, 'I received a letter from M. Lazzaro Bonamico, saying that you had asked him to remind me of the promise which I made to you in Bologna regarding your uncle Count Baldassare's epitaph. And since you also begged that this should be done promptly, I send you these lines which I have composed without troubling M. Lazzaro. If I had more

¹ Donesmondi, 150.



Photo, Premi.

SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE : INTERIOR.

To face p. 428, Vol. II



Foto, Freni.

SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE.

To face p. 428, Vol. II.

leisure, perhaps I might have added some verses. But I cannot do this at present, and I really see no necessity to write in verse, when one can say all that is required in prose. Since you send me these four lines written by the Count on the death of his wife, I think it would be well to satisfy his wishes in this matter, and carve both inscriptions on the blank spaces of the marble columns flanking the tomb. It is certainly a fine epigram, at once elegant and pathetic, and ought not to be allowed to perish. Besides, this epitaph will fill up the vacant space on the opposite side, and will show that the ashes of both husband and wife are buried in the same urn. Even if this should not be the case, the lines should be inscribed here, since this was clearly the Count's intention. I will give this letter to M. Benedetto Agnello, as you desire. V. S. will remember me kindly to Madonna Aloysia. Farewell.

*'From VENICE, December 26, 1530.'*¹

Bembo's advice was accepted, and the following inscriptions were carved on the marble columns flanking the sarcophagus which contains the mortal remains of Castiglione and his wife. On the right we read :

BALDASSARI CASTILIONI MANTUANO OMNIBUS NATURE DOTIBUS PLURIMIS BONIS ARTIBUS ORNATO GRÆCIS LITERIS ERUDITO IN LATINIS ET HETRUSCIS ETIAM POETÆ. OPPIDO NEBILARIÆ IN PISAVREM OB VIRTUTEM MILITAREM DONATO. DUABUS OBITIS LEGATIONIBUS BRITANNICA ET ROMANA, HISPANIENSEM CUM AGERET AC RES CLEMENTIS VII. PONT. MAX. PROCURARET. QUATUORQ. LIBROS DE INSTITUENDA REGUM FAMILIA PERSCRIPSISSET. POSTREMÒ EUM CAROLVS QUINTVS IMPERATOR EPISCOPUM ABULÆ CREARI MANDASSET. TOLETI VITA FUNCTO MAGNI APUD OMNES GENTES NOMINIS, QUI VIX. ANNOS L., MENSES II., DIEM I. ALOYSIA GONZAGA CONTRA. VOTUM SUPERSTES FIL. B. M. P. ANNO DOMINI M.D.XXIX.

To Baldassare Castiglione of Mantua, endowed by Nature with all gifts and adorned with many noble arts, learned in Greek, in Latin,

¹ *'Lettere,'* iii. 251.

and Tuscan letters, and himself a poet. He received the gift of the Castle of Novillara, near Pesaro, in reward for his military services. He was sent on two missions to England and Rome, and employed by Pope Clement VII. to negotiate affairs in Spain. He wrote four books on the Constitution of a King's Household. Finally the Emperor Charles V. created him Bishop of Avila. He ended his life at Toledo, leaving a great name behind him, having lived fifty years two months and one day. Aloysia Gonzaga, who against her will survives her son, has placed this tomb to his blessed memory, A. D. 1529.

On the left-hand column are the words :

NON EGO NUNC VIVO CONJUNX
DULCISSIMA VITAM
CORPORE NAMQUE TUO FATA
MEAM ABSTULERUNT,
SED VIVAM TUMULO CUM TECUM
CONDAR IN ISTO,
JUNGENTURQUE TUIS OSSIBUS
OSSA MEA.

Below we read the following inscription, which was added at Bembo's suggestion :

HIPPOLITE TAURELLE QUÆ IN AMBIGUO RELIQUIT UTRUM PULCHIOR
AN CASTIOR FUERIT
PRIMOS JUVENTÆ ANNOS VIX INGRESSÆ
BALDASSAR CASTILION INSATIABILITER MÆRENS POSUIT
ANN. MDXX.

I live no longer, sweetest spouse, since Fate which tore you from me has taken my life with yours ; but I shall live, when I am buried in the same grave with you, and my bones are joined with yours. To Ippolita Torelli, who was no less fair than she was chaste, and had hardly entered on the first years of her youth, this tomb is raised by her inconsolable husband, Baldassar Castiglione, A. D. 1520.

Bembo had done his task well, and the words of the brief epitaph which he composed for Giulio Romano's monument were chosen with fine taste and discrimination. All the chief events of the Count's life are recorded. His missions to England and to Rome as the Duke of Urbino's ambassador, his appointment as nuncio to Spain, the gift of Novil-



Photo, Premi.

TOMB OF CASTIGLIONE.
(SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE.)

To face p. 430, Vol. II.

lara, and his promotion to the bishopric of Avila, are all mentioned. And his greatest work, the composition of the 'Cortegiano,' which Bembo confidently believed would ensure the immortality of his name, is given a prominent place. Thus Castiglione's last wishes were fulfilled, and, in the quaint English of his biographer, 'his ashes were laid in a sumptuous monument of curious and delightful architecture, where the reliques of his dear wife were likewise repositied, that so in death those who were closely united in their lives might by no means be divided.'¹

¹ A. P. Castiglione.

CHAPTER LVI

1529—1894

Castiglione's children—Madonna Luigia defends their interests—Her efforts to recover Novillara—Isola da Piano granted to Camillo Castiglione—His career and descendants—Success of the 'Cortegiano'—Spanish, French, Latin, and German translations—Sir Thomas Hoby's 'Book of the Courtyer'—Marliani's life—The 'Cortegiano' placed on the Index—Recent editions.

MADONNA LUIGIA survived her son thirteen years. During this time she devoted herself to the care and protection of her orphan grandchildren. The few letters of this period that remain, bear witness to the courage with which she defended their interests and boldly championed their rights. When, in December, 1584, a tax was raised throughout the duchy of Mantua as a wedding-gift to Federico Gonzaga, Madonna Luigia begged for exemption owing to the heavy expenses which the erection of memorial chapels to her husband and son in the churches of S. Agnese and S. Maria delle Grazie had entailed. This last, she added, was not yet finished. In her petition to the Duke, she further explained that the marriage of her elder granddaughter had compelled her to borrow money at a high rate of interest, the revenues of Casatico being unequal to provide a sufficient dowry.

'Therefore,' she adds, 'I beg Your Excellency to deign to have me excused ; and if you will not grant me this favour freely, you will, I hope, at least allow me some compensation for the expenses incurred by my beloved son of blessed memory, who was your good and faithful servant, and whose claims are duly set forth in the bills drawn up by his executors.'¹

This letter, written in Luigia's own hand, shows that the money due to Castiglione for expenses incurred by him when he was ambassador at the Vatican had never yet been paid. His mother therefore had every right to claim exemption from this special tax, and her petition was probably granted. The venerable lady had the satisfaction of seeing both her granddaughters happily married before her death.

In this same year, as stated in Luigia's letter to the Duke, Anna became the wife of Count Alessandro d' Arco, but was left a widow within the next twelvemonth. She afterwards married the Marchese Antonio di Gazzoldo, with whom she lived happily, but died at an early age, leaving no children. A tablet in memory of Anna and her second husband was placed in the Castiglione Chapel at S. Maria delle Grazie by her brother Camillo, in token of the deep affection which he cherished for his sister's memory. Ippolita, the younger daughter, married Cavaliere Ercole Turchi of Ferrara, and left one daughter, Virginia, who became the wife of another Ferrarese gentleman, Alfonso Villa.'²

In 1584, the year of Anna's first marriage, Camillo, who was by this time seventeen, entered the Emperor's service, and fought with distinction in Germany and

¹ Luzio e Renier in 'Giorn. st. d. lett. ital.,' xxxiii. 72.

² Littà, 'Famiglie celebri,' vol. i., tav. 5.

Flanders under Ferrante Gonzaga, one of Charles V.'s favourite captains. Four years later he returned to his home at Mantua, and some interesting letters regarding his marriage passed between him and his grandmother. Proposals had been made to his cousin, Luigi Gonzaga of Borgoforte, by a certain Magnifico Aurelio, who was willing to give Camillo his daughter, and whose offers the young Count's kinsman evidently considered worthy of consideration. On September 23, 1538, Camillo himself sent Luigi's letter to his grandmother, with many expressions of filial affection and of his anxiety to be guided by her opinion. Madonna Luigia's answer shows that, in spite of her eighty years, she was as alert and vigorous, as full of good sense and prudence, as ever. She was ready to entertain these proposals with perfect courtesy and good temper, but had as keen an eye to the bride's dowry as when, thirty years before, it had been a question of Baldassare's marriage.

'The Magnifico Aurelio's proposals,' she wrote to her nephew, 'sound excellent. It is true, a dowry of 7,000 ducats is small when you consider my grandson's condition, and that he has already given 5,000 ducats as a marriage portion to one sister, and cannot do less for his other sister. I could not, of course, consent to any arrangement without hearing more about the girl from others beside her own family, knowing as I do that hasty action in these matters often leads to great mistakes. So it is impossible to reply with any certainty. All the same, I should like these proposals to be entertained, because of the honesty and civility with which these Signori have acted.'

Madonna Luigia then proceeds to touch on a painful subject—the loss of the castle and estates

of Novillara, which had never been restored to her son.

‘You know,’ she continues, ‘that the Duke of Urbino formerly gave my son, of blessed memory, the castle and lands of Novillara, which he was afterwards forced to give up for the convenience of His Excellency, who promised, however, to restore them as soon as possible. But this has never been done; and although I have written to the Duke twice since the death of my son, I have received nothing in reply but empty words. Now, if the Magnifico Aurelio could induce the Most Reverend Cardinal Cibò¹—who, besides being related to the Duke, has, I know, great influence with him—to obtain the restitution of this estate, I should be satisfied without any increase of the dowry now offered. But if these Signori do not feel inclined to adopt this course, especially since they have received other proposals for their daughter’s hand, they must act as they think best, and we shall always remain obliged for their good-will and for the love and trouble which you have shown in the matter.’²

These proposals, however, seem to have been dropped, and we hear no more of the Magnifico Aurelio and his daughter. Neither did Madonna Luigia succeed in her efforts to recover Novillara. Five months before this correspondence took place, she and Camillo had made a second appeal to the Duke of Urbino, only to meet with the following rebuff.

‘Molta Magnifica Donna,’ wrote Francesco Maria from Venice on April 15, ‘I have received your letter

¹ Cardinal Cibò’s niece, Giulia Varana, had in 1534 married the Duke of Urbino’s son Guidobaldo, who succeeded to the duchy on his father’s death in November, 1538.

² British Museum, Additional MSS. 22,890, vol. xxix., p. 314-318.

and that of your son, Count Camillo ; and after reading them both, I reply that I was compelled both by reason and necessity to promise this castle to the commune of Pesaro, at a time when your son was no longer in my service and had not seen fit to take part in the previous campaign. Since I have no just cause to break my promise to the citizens of Pesaro, I cannot do it, and am unable to give them another in its stead without giving offence to others, who expect and merit good treatment at my hands. This is all that I can say in reply to you and your son. I place myself at your disposal. Farewell.

It was plain that no redress was to be expected from the Duke, and it was not till after Luigia's death that her grandson received compensation for his father's unjust treatment. In 1578, Duke Guidobaldo II. gave Count Camillo the castle and estates of Isola da Piano in exchange for Novillara, in recognition of his father's services, and as a mark of favour to his son Cristoforo, who was living at the ducal court. Long before this, Madonna Luigia had gone to her grave, full of years and honour. She died in 1542, at the ripe age of eighty-four, having survived her last remaining daughter, Suor Laura, three years. The gentle nun, to whom Baldassare was so tenderly attached, had died in her convent in February, 1539, a few days after the Marchesana Isabella.¹

Meanwhile Count Camillo, after serving with distinction under his father's old friend Del Vasto in Piedmont, was sent to Rome to congratulate Pope Julius III. on his accession, and employed on several diplomatic missions. Castiglione's last prayers were heard, and Fortune proved kinder to his son

¹ Donesmondi, p. 230.

than she had ever been to him. Camillo received many privileges and honours from Charles V., as well as a pension of 600 ducats on the duchy of Milan, which was continued by Philip II. Federico's second son, Duke Guglielmo, who succeeded his brother, appointed him General of the Mantuan armies and Governor of Monferrato, the duchy which Federico Gonzaga's sons inherited from their mother, Maria Paleologa. When he was about thirty, Camillo, whom historians describe as a model of chivalry and virtue, married Caterina Mandello, the fair and accomplished daughter of a wealthy Piacenza Count. Caterina shared her husband's devotion to Count Baldassare's memory, and the family chronicler has recorded the discovery which she made of two of Castiglione's sonnets which were hidden behind a mirror at Casatico. She died in 1582, at the age of forty-five, deeply mourned by Count Camillo, who survived her eighteen years, dying at Monferrato when he was eighty-one. Their ashes were buried together in a red marble sarcophagus, opposite to Count Baldassare's tomb, in the chapel of Le Grazie.

Camillo's two sons both held high and honourable offices. The elder brother, Baldassare, was sent by Duke Vincenzo on diplomatic missions to Turin, Venice, and Spain. The younger one, Cristoforo, went to the court of Pesaro as a boy, and spent many years in the service of Duke Guidobaldo II. and of his son and successor, Francesco II. In 1588 he returned to Mantua, and, after being employed on several important missions to Spain and Germany, ended his life as Governor of Monferrato. Count Camillo's descendants kept up the traditions of their noble house, and served the Dukes of Mantua in various capacities until the expulsion of the last

Gonzaga, and the annexation of his dominions to Austria, in the eighteenth century.¹ The representatives of the family are still among the most illustrious citizens of Mantua, and during the last hundred years have occupied the ancient Bonacolsi Palazzo, close to the Reggia.

Meanwhile the fame of Castiglione's great work had spread far beyond Mantua, and its author's name had gained a world-wide celebrity. From the moment of the 'Cortegiano's' appearance its success was ensured. Before the end of 1528 the book had been published in Florence at the Giunta Press, and was reprinted in this city three times during the next few years. In 1529 an edition was published at Toscolano, and was quickly followed by three others from Antonio Viotti's press at Parma. In 1583 Francesco d' Asola published a second edition in small octavo at the Aldine Press, with a graceful preface addressed to the ladies of Venice :

'Gentle ladies, as I see that the "Cortegiano" of Count Baldassare Castiglione, which I formerly gave to the world, has been received with such great and universal approval, and has become more popular than any other book of our times, I have decided to publish a new edition, in obedience to the urgent entreaties of my friends. And I dedicate this book to you, gracious ladies, not only because it was originally inspired by you, but because the divine and courtly precepts which it enjoins are far more attractive when we see them practised by noble maidens than by distinguished cavaliers. . . . Take this book then, illustrious ladies, and hold its teaching dear, since by this means your natural charms and perfections will receive additional lustre from the

¹ 'Esenzioni,' 48-50 ; G. B. Intra. 'Guida di Mantova,' p. 130.

advice of this master in the art of pleasing. This edition which I give you now is more correct than the first, and has been accurately transcribed from a manuscript written by the author's own hand. It is also smaller and more convenient to carry, so that you can take it with you wherever you go, and hold it in your hand or bear it on your bosom.¹

In the following year a Spanish translation by the poet Juan Boscán was published at Barcelona, and met with great and instant popularity. Here the author's memory was still fresh in the minds of courtiers and scholars, and both Boscán and Garcilaso de la Vega, who first sent the translator a copy of the 'Cortegiano,' had known Castiglione and Navagero at Granada in 1526. Boscán's version is pronounced by a distinguished critic² to be 'a triumph of rendering,' and successive editions of his book appeared at Toledo, Salamanca, Medina, Saragossa, and Antwerp. The first French translation of the 'Cortegiano' was the work of Abbé Jacques Colin, almoner to Francis I., and bears the date 1538; but the writer of the preface, Étienne Dolet, alludes to two earlier editions of the book, which Castiglione's flattering allusions to the King had already rendered popular at court. A Latin version, by Hieronimus Turler, was published at Wittenberg in 1561, and was followed, five years later, by a German translation from the pen of Lorenz Kratzer, a Bavarian officer of customs. Two other German editions appeared at Dillingen in

¹ A very handsome example of this edition, in large paper, bound in yellow morocco, with gold capitals and the anchor and dolphin of the Aldine Press illuminated in blue and gold, belonged to Grolier's library, and forty years ago was in the possession of Mr. Hurly, an Edinburgh collector. Leroux de Lincy, 'Grolier,' 198.

² J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, 'A History of Spanish Literature,' 138, 139.

1598, and at Frankfurt in 1684; but none of these were as popular in Germany as Bartholomew Clerke's Latin version, first published in London in 1571, and afterwards reprinted both at Strasburg and Frankfurt.¹ According to Volpi, the 'Cortegiano' was translated into Flemish, and both Beffa-Negrini and the Veronese writer Benini state that a Russian translation appeared at Moscow in the seventeenth century. Donesmondi further relates that two Japanese ambassadors, who visited Mantua in 1585, treasured Count Baldassare's book as a precious jewel, and took it back to their own country in order to give the people of Japan some knowledge of Italian civilization.²

Beffa-Negrini also alludes to the English translation of the 'Cortegiano' by Sir Thomas Hoby, which was printed in London in 1561. Hoby was a gentleman of Queen Elizabeth's court, who lived at Bisham, on the river Thames, and married a sister of Lord Burleigh's wife. After completing his studies at St. John's College, Cambridge, he spent some time in Italy, visited Mantua and Venice, and attended Lazzaro Bonamico's lectures at Padua. The idea of translating Castiglione's book was first suggested to him by Elizabeth Brooke, wife of William, Marquis of Northampton, in whose household he lived at one time, and the work was finished in the reign of Mary. The publication of the book, however, was delayed until after Queen Elizabeth's accession, according to the words of the printer, William Seres, 'certain passages being disliked of some that had the perusing of it.' The popularity of Hoby's 'Book of the Courtyer' was great in Elizabethan days, and there can be no doubt that Castiglione's work exerted a remarkable

¹ L. Opdyke, 'The Book of the Courtier,' 419-422.

² G. Benini, 'Elogio del Castiglione,' 38; Donesmondi, 52.

influence on contemporary literature. But the vogue of the book, as Professor Raleigh remarks, 'passed away with the society which gave birth to it'; and, after the third edition of Hoby's work in 1603, three hundred years elapsed before it was reprinted.¹

A curious passage in the 'Black Book of the Garter,' compiled by Anstis in 1724, shows how completely the very name of Castiglione had been forgotten in this country. After quoting Polidoro Vergilio's account of the Count's visit to Henry VII.'s court as proctor for the Duke of Urbino, the writer adds:

'It may be supposed that this ambassador was the Count Balthasar de Castilione, who among his other works in verse and prose, hath in a particular treatise described the Politeness of the Court of Urbino, during the Regency of Duke Guido, with the most gentile air, and a Style answerable to the Dignity of his Subject, which he published under the title of *Il Cortegiano*. Paulus Jovius informs us that this Author was a native of Mantua, which corresponds with Polydor Virgil's narrative; and Sadoleto acquaints us that he was as famous for his military Vertues as for his eminent Learning, so his qualifications for this Employment, came up to the strictness of the Statutes. But this conjecture seems to be fully supported, in that this elegant Writer introduces the scenes of these Dialogues to have passed in the Court of Urbino, in the year 1506, when he himself was in England, which agrees exactly with the Chronology of this Instrument.'²

But a revival was at hand. In the same year that Anstis wrote these words, a new translation of the 'Cortegiano,' by Robert Samber, was printed in

¹ 'The Book of the Courtyer, done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby,' with an introduction by W. Raleigh, xxiv.

² F. Anstis, 'The Register of the Order of the Garter,' i. 257.

London, and was shortly followed by another and more important publication.

This was the new version of the 'Cortegiano,' printed by William Bowyer in 1727, and dedicated to King George I., in which the Italian and English rendering are placed side by side.¹ Several of Castiglione's letters and poems, including the elegy of Alcon, are included in the volume, which, it is worthy of note, appeared more than thirty years before Serassi published the original poems and letters, and a fine print of Raphael's portrait of the Count forms the frontispiece. Both the translation and the life of the author which is contained in the book were the work of a certain A. P. Castiglione, who is described on the title-page as a member of the same family as the writer of the 'Cortegiano.' We have no further information regarding this personage, but his biography, although chiefly compiled from preceding lives, contains several fresh details. The picture which he draws of Count Baldassare is especially interesting. He lays stress on the Count's wide knowledge of classical literature and accomplishments, describing him as a 'very great master of vocal and instrumental music,' and saying that 'Raphael Urbin and Buonaroti never thought their works perfect unless they had his judgment and approbation.'

'There was not,' he continues, 'a science in the world that he did not study to obtain, or which, when he once studied, he did not become a perfect master of. In camps and senates he was sweet and

¹ The original presentation copy of this curious book, from the royal collection, a handsome volume bound in red morocco, finely tooled in gold, is preserved in the King's Library of the British Museum.

amiable, in negotiations most expert and faithful, vigilant in dispatch, just in giving satisfaction, and, above all, circumspect and wise in foreseeing measures. He was of a very fine presence and an aspect which bespoke the nobleman, as is evident from the cut prefixed to this edition. And we may truly say that he had all those perfections which he has presented to his courtier, and that he was so esteemed in his lifetime that his reputation could not rise higher after death. . . . If you seek for the Italian tongue in its perfection, no one hath excelled him; if you seek for entertainment, there is not a book more delightful than his "Courtier"; if for profitable reading, you can nowhere borrow a better system for living than from him.'

Meanwhile, Castiglione's book had passed through strange vicissitudes in his own country. Throughout the sixteenth century its popularity remained unbounded, and over forty Italian editions of the 'Cortegiano' appeared in different cities. But the spirit of the work was contrary to the rigid and dogmatic theology that prevailed in the age of the Catholic reaction. The freedom with which the author wrote of Cardinals and Bishops, the licence of Bibbiena and Bembo's witty stories, excited the suspicions of the tribunal of the Inquisition which had been recently established in Rome. In 1576 Count Camillo received a warning from the Vatican that the 'Cortegiano' had been already placed on the Index by the Inquisition in Spain, and that certain corrections must be made before another edition was allowed to appear.¹ This was particularly vexatious to the Count, who had lately decided to publish some account of his father's life in the next edition of the

¹ Narducci, 406; Bufardeci, 58; Affò, 'Vita di Marliani,' 14-29; V. Cian in 'Arch. st. lomb.,' xiv. 661.

‘Cortegiano.’ Hitherto the only sketch of Castiglione’s life was the single page devoted to his memory by Paolo Giovio in his *Lives of the illustrious men whose portraits adorned his gallery at Como*.¹ In this famous collection Count Baldassare’s picture hung on the wall next to that of his friend Andrea Navagero, and the Bishop of Nocera’s account of his life had been reprinted more than once in recent editions of the ‘Cortegiano.’ But this brief sketch contained several inaccuracies as well as certain ill-natured remarks—such, for instance, as the passage in which the writer accuses Count Baldassare of wearing gay clothes in order to appear young, and of dyeing his hair black when it was already grey. These unkind aspersions annoyed the Count’s family, and made Camillo anxious to publish a truer and more complete biography of his father. The task was entrusted to a young Mantuan of considerable literary attainments, named Bernardino Marliani. Besides being given free access to the family papers, the compiler enjoyed the advantage of Lodovico Strozzi’s help, and learnt many details regarding Castiglione’s last years in Spain from his nephew. Marliani’s work was completed in 1573, but, owing to the objections raised by the Holy Office, eleven years passed before the *Life* appeared in print. Meanwhile, by Count Camillo’s wish, Marliani proceeded to prepare a volume of his father’s correspondence with a view to future publication. The letters which he selected were submitted to the Inquisitor of Mantua, whose imprimatur they received in October, 1579, and are still preserved in the Turin archives.² Unluckily, Duke Guglielmo

¹ Paolo Giovio, ‘*Elogia Clarorum Virorum*,’ 47.

² Renier, ‘*Notizie di lettere inedite di B. Castiglione*,’ 19.

intervened and stopped the publication, on the ground that many of Castiglione's letters dealt with important political questions and secrets of state.

Camillo's negotiations with the Vatican did not prove more successful, and in spite of all his efforts the Inquisitors obstinately refused to sanction a new issue of the 'Cortegiano.' The Duke of Urbino, at at whose court Camillo's son Cristoforo was living, now interfered, and pleaded his cause with Pope Gregory XIV., declaring Count Baldassare to have been a blameless and high-minded knight, incapable of heresy or irreligion, and laying stress on the fact that he had held the office of Papal nuncio. After prolonged discussion Antonio Ciccarelli, a Foligno doctor of theology, was appointed to revise Castiglione's work, and an expurgated edition of the 'Cortegiano' was prepared for the press.

The alterations which he introduced were mostly of a puerile character. The word Fortune was removed from several passages, and many witty anecdotes relating to priests and prelates were altered. Among these was the story of Raphael's repartee to two young Cardinals, who complained that in one of his pictures the Apostles Peter and Paul were too red in the face. 'My lords,' said the painter, 'you need not be surprised! I did this on purpose, because I am quite sure that, even in heaven, St. Peter and St. Paul must blush to see the Church governed by such men as you!' Ciccarelli omitted the names of Raphael and of the Apostles and Cardinals, and told the story of a painter of antiquity, whose pictures of Romulus and Remus were criticised in this fashion by two Roman senators.

Count Camillo sent his secretary, the future chronicler, Beffa-Negrini, to superintend the publica-

tion of the work at Venice, and proposed that Marliani's *Life* should appear in the same volume, since he feared that the 'Cortegiano' might sell badly 'in this new and deteriorated form.'¹

But a fresh objection to the issue of the book was raised by the Duke of Urbino, who complained that Marliani did not speak with sufficient respect of his grandfather, Francesco Maria. Eventually, however, he consented to withdraw this protest, and the new edition containing Marliani's *Life* was published at Venice in July, 1584, by Bernardo Basa, with a dedication to the Duke of Urbino.²

The original edition of the 'Cortegiano,' however, was still held worthy of censure. Pope Sixtus V. placed the book on the Index of 1590, with an express reservation in favour of Ciccarelli's amended edition. Six years later this censure was removed, only to be replaced in 1623. The expurgated edition of the 'Cortegiano,' accordingly, was the only one that remained in circulation during the next hundred years, and of this version only two editions, printed in 1601 and 1606, appeared during the whole of the seventeenth century. At length, in 1733, Volpi issued a new edition of Castiglione's works at Padua, and boldly announced that he had discarded Ciccarelli's revision and reverted to the original Aldine version. But he was compelled to submit his book to the Inquisitors of Padua, and in spite of his good intentions the text abounds in blunders and omissions. This edition, however, became very popular, especially when it was reprinted in 1766, together with the excellent *Life* compiled by Abate

¹ *Affò*, 34.

² *Affò*, 14-34 ; V. Cian in 'Arch. stor. lomb.,' xiv. 661-685 ; Bufardecì, 57.

Serassi from the family papers. It was not until the year 1894 that a correct version of Castiglione's work from the original manuscript in the Laurentian Library was finally edited by Professor Cian, to whose labours all lovers of the 'Cortegiano' must remain deeply indebted.

In the dedication of his book, Count Baldassare appealed from the verdict of his contemporaries to that of posterity.

'If my book,' he wrote, 'wins general favour, I shall think that it must be good, and deserves to live; but if it fails to please, I shall realize that it is bad, and ought soon to be forgotten. And if my critics are not satisfied with the verdict of the present day, let them be content to wait for that of Time, whose calm and passionless judgments bring to light every defect, and who, as the father of all truth, passes a just sentence of life and death upon our works.'

Time has justified the author's confidence. The verdict of Castiglione's contemporaries has been confirmed by posterity, and the unanimous consent of successive ages has given the 'Cortegiano' a place among the things which cannot die.



PORTRAIT-MEDAL OF CASTIGLIONE.
(FROM LITTA, 'FAMIGLIE CELEBRI.')

A NOTE ON THE PORTRAITS OF CASTIGLIONE

CASTIGLIONE'S portrait was painted more than once by his friend Raphael. In 1510 the master introduced M. Baldassare's likeness into his fresco of the School of Athens in the Camera della Segnatura.¹ Five or six years later, in the autumn or winter of 1515, when Castiglione was acting as the Duke of Urbino's representative at the court of Leo X., Raphael painted his portrait on panel. In a letter of April, 1516, Bembo alludes to this work as second only to Raphael's portrait of Tebaldeo,² and Castiglione himself, in his beautiful Roman Elegy, refers to it in the following lines, which he puts in the mouth of his wife Ippolita :

'Sola tuos vultus referens, Raphaelis imago
Picta manu curas allevat usque meas.
Huic ego delicias facio, arrideoque, jocosque
Alloquor et, tamquam reddere verba queat.
Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur,
Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.
Agnoscit, balboque patrem puer ore salutat,
Hoc solor longos decipioque dies.'³

This picture now hangs in the Louvre, and ranks among the world's great portraits, supreme alike as a work of art and as a revelation of character. It is painted in broad, rapid strokes, with the freedom and ease of an accomplished hand. The silvery tones of the grey pelisse, the small white folds of the

¹ Vol. i., p. 280.

² *Ibid.*, p. 422.

³ Serassi, ii. 298.

shirt, the sweeping curves of the large black velvet hat, and the blond, carefully trimmed beard, are all rendered with consummate mastery. The noble brow and broad forehead, the fine eyes, with their clear, intense blue and vivid brightness, give the impression of intellectual power and refinement, tinged with a shade of habitual melancholy. All the spiritual charm and distinction of Castiglione's nature, all the truth and loyalty of his character, are reflected in this incomparable work, which is a living example of the ideal gentleman and perfect courtier. The Count and his family might well reckon themselves fortunate to possess so admirable a portrait, by a painter whose unerring hand and eye and intimate knowledge of the sitter fitted him above all others for the task, and who was proud to call himself Castiglione's friend.

Castiglione took Raphael's picture with him to Spain, and after his death it was brought back to Mantua, where Beffa-Negrini mentions it as being in his grandson's possession early in the seventeenth century. Its subsequent history is wrapped in obscurity. According to the Louvre Catalogue, the famous portrait passed into the hands of the Gonzaga princes, and was sold to Charles I. of England in 1629, together with the chief works of the Mantuan collection. After this monarch's execution in 1649, it was bought by the Dutch artist Van Asselin and removed to Amsterdam.¹ But, as Mr. Claude Phillips and Crowe and Cavalcaselle have already pointed out, there is no mention of Castiglione's portrait in the inventories of the King's collection, and it seems doubtful if the picture ever came to England. It may have been bought from the Duke of Mantua by Van Asselin himself, who spent several years in Italy, and married the daughter of a wealthy Antwerp merchant. The picture was certainly in the Dutch artist's studio at Amsterdam before 1639, and is said to have been copied there both by Rubens and Rembrandt.² The copy made

¹ See 'Musée du Louvre,' Lafenestre and Richtenberger, 1903.

² Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 'Life of Raphael,' ii. 326-328; Claude Phillips, 'The Picture-Gallery of Charles I.,' 81; P. Gruyer, 'Raphael, Peintre de Portraits,' ii. 51-59. These authorities all assume that Rubens copied Castiglione's portrait in Van Asselin's studio, but it seems more probable that he made this copy during his residence at Mantua early in the century, at the same time that he executed the replica of Titian's portrait of Isabella, now in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna.

by Rubens was in his studio at the time of his death in 1640, and the bistre sketch of the portrait executed by Rembrandt is preserved in the Albertina.

On April 9, 1639, Raphael's portrait was put up to auction by its owner, and Joachim von Sandrart, the German painter and writer, bid up to 3,400 florins, but was outdone by Don Alfonso de Lopez, a Spanish councillor, who bought the picture for 3,500 florins.¹ When Lopez fell into disgrace at court a few years later, and lost his property, the precious portrait was bought by Cardinal Mazarin, and sold on his death to Louis XIV. for 3,000 livres. In the sixteenth century it was engraved by Persinius, and in the seventeenth by Edelinck and several others; and a fine reproduction of the picture forms the frontispiece of the English edition of the 'Cortegiano' printed by Bowyer in 1727.

During the last year of Raphael's life, in the autumn of 1519, Castiglione once more sat to him for his portrait. When the Duke of Ferrara's ambassador called at Raphael's house and asked to see him on urgent business, he was told that the master could not receive him, as he was engaged in painting Count Baldassare's portrait.² It is doubtful whether Raphael lived to finish this work, and certainly no trace of the original remains in existence to-day. Beffa-Negrini, however, mentions a second portrait by Raphael as being in the possession of the Count's family, and in the eighteenth century a portrait of Castiglione bearing the great master's name passed from his descendants into the hands of Cardinal Valenti. This is evidently the picture in the Corsini Gallery (see page 414), which agrees exactly with the chronicler's description, and was probably executed from a sketch or painting by Raphael. The Count is represented without a cap, and with his head turned to the left, while his armorial bearings and his name and deeds are inscribed in Latin on the panel. Another copy is preserved among the portraits of illustrious citizens in the library of Mantua; and yet a third, which in 1820 belonged to the distinguished Mantuan scholar, Pasquale Coddé, is said by M. Gruyer to be now at Berlin.

¹ Sandrart, 'Accademia Tedesca dell' Architettura, Scultura e Pittura,' Nürnberg, 1675.

² Vol. II., p. 58.

Another portrait of Castiglione, which is of especial interest as the only likeness of the Count that does not owe its origin to Raphael, is in the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection at Bowood. This work, in Mr. Herbert Cook's opinion, is by Parmigiano, the young artist from Parma who came to Rome early in 1524, and must have painted the Count's portrait just before his departure for Spain. He has represented the author of the 'Cortegiano' full-face, wearing a black suit, cap, and gloves, with a green curtain and landscape in the background. The style is somewhat hard, but the picture is a good example of the painter, of whom it was said 'that the soul of Raphael had entered into the body of Parmigiano.'

The two portrait medals of Castiglione here reproduced are mentioned by the Count's early biographers, and given in Littà's 'Italian families.' One, in the Trivulzio collection, was designed by Raphael, according to Beffa-Negrini, and worn by the Count in his cap, after the fashion of the day. It bears a profile head, closely resembling the later portraits ascribed to Raphael, and on the reverse a radiant Apollo, the lord of light and darkness, springing into his chariot to scatter the clouds of night, inscribed with the motto *Tenebrarum et lucis*. The other medal, which was the property of the Gaudenzio-Bordiga family at Milan, is apparently of earlier date, and bears on the reverse the image of a stormy sea, an evident allusion to the troubles and vicissitudes of the hero's career.



PORTRAIT MEDAL OF CASTIGLIONE, DESIGNED BY RAPHAEL.
FROM LITTÀ, 'FAMIGLIE CELEBRI'

APPENDIX

A SELECTION OF UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

I.

Ippolita Torelli to Baldassare Castiglione.

LA verita è, Consorte mio cordialissimo, che Io. Maria mi fece scrivere quela litera ma parendome non havere satisfato a quanto i avea promisso a V. S. subito ge ne scrissi una qui al Conte Zanfrancesco che credo a questa hora quella l'habia avuta. Non posio (*sic*) gia dire che io l' habia scripta de mio cervello che avendome V. S. priva de tutti li mei sentimenti, con gran faticha ge poteria scrivere de mio cervello. Solamente in la memoria mia ge è impressa V. S. et di continuo mi par vederla. Le lingue triste com il suo mal dire non son state di tanta forza che con la lingua mia non le habia extincte, facendoge intendere che non credo che al mondo sia la piu contenta dona de mi, come hancora dolce consorte mio è la verita, et maggiore vendeta non ho potute fare, e non sapendo piu dir mal de V. S. se sono volte contra de mi dicendo ch' io son un petio de carne con dui ochij. Restara mo a V. S. a defenderme, de coprire la vesta. Io son contenta d' aspetare fin che io venga a Mantua. Del colletto ringraccio V. S. et piu non me poteria piacere quanto il fa non potea havere cosa piu grata quante quella dolce prasma. Non volio gia ricordare a V. S. che mi tenga in la memoria sperando di curte vederla e perche per la dolceza del scrivere mi sento manchare quel poco senso mi hà lassato V. S. faro fin, pregandola la me ricomanda a tuti quelli nostri. Et io abbraccio et baso V. S., le Illustre S^{re} madona Biancha et m^{na} Chatelinna, la Isabeta, la Cecilia e tute le altre de chasa a V. S. se ricomandeno. Mutinae die xxij setembre M.DXVI.

454 COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

Quella Consorte che senza V. S. non po scrivere Hypp^{ta} Taur^h
da Castilleone.

Al M^{co} e mio Caro Consorte il Conte
Baldesare da Castiglione.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 245, partly printed in Prof. Cian's 'Candidature
nuziale,' p. 42.]

II.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica M^a mia madre honoranda: Giongessimo hysera a
Modena Dio gratia, sani e salvi, dove trovai anchor Mons. il
Vescovo,¹ el qual se partira hoggi per Rezzo. Et io farò com-
pagnia a S. S^{ria} con la quale andaro un poco più nanti che non
haveno dessignato, però me è parso de rimandar Xtoforo con
quel cavallo giovine, per non li dare questa stracha, et acio chè
al tempo se li possa dar la *Frayna*² insieme con li altri, li quali
tucti racomando a V. S. e pregola che faceia vedere, che a quel
poledro giovine che ha male al ochio, se li faccia quel rimedio
che era ordinato a quel famiglio da stalla, cisè de cavargli fuor
dell' occhio una certa carnuzza,³ che gli è nata. Altro non
dirò a quella se non che la mia consorte e io ne li raccoman-
diamo. Il medesimo fanno questi S^{ri} e Madonne. In Modena
alli xxii di Aprile 1520.

De V. S. Ob.

F. BAL. CASTIGLIO.

Alla molta M^{ca} Madonna Madre mia
hon. Mad. Aloysia Castiglione etc.
in Mantua.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 277.]

III.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica M^a mia Madre honoranda: Io ho scritto parecchie
volte a V. S. pur occorrendomi messo, scrivo anchor queste
poche parole: acciò che la sappia ch' io sto sano (Dio gratia)
con intentione de partirme: (come ne la lettera mia gli ho
scritto) el di dopo le feste di Pasqua: Ne replicharò cosa

¹ Lodovico Canossa, Bishop of Bayeux.

² The name of a horse.

³ A growth in the eye.

alchuna, se non che V. S. faccia sollicitare li nostri fittadri: accioche si possa satisfare a chi si deve e maxime ad Ugolotto e Roma et il resto. Che anchor ch' io stia qui: ne sto con l' animo continuamente sospeso. Altro non dirò se non che a V. S. continuo mi racomando: e baso li nostri puttini: In Genoa alli xxvij de maggio M.D.XX.

Se occorresse ch' el Vescovo mandasse quello quadro, V. S. si ricordi farne quello che per altre mie gli ho scritto: e mede-
mamente del mio Corteggiano.¹

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 278.]

IV.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica Mad. mia madre: Io son gionto qui in Bologna, sano, Dio gratia, ma con estremo caldo: però serò breve, nè dirò altro se non che a V. S. mi racomando: e pregola quando più presto la potrà a fare ch' io habbia denari; che senza quelli non si po far bene a quella: Et a tutti li nostri mi racomando: In Bologna alli vj de luglio M.D.XX.

Di V. S. Ob. Fi.

B. CASTIGLION.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 279.]

V.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica Mad. mia Madre honoranda: Alla lettera portata per el Cavallaro feci breve risposta per carestia di tempo: hora per el medemo Cavallaro gli aviso haver ricevuto li denari che la mi scrive: e quando l' harà comoditate de mandarmi li altri alla somma de li cento, mi serà charo. Vorrei bene che Giohan Ferentino a meglio agosto havesse li suoi: perche lo ho tanto assicurato: che me doleria ch' el non gli havesse: e se possibile fosse dare li altri cento a Messer Alexio, mi seria sopra modo charo. Piacemi assai intendere che Balconcello se porti bene: e Dio ci conceda ch' el possa rimediar alli bisogni. Quello

¹ Signature torn.

prete che ha date le bastonate al Fiozzo so io troppo bene che è vn tristo : forsi che la sua ora verra a tempo, e più presto ch' el non pensa. De Antonio Guerzo s' el non ha voluto star con noi, Dio ci guardi da peggio ! Piacemi che Xtoforo possi star ne la stalla : Desidero bene che quelli poletri siano cavalchati : e massimamente quello reale ch' io menai da Roma : che non vorrei ch' el perdesse tempo. Monsig^r R^{mo} de S^{ta} Maria in Portico non ha febre ma non sta però bene di quel suo male : anzi se ne dubita assai : se ricomanda a V. S. e la ringratia assai de le raccomandationi. Io sto sano, Dio gratia, ma straccho : almen hoggi : per haver scritto assai : ch' el cancelliero è malato. Però farò fine, raccomandandomi molto a V. S. et a tutti li nostri. Uberto non è in Roma ma so ch' el sta bene. In Roma alli V de Agosto MDXX.

V. S. se la mi ama, se sforci de star sana e di bona voglia.

Di V. S. Ob. Fi.

B. CASTIGLIONE.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 282.]

VI.

Ippolita Torelli to Baldassare Castiglione.

Consorte mio caro : io ho ricevuto doe vostre, una de vinte quatre e l' altra de vinte 8. Voi sete tanto da bene che mi fate parere da pocha, ma non resta gia che 'l bono animo non sia de scriverve piu speso che non facio, ma non ho meso. Me piazze che siato sano, attendateve anchora a conservarve e state di bona voglia. Io sto asai bene chi è bona gravideza, credo che sia intrata i nove mese, pregate al nostro Signor Dio che mi fatia dischargare in bene, se aveseuo avuto gratia che fusseuo venuto quando parturiro sio certo che non averia avuto lam entarmi del malo che averò. De la cosa del Conte Marco-Antonio et nostra cun summo desiderio aspeto se havera la votiva expeditione. Vi mando certe lettere de Zanmaria da la Porta, vi prego che gi faciate quello a piacer che lui domanda. Li nostri putini son sani et inparemo a legere tuti doi, ma Camillo è un mal puto se l' è uno che gi voglia insegnare al dize ch' el non dize bene e se ge vol insegnare a lui. La putina dize tuto l' a be tanto bene del mondo e dize tante zancete che la secha hoguno : M' arin-

crece bene del povero Grillo che se sia perso, di gr[a]tia fate ogni diligentia per ogni diligentia per vitrovarlo. Non besogna darne racordo de le pelle, li ho fate metere fora e ge le faro ancora metere. Mistro Lazaro va drete (*sic*) lavorando el sta in penser de far un certo camarino che non ve ne scrivero altro perche credo che Madonna ve ne debia scrivere. Io me vi racomando con tuto il cor di gratia aricordative qualche volta di me che io me ricordo senpre de voi e mai non ho altro contento se non al pensare de voi: Sore Laura se racomanda a voi. In Mantova alli iij de agusto M.D.XX.

La vostra Consorte che vi ama più che lei stessa.

Al mio Charo et Amato Consorto el
Conto Baldesaro Castiglione. In Roma.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 246.]

VII.

Ippolita Torelli to Baldassare Castiglione.

Consorte mio Caro: Me rincresce assai che abiate tante dispiacer come me scrivite e di gracia sforzative de non vi pigliare fastidio. Se è vera quello che me scrivite, che se io fuso a Roma forsi non arresti tanti fastidii, Io ge voria essere, perche desidero de star con voi piu che cosa del mondo, e tuti li mei contenti adeso sone aver vostre lettere e pensar di voi e star con Camillo ricordandimi de voi. Mi dole che li vostri servitor se siano amalati, di gratia sforzative di star sano e di bona voglia e ricordarve qualche volta quando non avete che far di me. Serite contento de racordarvi de la seta negra da pelo che me prometteste e mandarmela quando poterite. Non diro altro se non che a voi con tuto el cor me vi racomando, el medemo fa li nostri putini. In Mantova alle x de Agosto MD.XX.

La Vostra Consorte che altro non desidra se non che voi l' amato.

Al mio Caro et Amato Consorto el
Conto Baldesaro Castiglione. In Roma.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 247.]

VIII.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica Mad. mia madre honoranda: Responderò con questa a tre di V. S., una di tre: l'altra d'otto: l'altra de X. Ho inteso quanto quella mi scrive de la pocha discretione de li nostri fittadri il che non mi è novo: pur se gli pigliari qualche rimedio, piacendo a Dio: e forse con suo danno. Io non gli scrivo: che non posso scrivere tanto, ch'el Cancelliero non sta anchor in termine di scrivere pur lui e gli altri stanno assai bene e for di pericolo: Io sto (Dio gratia) assai bene: piacemi che V. S. stia medesimamente, e la mia consorte. Guardative di gratia da mangiar troppo frutti e da riscaldarvi: ch'è cosa malissima e più pericolosa in questi freschi che nel caldo grande. Piacemi che V. S. habbia dato licentia a Giohanni, che de mia voglia ge la harei data parecchi di sono. Li racomando Bertomelino; perche spero ch'el serà gentil putto, e non vorrei ch'el andasse troppo intorno che non venisse voglia al S^r Marchese, o altre persone de rispetto, di volerlo, perche gli è così buffoncello: V. S. harà inteso che io ho ricevuti li denari che la mi mando. Vorrei pur che Alessio havessi li 200 se possibil fosse, e se lui non li ricerchasse, essendogli el modo, harrei charo che ge ne fosse ricordato a lui. Piacemi de la nostra fabricetta. Cristoforo me scrive de un certo muro per non affumar' la guarda robba, ma io non lo intendo: Vero è che mi piacerea che li di sopra fosse un caminetto, et anchor un fornello; ma del modo me ne rimetto a V. S. et alla mia Consorte e M^{ro} Lazaro. La lettera di quel gobbo l'hebbi pur, ma tardi. Quando V. S. harà ocio, prima che la sappia el messo che si parta, harò charo che la scriva due parole a Mons. l'archidiacono, che invero mi fa assai carezze et honore. V. S. farà dare in mano la qui inclusa al S^r D^{ca} e più mi piacerà a ser Urbano, o Horatio, o il Conte Chimento, o vn altro che gela dia fidatamente. E s'el S^r D^{ca} manderà lettere in qua V. S. non me le mandi, se non quando venirà Cavallaro nostro apostata. Dico perche molte volte se spazzano le lettere fino a Bologna dipoi se mandano per la posta ordinaria: e questo mio rispetto: non vorrei ch'el Castellano ne altri del S^r Marchese lo sapassero. Piacemi che li cavalli stiano bene: e Xtoforo se possi adoperare. V. S. mi

racomandi a tutti li nostri, e maxime a sor Laura: alla quale non respondo, ne alla Matre, che m' hanno tutte due scritto, perche sono troppo stanco, ch' el mio cancelliero è anchor amalato. Alphonso e li altri stanno assai bene: Di novo a V. S. mi racomando e conforto li nostri tosetti. In Roma alli xvij d' agosto MDXX.

Di V. S. Ob. Fi.

BAL. CASTIGLIONE.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 283, 284.]

IX.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica M^a mia Madre honoranda: Ho vicevuta la lettera de V. S. de 17 del presente: la quale è lunga assai: poichè la mi dice del ben star suo e de tutta la casa. Il resto che la mi scrive faccia lei come li piace: che del tutto me rimetto. Io son stato fora a questi di, e ritornato sano (Dio gratia). Quella lettera di V. S. dove la mi avisana del peregrinaggio de la Livia è pur venuta una volta: ne so chi la habbia portata. Prego V. S. che me avisi, quando la me scriverà piu, qualche particolari de li nostri puttini: e se Camillo se piglia piacere de Bertomelino: e s' el è venuto grande: Altro non dirò a quella che V. S. mi scrive de xij se non che me piace che M^a Polisenna habbia la allegrezza che M^a Isabella habbia hauto un altro figliolo maschio: A V. S. mi racomando. In Roma alli xxiiij de ix^{bre} M.D.XX.

De V. S. Ob. Fi.

B. CASTIGLIONE.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 286.]

X.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica Mad. mia madre honoranda. Non voglio che questo messo venga senza mie lettere a V. S. però li aviso come Dio gratia io sono sano. De le cose mie di qua non posso dir altro se non che spero che presto seranno resolute: et allor potrò determinare de la mia venuta:

Per li sinistri ch' io ho hauti quest' anno qui in Roma, e spese per infirmità de li mei, e per haver bisognato pigliare novi servitori : e vestir me e loro, ho speso assai : però io con qualche rispetto dimando al S^r Marchese, benche però non resterò di quello che appartiene alle spese, ma perche occorrono mille altre cose quando V. S. potesse mandarmi cinquanta ducati d' oro la mi faria gran piacere. Vero è che non vorrei che per questo si restasse de satisfare alli nostri creditori, in specie a Messer Alessio, la qual cosa desidero molto de intendere cioe come si fa : e come fanno li nostri fittadri : e s' el si è ancor pagato debito alcuno : ch' io lo desidero molto.

Vorrei che V. S. facesse ordinare a quello Maestro del horlogio : e dire ch' io son contento de dargli xx ducati s' el mi serve bene a quel termine ch' el dice : e che l' horlogio sia de sei in sei : e V. S. vedda s' el vol diminuire del precio, non facendo ch' el mostri in che segno è il sole ne come si stia la luna : ch' io non me ne curo troppo di questo : pur ch' el sia justo quanto alle hore : ne vorrei che per adesso el li facesse la cassa : che ge la vorrei poi ordinar io a mio modo. Altro non mi occorre a dire, se non che a V. S. mi racomando et a tutti li nostri : e baso li nostri puttini : In Roma alli xxx de ix^{bre} M.D.XX.

La lettera a Messer Alphonso¹ mi è parso meglio mandarla a Ferrara.

Scrivo la qui alligata a Messer Alphonso : pregandolo che mandi el Cortegiano a V. S. perche lui lo ha nelle mani.

De V. S. Ob. F.

B. CASTIGLIONE.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 287.]

XI.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica M^a mia Madre honoranda : A questi di ho ricevuto tre lettere di V. S. una de xxviiij de ix^{bre} l' altra de dui : l' altra de sette di questo : et io ho pur scritto una volta a Mantua senza scrivere a V. S. perche quella sera io ero troppo stracco. De quello che appartiene a cio che mi haveua scritto M^a Polisenna mia sorella, V. S. se governi come la mi avisa : cio è di aspetta re che lei dica.

¹ Alfonso Ariosto.

De quelle robbe che forno della Poverina la mia consorte, non ne voglio scrivere piu: dico solo che V. S. non le butti via per niente, il che so che la farà. Quella robba de veluto negro, quando non si trovasse da darla, se potrebbe tenere per casa. De l'altre V. S. se potrebbe governare secondo il parere de M^{ro} Antonio sarto: non sarebbe forse male scriverne a Milano, a M^a Costanza, con dire che la tenesse secreto di chi fossero queste robbe, et ancor a lei scrivere che queste sono una parte de le robbe, e che le altre se riservano in casa: e forse scrivere a Verona a M^a Theodosia, a Brescia o Ferrara, secondo quelle persone che vi sono a chi V. S. se confida de poter scrivere et ordinare questa cosa; e fatto questo: cavarne piu che si po. Pur del tutto mi rimetto a V. S. che lei faccia cio che la vole: e medemamente se potria scrivere di quella mia fodra. Circa li appartamenti parmi che V. S. tratta un poco male li nostri de S^{ta} Agnese invero ancor che quella poverina dicesse qualche volta che la non vorria venire a S^{ta} Agnese: pur quando Dio vorrà che sia el fine della vita penso che li ossi mei stiano con li soi: e per honor de vivi e satisfacione de morti vn di penso di fare rassettare quella capella de S^{ta} Agnese. Pur nostro S^r Dio ce indrizarà lui a quel camino che li piace:

Circa lo dare a chi deve havere, V. S. sappia ch' io non ho al mondo maggior desiderio di quello: e prego Dio che mi conceda gratia di poter una volta racordarmi de non haver debito: e pur spero che serà. V. S. mi faccia avisare che denari ha hauti Messer Alessio. Circa la venuta mia V. S. non se ne pigli fastidio, perche invero non è male che io stia qui per molti rispetti, che Dio sa con che core venirei adesso in quella casa: e spero che la stanza mia farà qualche bon frutto: piu che l'altre volte. Così piacesse a Dio, che prima non me non fosse venuto tanto danno come è. Piacemi che Camilli stia bene: e sforzaromi menarli vn cavallino: V. S. lo faccia pur assuetare andar a scola, e lo basi per me insieme con le puttine. Piacemi che V. S. acarezza quelli servitori: e se li tempi non fossero così invernati io mandarei per Pantalone: ma penso: che mi risolverò presto, cio è del star mio. A quell' altro ancor essendo come V. S. mi scrive non mancherò, e così al Orsina. Desidero sapere spesso de li mei cavalli: come stanno e come vanno, e ciò che è de le nostre cavalle. E se Messer Alphonso hami mandato el mio Corteggiano. Non voglio essere piu longo.

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La povera M^a Hippolyta mi ha scritto ch' io li avisi quanto ho speso nel suo confessionale: che me lo vol satisfare: si che V. S. li po far un rabuffo honesto. Altro non dirò se non che a V. S. mi racomando: pregandola mi ricordi a tutti li nostri. In Roma alli xij di Dicembre M.D.XX.

Le alligate racomando a V. S. . . . bon ricapito.

De V. S. Ob. fi.

B. CAST.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 288.]

XII.

Baldassare Castiglione to Luigia Castiglione.

Magnifica Madonna mia madre honoranda. Io ho da respondere a due di V. S. una de x l' altra de xij del presente. Alla prima non ne saprei che dire: se non che io non stimolo V. S. perche so che lei non manca . . . che uno delli maggiori desiderij ch' io habbia al mondo si è de paghar questi miei debiti: e quando harò questa gratia, me ne tenerò ben contento: Desidero sapere se Messer Alphonso Ariosto ha mai mandato el mio Corteggiano. A quella de xij ancor non occorre altro: Io sono Dio gratia sano: e s' io potro havere quelli 50 ducati li harò molto chari: pur vorrei che Messer Alessio andasse inanti: V. S. se sforza di star sana e mantenersi ancor gli nostri puttini: et a lei mi racomando insieme con tutti li nostri. In Roma alli xviiiij de X^{bro} M.D.XX.

De V. S. Ob. Fi.

B. CASTIGLIONE.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8210, f. 292.]

XIII.

Luigia Castiglione to Baldassare Castiglione.

Carissimo mio figliolo: Io sono tua debitrice de respondere a tre lettere tue, una de' 23 portata per quello de maestro Batista fora: un' altra de 27, non di Mantua: un' altra del ultimo di 7^{bro}: per le quale intendo como tu sey sano cum li tuoy, dil che nostro S^r Dio ne sia laudato sempre: che veramente l' è cosa preciosissima como tu scrivi. Qui a Mantua havemo tanti

amalati che l' è una gran cosa. La Polissenna credo serà guarita, la febre gli ha fallito duy termini. Qui in casa stiamo tuti ben, Dio gratia: Per la terra ne son tanti amalati che l' è una compassion. La Ill^{ma} m^a Genevra del S^r Alvise è stata malissimo, se tien pur che la sia fora de periculo. Messer Ieronimo Framberto ha fatto quello instrumento zioè fatte quelle solennità che bisogna quì in casa nostra. Luy dice esser apunto como la copia che tu hay mandato excepto ch' el dice quello che voria ch' el paresse che quelli puti fussero de età de anni 25 e non si può dir che non hanno se non quello che serà scritto. E perchè l' è pur assay longo scrivere e son state queste feste, non si è poduto relevarlo. Lo farò tenir sollicitato quanto porò. . . . Ti prego quanto più posso de non manchar de tuorte apresso le bolle che tu me scrives se ali di passati: e sopratuto guardarti da questa peste, e comandar ali tuoy che stiano a obedientia che non se inbratano loro e altri. Avisame se quello Zoanne Barufone è may venuto, e se ti ha dato li duy rogiti¹ ch' io ti scrissi haggie dato. E perchè Zoan Ratino mi ha scritto doe o tre volte di questo suo robon, ch' el voria dirte da pagar certo panno, ch' el ha tolto per vestirse luy e suo nepote. Non so che dire, che non lo vidi in principio como el fusse fatto; pur a me pareva cussi de dargie un ducato e mezo e dir che Cristoforo me l' havebbe dato, e poy vedere de venderlo e quello che se ne cavasse mandargielo, che sarà forsi altro tanto o più. Si chè parendoti ch' el stia ben cussi, dargieli, dicendo ch' io te li ho mandati e cussi certe te li mandaro como mi achascha la comodita. Io vorei satisfar a tuti duy se podesse. Io non ho may parlato ala Polissenna di questi suoy dinari da poy che la fa quì como te scrisse perche la se amalò: Como la vada fora di casa, gie li darò o a un modo o al altro che ad ogni modo ne voglio ussire se Dio vorrà. Pur che Dio me fazia gratia che tu venghi un pocho a casa, ogni cosa passara ben. Altro non scrivo per esser tardi: diro pur questo pocho. Scio che Cristoforo ti ha scritto como ho vestito Camillo de beretino. L' è vero quando l' hebbe mal a questo Agosto per haver un pocho de paura, quello che non haveria hauto se gie ne fusse tre o quatro. Io lo anotay de farlo andar un anno vestito de beretin, e cussi el di de S. Francesco se vesti ben assay galante, altramente non

¹ Deeds.

l' havrei poduto ridure a esser contento. Gli era pur anchora certe coeete che furono de la poverina di sua madre, dove li ho alistate calze e fattoli un zupon de raso inzipato, che fu un suo colletto cun un pocho apresso che li ho comprato, tanto che s' è contentato. El va dreto imparando cun suo piager ch' el non fa niente de forza. Non altro. Nostro S^r Dio te mantegna in sanità: In Mantua a di sexto di octobre 1522.

Ael mio Magni^{co} e Carissimo figliolo
Baldesare Castiglione : Conte de
Nobillaria, etc. In Roma.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 212, 213.]

XIV.

Luigia Castiglione to Baldassare Castiglione.

Carissimo mio figliolo: Per questa mia tu intenderay come oze, chi è el secondo di luio, el putino che fu del Conte Galeoto Terzo nostro è morto e per questo ho indusiato un pocho la mia andata fora; doman che sera dominicha, a Dio piazendo, andaro a disnar cum li nostri putini, li quali stano ben Dio gratia: et io medesimamente so sana, ma alquanto travagliata di compassione per queste persone cussi sconsolate. Per brevita di tempo farò fine. Assay gie seria da dire quando mi fusse concesso che fussemo vicini: pacientia. Nostro S^r Dio ti conserva in sanita. Saluta Ludovico nostro per mia parte: Da Mantua a di 2 de luio 1524.

Tua Matre

ALUISA CASTI.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 217.]

XV.

Luigia Castiglione to Baldassare Castiglione.

Carissimo mio figliolo: Ho hauto due tue lettere in un punto, una de 28 dil passato, l' altra de 2 di questo. Per tute doe intendo il ben star tuo di che ringracio nostro S^e Dio el prego che cussi ti mantegna se l' è sua volunta. Io ritornay fora a di 3 dil presente, quando havessimo sepulto quello povero

putino che in capo de nove di è andato dreto al padre; cosa molto compassionevole a pensar. E pur m^a Hyppolita s' è diportata molto piu pacientemente che non haveria may creduto. Non gli ho possuto far la tua ambassata per non essergie. Credo ben che Cristoforo gli havera dato la sua lettera, che gli ho ordinato ch' el veda quando vien lettere a chi vanno e dargie recapito. Me piazerà ben che tu la satisfazi de li suoy cento ducati per altra via che di quelli de casa, che certe anchor quest' anno mi pare che haveremo da far assay. Ho dato ala Zirona ducati 65 cun il livello, inanzi piu che meno. Son mo dreto a parecchiarne de li altri per Francesco Piperario e gia me ne trovava circha 40 ducati. Ma heri venne el marito dela Madalena e disse mi haver fatto merchato d' una possessione per investir questi suoy dinari e bisognò ch' io gli desse ducati 25 da dargie ora. El resta anchora haver ducati 35, io vado dreto reschodendo da questi contadini che son debitori e vendendo, e cussi del nostro tanto, che mi leva queste persone dalle spalle. Mi doglio ben che tu bisogni pagar li debiti del duca d' Urbino, havendone da pagar tanti de li tuoy. Del nostro molino e di quante acque assay gli seria da dire. Li comandamenti son fatti como te scrissi, ma non gli obedissero como doveriano: e tanto gie da cridar ogni di che me amatissero! Dubito questi da Redoleto, ad ogni modo ne vogliano una pelata che non lassano vegnir l' acqua como doveriano, e como l' hanno data fidele e sotto adimandarla, de modo che ho da combattere assay, perche non havemo tempo ordinato cun questo fidele e per questo non se li puo mettere ordine. Volesse Dio che tu fusse a casa, che le cose andariano assay meglio che non vanno! Pur io fazio quanto posso. Di quelli dinari che te ho mandati che tu vorebbe saper, male ti posso dir, non gie essendo Cristoforo, ma io penso che a questo zennaro proximo passato tu havesse cento ducati d' oro: dapoy li cento per m^a Hyppolita che fu a di 20 de zennaro, li altri erano stati al principio de zennaro: e questi cento d' adesso altri non hay hauto al mio giudicio. . . . Deli degiuni che ha ordinati el nostro S^{mo}, gli havemo pur fatti anche nuy. Adesso ho qui un confessore da S^a Maria de Gratia, che siamo confessati tuti fina la Hyppolita, la dice che la gie ha pur dito tute le sue materie e ch' el non gie ha taliata la lingua. Quando eremo may più in fazende di queste devocione, l' è gionto el Conte Marchantonio tuo cugnato qui a

disnare e stara qui qualche di cum nuy a solazo. Io non li mancharo de dargie piagere di quanto potero. Altro non scrivo al presente, tuti siamo sani, Dio gratia, cussi nostro S^r Dio se digni conservarne e tu insieme cum nuy. Saluta Ludovico per mia parte, me piazze ch' el sia cun teo che credo te sia bona compagnia. Havero caro sapere se hay hauta quella casseta da quelli panni de lino che ti manday. Nostro S^r Dio te benedissa sempre: Da Casaticho a di 8 de luio 1524.

Tua Matre

ALUISA CASTIGLIONA.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 219, 220.]

XVI.

Luigia Castiglione to Baldassare Castiglione.

Carissimo mio figliolo: Oze ho hauto una tua de 8 del presente, la quale mi è stata gratissima, vedendo il tuo ben star e di Ludovico nostro cum tuti li altri tuoy, dil che nostro S^r Dio ne sia laudato cussi si degna de conservarte. Noy anchora siamo il medemo Dio gratia. El Conte Marchantonio tuo cognato è stato qui cinque di, oze chi è el seto vole andar a Mantua. L' è stato a cazzia. Quello pocho che ho possuto far per dargli piazzer l' ho fatto. E per bona ventura mentre che l' è stato qui, quelli da S. Salvatore erano venuti a aprire la Cavata, como soleno far spesso, et io li haveva fatto far un bon arzeno cun un legno a traverso, aziò che non la apresseno cussi presto. Et essendo avisata che gieranano intorno, manday via tuti li nostri cum quelli del Conte e li trovaron afatti e gli diedeno de bone bastonate, maxime a quello fattore del S^r Fedrico, che voleva molto suberbiare: el quale se ne ando brontolando e dizendo che se lamentaria al S^r marchese. Io subito spazay un messo a Mantua a Cristoforo, cum una mia lettera che parlasse al sindicho, e cussi feze. El quale disse che havevamo fatto molto ben e se questuy andaria a lamentarse, ch' io lassasse pur far a luy. Questa moier qui de mastro Antonio da Gra voria far gran cose anche ley per vigor d' un suo decreto molto amplo che la non so como la fara. Io non fazio may altro che contendere di queste acque, e quando ho ben combatuto cum questo e quello fidele, non mi lassa poy in paze.

Tanto ch' el nostro molino macina adesso pocho, volendo pur anche nuy qualche volta dar aqua ali prati, maxime al Brolo per quelli fruti novamente piantati e non gie ordine che vole adacquare a poter masinare. Havemo fatto Dio gratia anchora nuy questi degiuni qui a Casaticho, non pero tuti, ma quelli che hanno voluto, e siamo confessati e comunicati in bona parte. Cussi intendo che s' è fatto a Mantua: Per un altra mia haverai inteso como m^a Hyppolita è in capo deli suoi heredi e dubito che la voglia anche haver da far per altro cunto. Fin qui non te l' ho scritto per haver pur da far assay. La cosa è questa. Quando quello putin mori, Hercule Cusatro nostro mi venne a trovar e disseme esser consigliato ch' el domandasse la parte de Pelalocco pertinente a sua madre, maxime dovendo andar in donne: e disseme ch' el non poteva dimandar la parte a questi de messer Malatesta ch' el non dimandasse anche a te e fecemi de molti scongiuri ch' el non voleva niente da te. Quando ben la ragione volesse, ne quando questo putin fusse campato, haveria voluto niente da loro: ma non gie essendo maschi, et essendo luy cussi povero che non voleva perdere per negligentia, io lo confortay a pensargie ben, inanzi ch' el se movesse; non scio como el farà. Te ne ho voluto scrivere una parola che penso che anche luy te lo scrivera. Questo genero de m^a Hyppolita mi feze poy intender voler venir a Roma per quelle sue cose di Toresella, e per luy te scrisse. Non so mo s' el sia gionto: credo che la povera donna havera da far piu che may. Dubito ch' el Negro torà sua figliola e vole quello ch' el gie ha dato e non so como farà a dargielo. Me pare haver scritto assay per questa volta, pero faro fine. Qui havemo caldo assay: pur corre vento che rafrescha alquanto. Li nostri vanno dreto batendo, per anchora non posso saper quello che haveremo. Sforzate de star sano, saluta Ludovico per mia parte. No stro S^r Dio vi guardi tuti da male. Da Casaticho adi 13 di luio 1524.

Tua Madre

ALUISA CASTI.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 221, 222.]

XVII.

Luigia Castiglione to Baldassare Castiglione.

Carissimo mio figliolo: Per una tua lettera de 14 di questo hauta oze, intendo il tuo ben star, dil che nostro S^r Dio sia laudato. Intendo anchora de la pocha speranza puo haver m^a Hyppolita de Turicella. Patientia! l' ha perso el piu, la puo tolerar anche el meno. Deli suoy dinari, ti prego ben che la sia cussi come tu scrivi, che non me lassi questo caricho a me, ch' io non saperia may dove dar de la testa. Ho pur questo Francesco Piperario, che me sollicita tanto che l' è un gran fatto et ha ragione, ma non so come fare. Ho venduto parecchie some de grano, ogni di el va calando e gliva spesa assay de veture e altre cose. Questi nostri lavorenti stanno molto tirati del condur queste biave. Per non desviarli questi di passati, che haveano pur da condur spelte,¹ da segar e altre fazende assay, cominziay a mandar certi somari e pagarli. Dapoy siamo restretti insieme per volerme acordar cum li ditti lavorenti, che conducessino le ditte biave, pagandoli per la mità del viazo, intendendo che de qui a Desenzan el va tanto viazo como a Mantua. Loro non voleno per niente, dicando che stanno la notte fora di casa e manzano dua tanta feno, è piu che andar a Mantua, e rompeno i carri in su li sassi e tante altre cose che l' è un gran fatto. Si che per questo e per altro io vorey ben che tu fussi a casa ma el mi giova pocho a chiamarte. Di queste nostre aque non dico altro, che ogni di gie da combattere. Ho fatto venir fora Christoforo cun questa scusa che l' è andato a Redoleto et ha dito al comissario e li homini ch' el sindaco gli ha comandato ch' el veda che provision è fatta da poy ch' el scrisse quelle lettere, et atrovò che hanno fatto pocha, che in vero se loro fazesseno el debito suo, io non bisognarey star a combattere cum quelli da S. Salvatore. Ben chè spero di quella cosa di quello fattore, che non serà altro che havera male suo danno. El sindaco va de bone gambe per nuy al mio juditio. Avisandoti che ho hauta un instrumento dali homini da Redoleto, che altre volte io l' havea visto, et al presente li ho pur tanto pregati che me l' hanno dato. E subito manday per Dominicho Martello e lo feze lezer, che l' è mala lettera da lezer,

¹ Spelt.

e de parola in parola luy la lesse e la feze scriver a Zoanfrancesco¹ e te ne mando una copia, ch' io so che l' haveray cara che la parla assay di questa Cavata in favor nostro. La voglio anche far veder al sindaco cum Cristoforo vada a Mantua. Me piaze che abie hauti quelli panni cum la casseta che piu non l' havea saputo. Tuti siamo sani Dio gratia. Camillo è cussi un pocho desviato: Mastro Antonio s' è amalato et ha voluto che suo fiolo vada dentro, ben cum promesse de rimandar. Pur el leze ogni di quello che l' ha imparato. L' Anna va dreto dicendo l' officio e leze el Donato. Hyppolita pocho se puo cavar da ley, se non asconde secondo gli vien voglia. Altro non scrivo per hora: N. S^r Dio ti conserva in sanità. Da Casaticho a di 23 di luio 1524.

Tua Matre

ALUISA CASTI.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 224, 225.]

XVIII.

Luigia Castiglione to Baldassare Castiglione.

Carissimo mio figliolo: Oze ho hauto una tua lettera de 30 dil passato molto breve; l' è vero ch' el giè la parte che più importa, che tu stay ben cun tuti li tuoy: dil che nostro S^r Dio sia laudato. L' è vero ch' io te scrisse anchora nel altra mia, che credo fusse l' ultimo de luio, che tuti nuy stavemo ben. Pur la notte inanzi, Camillo nostro havea hauto un pocho di febre che fu pocha cosa: et io estimay che non dovesse haverne piu, perche el di sequente stete benissimo. Pur l' altro di, la gie tornò e cussi ne ha hauto quatro parosismi de terzana, ben senza altro accidente: e manza e dorme ben. Io havea animo de andar a Mantua e menargiolo: ma maestro Ludovico Paniza col quale mi consiglio et ha mandato fora un pocho de cassia e aque da rinfreschare. Mi scrive ch' io nol mova, che piu presto luy mandara fora un medico, non podendo venir luy per el male de messer Francesco, siche lo faro venire e spero in messer Dominedio ch' el non haverà male. Adesso gli ho dito ch' io te voglio scrivere e ch' el me dica quello ch' io ti debo scrivere de luy el dice ch' io scriva ch' el sta ben e ch' el se racomanda a

¹ Gianfrancesco Gonzaga di Castiglione.

te. Io cum le putine stemo ben Dio gratia. Dele nostre acque gli seria assay da dir. Io non mancho de far quello ch' io posso: intendo ch' el sindaco è amalato, l' andarà un pocho più in longo. Penso che Cristoforo te scrivera una cosa ch' el me ha scritto, anche: zioè che m^a Hyppolita Terza l' ha mandato a dimandar e dice che suo zenero li far intendere che tu vorebbe servire de li suoi cento ducati per qualche di, e ley ha dito a Cristoforo per non haver, chi scriva che luy te responda, per sua parte che l' è molto contenta, e belle parole assay. Pur cussi dicando, la disse che la li havea ad interesse dal zudeo: e per quanto ho deliberato vederò per qualche via de haverli e dargieli, non li podendo havere tu per altra via. Altro non scrivo per adesso sperando pur una volta che se debiamo parlar a bocha quando Dio vorà. Heri la Ill. m^a Genevra del S^r Alvise passando de qui che l' andava a Gazolo, venne a vederme, e stete qui un pezeto e me disse, scrivendoti, te la recomandasse. Altro per hora non mi achascha: Nostro S^r Dio ti guarda da tuti li pericoli. Da Casaticho a di 6 d' agosto 1524.

Tua Matre

ALUISA CASTIGLIONA.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 228, 229.]

XIX.

Luigia Castiglione to Baldassare Castiglione.

Carissimo mio figliolo: La lettera tua de 4 dil presente l' ho hauta e per quella inteso il ben star tuo, dil che ringratio n. S^r Dio. Il simile ti aviso essere de nuy tuti. E perche te scrissi a questi di, Camillo haver hauto quatro parosismi de terzana, ti aviso mo como la non ha passato el quinto, che la gie fallita quatro di fa e spero in Dio ch' el non havero piu male. Maestro Ludovico mandò fora un medico giovine e l' hanno dato un pocho de purgazion, e serviciali ne la regula del viver, tanto ch' io credo che non sera altro. Parlando mo dela tua andata, la quale conosso etiam onorevolissima, e credo utile, non voglio dir che la mia sensualita non se ne resenti assayssimo. Pur io non voglio za contristarmene ne contrista te, ma sforzarome de far bon animo como ho fatto altre volte e pregar nostro S^r Dio che ti dia bon viaggio. Vero è ch' io ti prego quanto più posso

che tu vogli assetar qualche cosa che gli è da far, prima che ti parti como te diro, se Dio vorà che se possiamo parlare. Ma una sola te scrivo aziò che possi forsi farne qualche praticcha stando li. Chi è di questa puta, zioè la Livia, ch' io ti prego et astringo quanto più posso che non me lassi questo inpazo. Non dico che tu la levi de casa cussi subito: ma che almeno io sapia che fra duy o tri mesi dapò la partita tua io me l' habia da levar dale spalle, che se tu sapesse la stizza e la passion ch' io patisco per ley non credo may ch' el tollerasse. Ognidì la diventa peggiore e may lassa in paze queste putine: e se non gie fusse sempre la guardia, le giocharia suso: e molte altre cose ch' io lasso, per non fastidirte, ma questa è una maxima, ch' io non la voglio in casa. Ho fatto assay per amor tuo non per altro. Sichè ti prego non havendo fatto praticcha che tu la fazi. A me pare che m^a Margarita Cantelma seria molto bona apresso a Madama, e apresso a suo patre, perche ley sa il tuto. Altro non dirò per hora n. S' Dio ti conserva sempre in sanità. Messer Francesco va migliorando e se spera la salute sua. Hercule nostro Cusatro venne qui a questi di, per veder Camillo, dubitando ch' el stesse pezo e pregomi ch' io te suppliasse per luy ch' el meni cun tego a questo viazio. Sichè te lo dico e mi faray grandissimo apiager a menarlo, perchè sapendo che tu habie qualchun di tuoy apresso, starò pur con l' animo più quieto ch' io non faria. Credo che Ludovico venirà anche luy a quello me dice messer Tomaso, el quale se trova qui al presente, e pare ch' el se ne contenta molto. Non altro: In Casaticho adi x d' agosto 1524.

Tua Matre

ALUISA CASTIGLIONA.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 230, 231.]

XX.

Luigia Castiglione to Baldassare Castiglione.

Carissimo mio figliolo: Oze ho hauto una tua lettera de 20 dil presente, la quale mi è stata molto cara per essere circha 18 di ch' io non havea hauto; quello che non soleva star tanto le altre volte, e pensavame che tu volesse cominzar a domesticarme de non scriverme cussi spesso, como credo che faray nel

viazo de Hispagna. Pur patientia, non podendo far altro. De m^a Hyppolita ho inteso il tuto faro quanto potero per satisfarla; ma certe gli è da far assay. El nostro raccolto non è molto grande. Havemo circha dua milia stara in nostra parte de formento e segala.¹ Del quale n'è venduto e manzato una parte, di quello s'è venduto la Zirona debe li 65 e piu el livello como te scrissi, maestro Lazaro ducati 10 ch' el restava, el marito de la Madelena 25. Hora el Piperario, zioè Francesco, per le robe haute adesso, Cristoforo gli debe sborsar, che li ho mandati ducati 80 el ne resta haver anchora piu de 40. El gie poy ser Ieronimo suo fratello ch' el debe haver li 100 ch' el ti feze respondere a Roma. Messer Ugoloto ha hauto quelli ch' el mi prestò da dar a messer Ieronimo Framberto. Queste biave le ho vendute a Desenzan, adesso non posso valerme per quella, via per esser gie suspecto di peste a Desenzan, e non se gli fa merchato; sichè duraro faticha a rechavar dinari che non buta via la roba. A Mantua se da el formento bellissimo per soldi 20 el staro, ne se atrova chi ne voglia: Io mi credeva ch' el Papa ti dovesse far gran provision per questa andata, e che tu non gli dovesse metter tropo dil tuo, excepto la faticha: pur io mi extenderò quanto mi serà possibile, e quando non potrò far meglio se ley haverà impegnato, pagaro l'interesse. So ben che l' ha in pegno la bazila e bronzo d' argento nostri, ma non per quello: pur vedrò de satisfarla. De la Livia non dubitar ch' io non parlarò cun m^a Margarita nè cun altri. Io havea dito di ley, perche più volte la me ha ditto dela madre, e como la venne fina al Bonden per venir a Mantua a vederla e ch' el marito la feze ritornar in dreto, e l' amicho gli dete la fede de fargiela vedere e cussi la menò poy con seco; e molte altre cose, e sapendo mi che l' è tanto tua pensava che ley fusse bona di proponer el partito a Madama ed a suo padre, e luy lo dovesse haver caro. E poy cussi a pocho a pocho, tirarsela a casa o fare che Madama la maritasse la, quando serà tempo. Sichè questo era el penser mio circha questo. Piglia mo quello partito che ti pare, che ad ogni modo se l' è possibile, tu mi la levi dale spalle, che la mi è un gran crucio. Di questi nostri che voriano venir cun ti, non dirò altro che tu sapray ben pigliar el partito migliore. Io seria ben contenta che tu havesse qualchun di tuoy per molti casi che potria achaschar, e mal seria atrovare solo in man de

¹ Rye.

servitori. Io non credeva ben che tu dovesse scrivere a quale tempo tu heri per partir da Roma, aziò ch' io sapesse quando far provision a Mantua de le cose necessarie. Vero è ch' io mando dentro ogni di qualche cosa; pur quando sapesse el certo quando tu dovesse vegnir, l' haveria caro. Nuy siamo sani Dio gratia. La Hyppolita ha hauto anche ley un pocho di male ma hora sta ben. Camillo non ha febre, manza ben, dorme ben; pur resta molto magreto. Un pocho de milyera¹ dura, el medico mi ha mandato olio da onzerla e altri rimedij che ogni di se fanno. Spero che presto la se resolverà. De le nostre aque non dirò altro, che questi di ne havemo hauto tante che quasi erano troppo. El molino lavora a furia. Per hora non scrivo più; nostro S^{mo} Dio ti guarda da male. De le cose de Mantua credo che messer Io. Iacomo² tuo compadre ti deba avisar como sta la terra de sanità, ch' el sa meglio che mi. In Casatico adi 26 agosto 1524.

Tua Matre

ALUISA CASTIGLIONA.

[Cod. Vat. Lat., 8211, f. 232, 233.]

XXI.

Luigia Castiglione to Pope Clement VII.

Beatiss^{mo} Pater etc, post pedum oscula beatorum. Havendo inteso la inopinata morte del mio diletteissimo, et unico figliuolo M. Baldesar', ho sentito quell' estremo dolor' che ciascan' pò pensar', considerando alla grandissima perdita, ch' io ho fatto in questa ultima età mia de settanta, et piu anni, et alla summa osservantia, et tenero amore, ch' el portava a me sua misera, et infelice madre: Imperò essendo così piaciuto all' omnipotente Dio, et raccordandomi ch' el mio figliuol' è morto in servitio della B^{na} Vostra, et di quella S^{ta} Sede, et appresso di quelle bone parti, ch' erano nella persona sua (etiam che la memoria d' esse mi sia un' coltello al cuore) non posso far' altro, se non ringratiar' la sua divina bontà di ciò, ch' egli è piaciuto, essendomi posta in tutto, per mio singular' refugio, e, conforto, a, sperar in la sola clementia di V. S^{ta}, la qual' mi fa certa che non sia mai per scordarsi della fidel' servitù del mio figliuolo, quale non

¹ Rash.

² Calandra.

474 COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

havendo potuto in vita sua esser' remunerato dallei, secundo si potea sperar' per li meriti suoi, ha lasciato nelle man' mie la imagine della fede sua verso quella, un' unico figliuol' con due sorelline, le quali mi sforzarò allevar' in tutte quelle virtuose actioni, che mi seranno possibili, confidandomi che V. S^{ta} sia sempre per protegerli, et augumentargli, et con essi prostrata alli suoi s^{mi} piedi la supplico sia contenta assolvere plenariamente l' anima dil detto mio figliuolo, e, concedergli questa gratia, la qual cosa mi serà di precipua consolatione, desiderando sopra ogni cosa che l' anima sua senti el suffragio del preciosissimo thesauro della B^{na} Vostra, et de S^{ta} chiesa, et baciando li predetti suoi s^{mi} piedi, allei con ogni humiltà mi raccomando.

Mantuae iij^o Aprilis MD.xxjx^o.

De V. S^{ta}.

(Signed) Humillima serva, la infelice

ALUISA GONZ^A DA CASTIGLI^Ō.

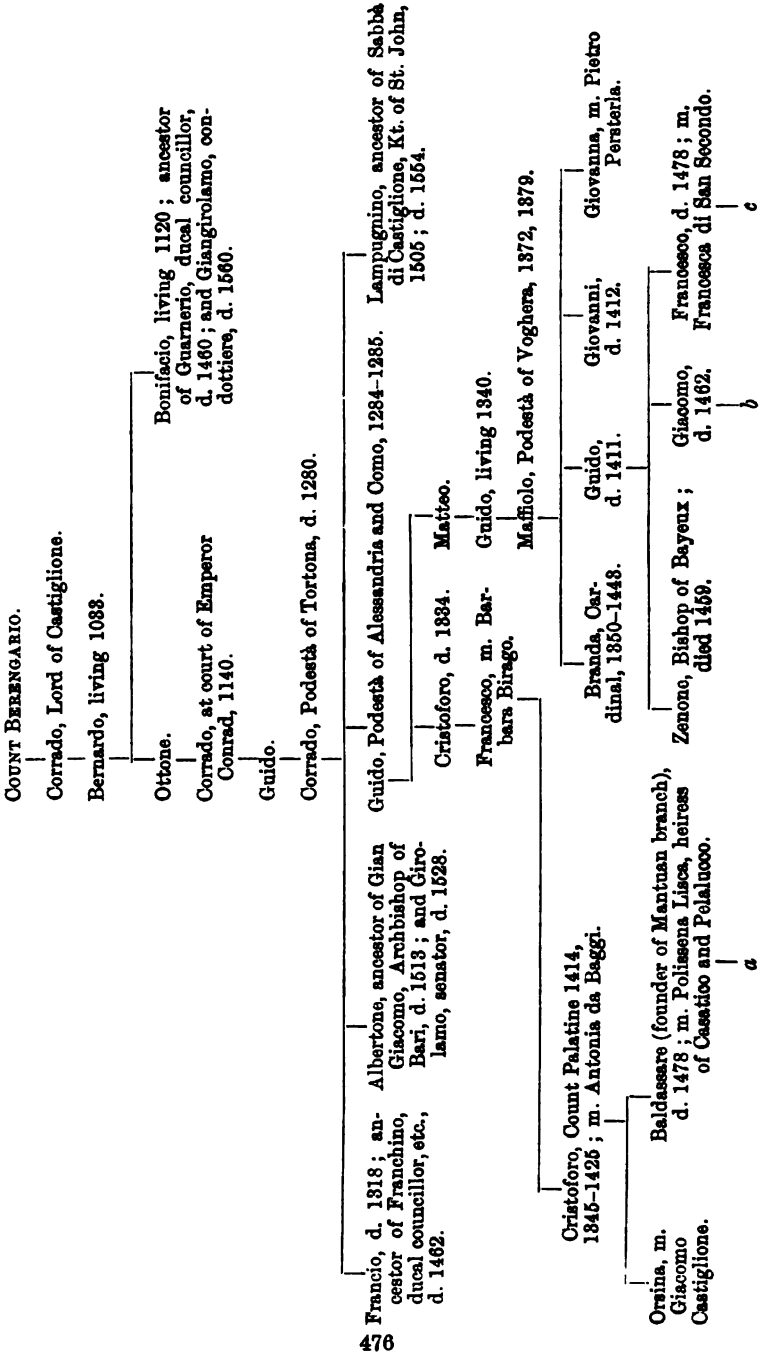
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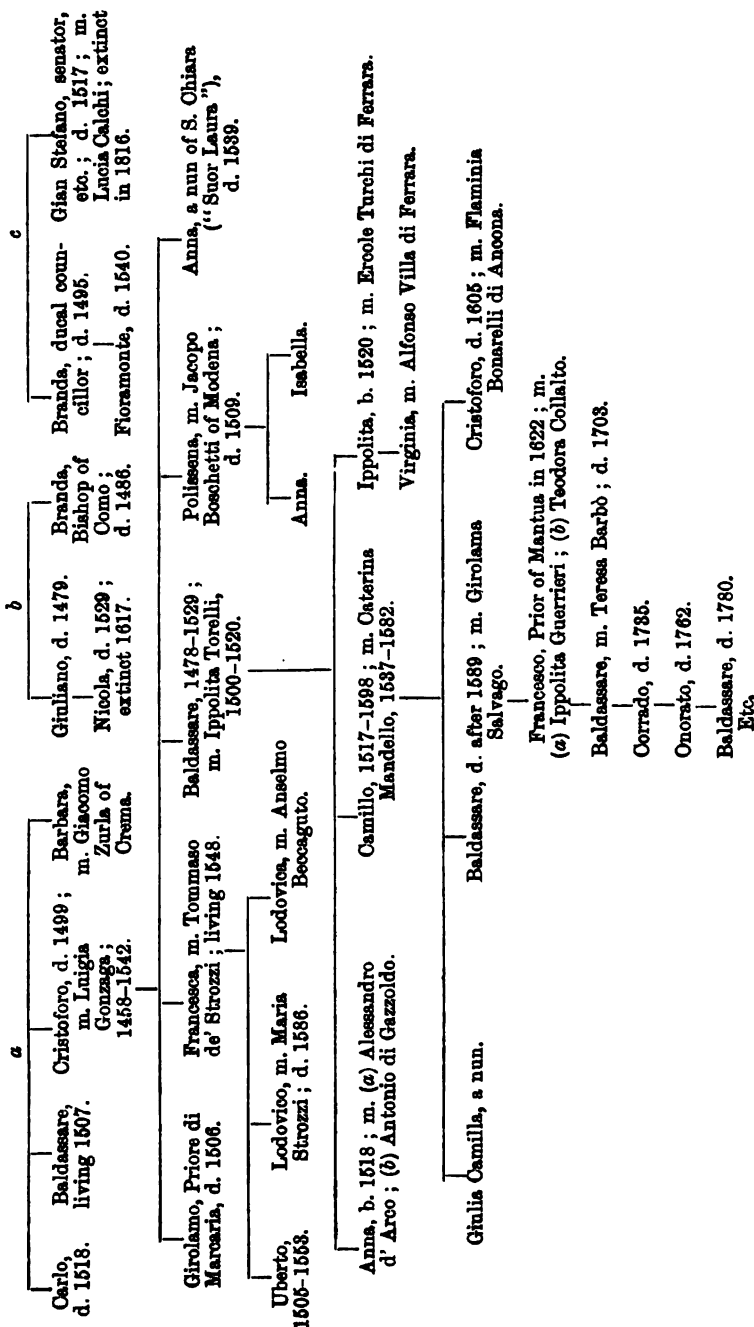
[Archivio segreto della Santa Sede. 'Lettere dei Principi,' vi., f. 21.]

GENEALOGICAL TABLES

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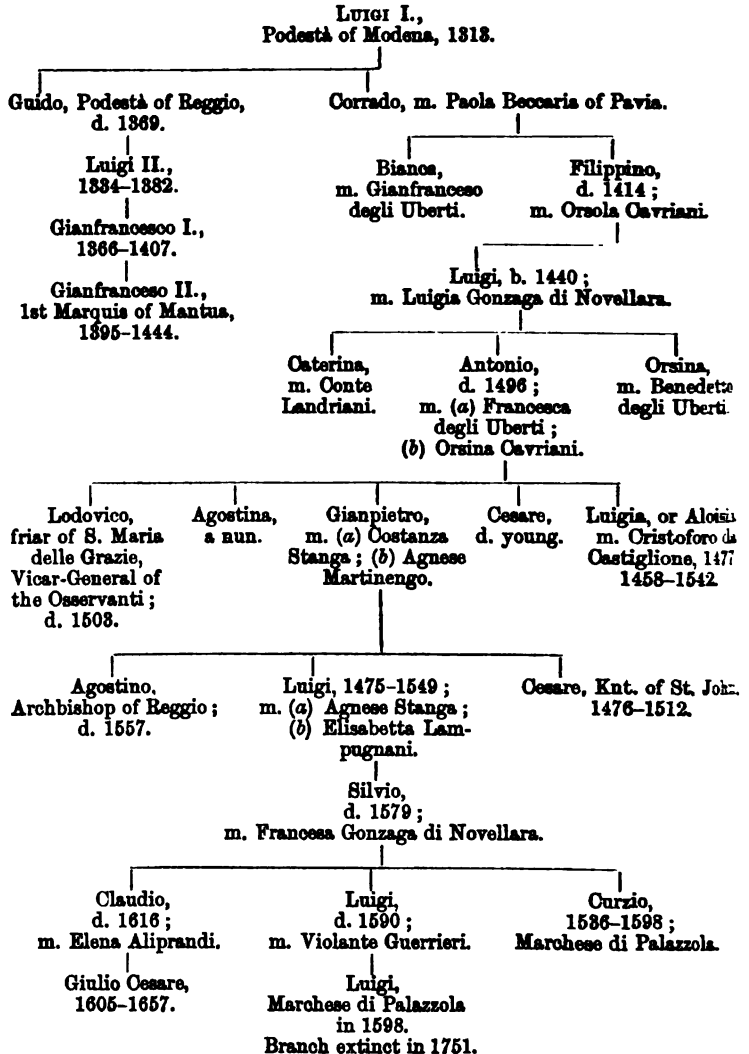
I.—HOUSE OF CASTIGLIONE.



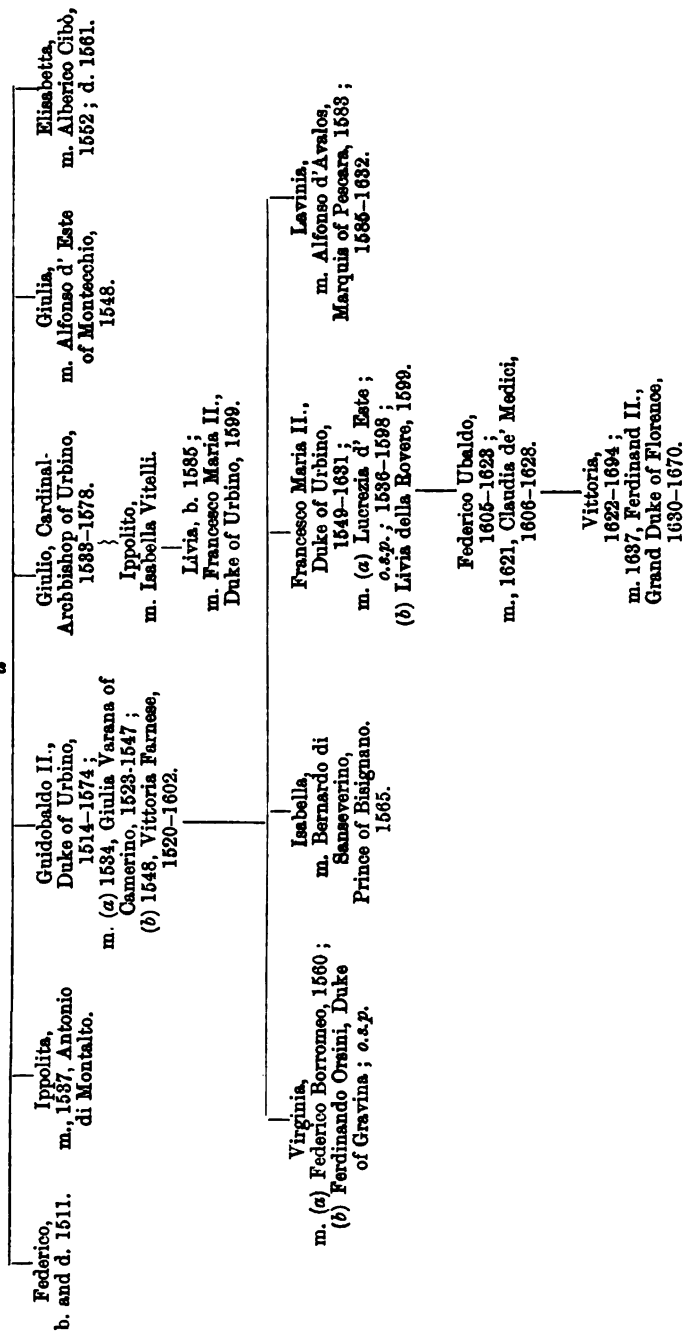


II.—HOUSE OF GONZAGA.

(BRANCH OF THE NOBILI GONZAGA, EXTINCT 1751.)

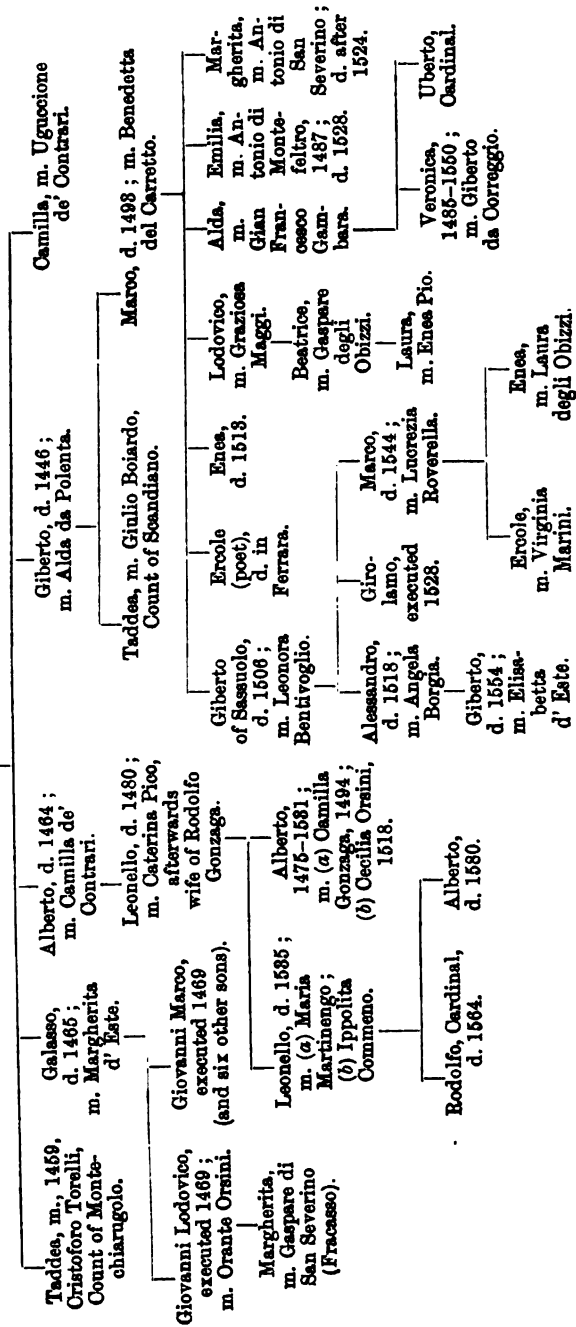


III.—THE DUKES OF URBINO



IV.—HOUSE OF PIO DI CARPI E SASSUOLO.

MARCO, m. Taddea di Eoberti ; d. 1418.



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